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39.

726.

THE MEMOIRS

OF

DAVY DREAMY.

THE

MEMOIRS

OF

DAVY DREAMY.

EDITED BY

FLIT!

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THOMAS ONWHYN.

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MEMOIRS

OF

DAVY DREAMY.

BY

A DISTANT RELATIVE.

INTRODUCTION.

"I CAN'T do it!" said a quiet-looking gentleman, as he rose from his seat in the coffee-room of the ——— inn, in the good city of London, late one evening, some short time ago.

"I can't do it!" said he, half aloud, playing with a table-knife which lay near him.

"Heavens! Sir, surely you wouldn't attempt it!" exclaimed we (no other person being in the room), rising from our seat in great perturbation.

"I don't know, Sir," he returned, fixing his mild yet intelligent eyes upon us, still playing with the knife; "I think I *should* have spirit enough to do it."

"Consider, Sir, suicide!" we exclaimed, catching hold of the knife.

"Suicide!" ejaculated the mild gentleman, with great horror in his looks; but instantly relaxing his features, he said—"I was talking, or thinking, about publishing."

"Oh—very nearly as bad, Sir," we returned, smiling, and dropping the knife.

"Yes, and therefore I fear to make the experiment."

This commencement led to a long conversation, from which we gathered that the mild gentleman's name was Joshua Dreamy, and that he had a very excellent, learned, and distant relative of the name of Davy Dreamy, whose memoirs he had written. These he wished to publish, but, being naturally diffident and retiring, he shrunk from the task. We offered our services, and begged a sight of the MS.

"Here it is," said Mr. Dreamy, taking it out of a carpet-bag; "here it is; the life of as good and learned a man as ever lived;" and he gazed fondly on the formidable and carefully tied-up bundle, and then put it into our hands.

That night we read much of it: we eagerly ran through it, we

ravenously devoured it—putting it aside, and then returning to it when half undressed. We found the MS. to be a record of wonderful experiments and discoveries, of the proceedings of the greatest philosophers and the lowest of mankind, of researches and actions as extraordinary as they were philosophical, and of sayings and opinions as out of-the-way as they were important.

On the morrow we proposed to Mr. Dreamy to place the memoirs before the world, he eagerly assented, and the Reader now possesses them in nearly the same form as we received them from their author.

FLIT!

CHAPTER I.

LINEAGE, BIRTH, AND EDUCATION OF DAVY. A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER AND HIS WALKING EXPLOITS. FIRST APPEARANCE OF DAVY "IN PRINT," WITH A DIGRESSION ON SIGNATURES.

THE father of the subject of these memoirs was a very learned, acute, and antiquarian gentleman, who, when he had reached the age of thirty-five, thought proper to marry, in order that the race of Dreamy might not, like "the fleeting exhalations of the morn," pass away and be forgotten. He chose for his bride a lady then in her twenty-fourth year, and in the full glow of her beauty, which was by no means contemptible; but Nicodemus Dreamy looked not at her beauty, nor did he seek her wealth, for of the latter she had none; that which influenced his choice was the fact that the lady was a lineal descendant from Martinus Scriblerus—so he married her; sighing at the moment that he placed the ring on her finger that thus perished the name of Scriblerus, for Margaret was the last of that illustrious race. Indeed, so much was Mr. Dreamy troubled by this natural result of marriage, that he had almost determined to settle a handsome annuity on Miss Scriblerus on condition of her remaining Margaret Scriblerus for ever—that is, until her decease; but, having thought a second time, he married her, consoling himself with the hope of having descendants inheriting the superior qualities of the families of both Dreamy and Scriblerus.

Although, as we have demonstrated, a descendant of the great Martinus Scriblerus (whose history Pope "left half told,") nothing extraordinary happened at the birth of Davy Dreamy; the sky did not become dark, because his birth occurred during a very murky night; neither did he give utterance to any wonderful sounds, but rather emitted a weak, fretful cry, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that he could not give a louder one, he being a small, tender infant, and not possessed of those powerful lungs which some babes introduce to the world. It may be regarded as a somewhat extraordinary circumstance that Davy did not emit any

of those wonderful sounds which it is recorded his ancestor Martinus sent forth when he came into the world; and when we consider the vast number of properties and rights which are hereditary, we feel indignant that the power of making nine various noises at the time of birth was not so in the family of Scriblerus, and that the birth of Davy was unmarked by the appearance of similar phenomena to those which glorified the coming of Martinus. Do we not find that men become high and mighty Governors, Senators, and Great Ones of the land by hereditary right? then why should not every descendant of the divine Scriblerus possess the hereditary right of braying like an ass, crowing like a cock, and performing other like exploits at the time of birth? There is foul injustice somewhere, for both cannot be right. Still we can console ourselves in this pitiable dilemma by remembering that Davy was born in these later and degenerate days, and it may have so happened, that though wonderful appearances shed splendour around the arrival of Martinus, yet in the æra of Davy such things were out of date, for though witchcraft existed some centuries back, at the present time the race of witches is no more—they are gone—venerable, and, therefore, excellent, as they were—like a fog-*bank* before the *draughts* of Æolus!

When Davy had been "swathed in fine linen," the nurse observed to the housemaid that he "was a wee bit o' a thing;" and his father, when the infant was presented to him, being in a deep study over a blue earthern jar (for he was an enthusiastic antiquary) which he was doing his best to prove held the ashes of Patroclus, the Greek, took no more notice of him than to take him in his arms, stare in an unmeaning manner in his face, give a chuckle between a grunt and a squeak, lay him in a cradle of one of the Egyptian kings, and then resume his task with his pen.

Davy received little more notice from his father for some years after, though his mother took all care of his health and little of his education. At length in his eleventh year he lost this parent, over whom he shed abundance of tears; Nicodemus Dreamy, however, was too much "engaged" to pay a great deal of attention to "domestic matters," as he termed them, and thus happily escaped (not from a natural apathy to friendship and kindly feeling, be it observed) being exceedingly grieved at the loss of his consort. Master Davy—we should mention that his father did condescend to name him—was sent to school for some seven years; at the end of which period, having received plenty of learning and thumps, he was recalled, and resided at his father's "repository" (so was it named), and was free to do as he pleased.

Davy Dreamy was now eighteen years of age, and let us present him to our readers. He was a slim youth about five feet in height; with a pale and thin countenance, a high forehead, and a handsomely chiselled nose, and flashing black eyes; his raven hair (of which he possessed a considerable quantity) was combed straight down each side of his head, the ends having a slight curl; at the back of

his head he had a superabundance of hair. He dressed in black, and wore shoes and black silk stockings; he disliked his neck being confined, so he wore a high collar, round which was loosely tied a dark neckerchief; pendent from his neck, by a black ribbon, was a gold eye-glass, rendered necessary by the constant use of his eyes in reading and writing; to complete his equipment he possessed a hat with an unusually broad brim, though not sufficiently extensive to denote a Quaker. This was the personage often observed walking the streets with his eyes fixed on the ground, or raised with a vacant stare; whilst at the same time there was a certain peculiar motion in his arms, by which movements thoughts were probably being expressed, and his hands were frequently opened and shut, or stretched out with a convulsive start in an oblique direction. To run against a mischievous rascal who observed his absorbed state, and purposely stood in his way, was a frequent occurrence, after which he always begged the gentleman's pardon. Nor was he free from accidents when he looked straight forward, for once, whilst observing the sun retreat behind a mass of clouds, he nearly broke his legs by overturning a beer-tray which a publican had placed at the edge of the pavement of an unfrequented street; after this exploit he returned home and wrote an Essay on the Importance of an Efficient Police "to keep clear the public ways of large and densely peopled cities." When he carried a cane (as he sometimes did) he made a practice of studying the formation of circles, semicircles, tangents, or the vibratory power of the pendulum, and consequently often brought the end of his cane in contact with various bodies; one day he would deal an innocent dog a considerable thump on the flank, much to his own loss of character for humanity amongst those who witnessed the act; at another time the tip of the cane would graze the gouty leg of an old gentleman who had a peculiar sourness of aspect, from the owner of which nothing but grumbling could be expected in answer to Master Davy's protestations of the blow being accidental. Often when in the middle of a deep process of reasoning and a wide thoroughfare, he was startled by the near approximation of some vehicle, and the loud call of the driver, which expeditiously terminated the reasoning and moved Davy to the pavement.

Whilst old Dreamy was passing his time in reading, writing, and speaking about the urn of Patroclus, Dreamy the younger was not unemployed. He read much, and thought more; was much given to theorising; had a strong desire to deserve applause; and possessed an active brain: consequently, great things were to be expected from him. His first appearance in the world of literature was one which showed even at that early period of his career, that his greatest desire was to do good to his fellow-creatures. On the morning of March 6, 18—, a letter appeared in the "National Gazette," calling the attention of the public to the importance and necessity of adopting some plan to prevent the inconvenience experienced by passengers when new houses were being built, or old

ones pulled down; the inconvenience being, the quantity of dust which floated in the atmosphere, and from thence entered the eyes of the unfortunate individuals who passed. The writer of the letter averred that a plan might be adopted to prevent all this, and gave a description of a machine of his own invention, by means of which "a quantity of aqueous fluid could be speedily spread over the heaps of rubbish, &c., and the inconvenience complained of would no longer exist." This letter, occupying two-thirds of a column, was signed, very appropriately, "Scipio Africanus."

There is no doubt that our respected relative in choosing this signature followed the established practice—a practice which is so excellent, and which ornaments the pages of the press with so many great and noble names: "Leonidas" will complain of a street being obstructed by the renewal of the pavement, and with Spartan firmness call upon the paving authorities to "abate the nuisance;" "Themistocles" writes to inform the public and "The Editor of the *Times*," that a certain man, "five feet six inches, &c.," is engaged in the pleasant operation of swindling all those who will allow him; "Brutus" is indignant at the extortion of the "conductor" of a "'Bus;" "Cincinnatus"—

"———— awful from the plough"—

corrects an error "into which the reporter had fallen," in reporting the coroner's inquest on the body of the man who died, after only a week's illness, at the age of ninety-seven; "Veritas" denies that Mr. Tomkins was drunk when "Policeman, A 93," found him seated in the kennel and hugging the lamp-post; "Miltiades" tells "A Story of the Last Century;" "Cæsar" enters into a disquisition on the merits of a recent improvement in the steam-engine; and "Solon," forsaking the law, pours forth "Lines on a Tear!"

Notwithstanding the great interest and vital importance of the subject, we believe the letter of "Scipio Africanus" produced no effect, and we still have to lament the superabundance of what he termed "minute particles of calcareous matter" which float in the air, or seek a refuge in the eyes, wherever building or demolition is going forward.

The ill success of a first letter did not prevent a second emanating from Davy's active mind. On the present occasion "Lycurgus" recommended that the whole of the "crossings" of London should be put under the control of a minister named for that purpose; that to each crossing should be appointed one "sweeper," who should pay a certain sum annually to the aforesaid minister for the exclusive right to sweep such "crossing," the amount depending upon the average income derived from the "crossing" during the preceding seven years. By these means, "Lycurgus" asserted, every "crossing" would be kept clean, civil and respectable "sweepers" would be appointed, and, what was of most importance, a large revenue would be derived for the general good of the nation. He further proposed that the minister should be entitled "The

Superintendent of the Crossings," and that a suitable office and establishment, including "inspectors" to patrol the streets daily to observe whether the "crossings" were in a proper state, be provided forthwith. He concluded by calling the attention of the Secretary of the Home Department to the matter. To this letter was appended the following: "[We think the plan of 'LYCURGUS' *rather* too far-fetched.—ED.]" Such is the gratitude of man!

Davy sent many more letters, and assumed the signature of "Socrates;" but, alas! none appeared, and at length his "career of *letters*" was cut short by the following awful, yet open and candid, announcement in the "Gazette"—

"'SOCRATES' is a fool."

CHAPTER II.

DAVY A MEMBER OF THE L. AND S. U. P. A.—WONDERFUL ENQUIRIES CARRIED ON THERE. CONVIVIAL MEETING OF JUVENILE "MEN OF SCIENCE" AND "LITERARY CHARACTERS."

DAVY next became a member of the "Literary and Scientific Universal Philanthropic Association." Oh! how he revelled in that paradise! what brilliant Essays he read! what philosophic Lectures he delivered! what wonderful Theories he expounded! It was in his moral and metaphysical Essays that he shone forth; and great were the discussions which followed them, and varied indeed the talents and ideas of the speakers. Mr. Nipkin would tell the members that, in certain circumstances, a man "*sees* himself lost in *darkness;*" Mr. Thompson would say that the soul was a certain something which only existed in thought, that thought was the offspring of the mind, and that the mind derived being and strength from the soul; after this Mr. Wilks would clearly demonstrate that thought was the action of the mind, which consisted of an infinite number of infinitesimal particles, which being themselves a coinage of the imagination, were set in motion by sensations received from without, and thus thought was produced [cheers]; then Davy would wind up the matter, making all clear and snug, by declaring that he believed the mind to be a material mass formed of immaterial and impalpable parts, which received impressions from without, and then by intermixing them, in a manner which could not be explained, imagination and everything else were produced. Having heard these beautiful and explicit explanations—lucid and easily to be comprehended—the audience departed fully satisfied that they knew all about the mind and its mysterious workings.

At another time, the ingenious gentlemen would discourse on the nature of evil, and, after spending two hours in discussing the matter, would be fully convinced that they knew quite as much about it at

the conclusion as at the commencement, which was a very encouraging belief. The nature of the logical deductions was peculiar, one gentleman asserting that good flowed from evil, and another that evil flowed from good, and a third that good and evil were substantially the same, which statement elicited many a "hear, hear," and profound looks, and made others argue the question upon the basis of good being evil, and evil good, by which means they simplified their reasoning to an astonishing degree, and placed *good* and evil on very *good* terms with each other, which showed the speakers' charity and toleration. It was finally resolved that if good comes from evil, evil must be good, and if evil comes from good, good must be evil, which was considered to be a very satisfactory conclusion.

Matters proceeded very smoothly for the space of a year, but at the expiration of that time there occurred a misunderstanding among the members which led to a vigorous contest. There happened to be a very strong current of air in the direction of the door of the large room in which the members met to hear lectures; and notwithstanding the endeavours of all the Natural Philosophers of the association—who were really Natural Philosophers—notwithstanding their deep researches and great knowledge—they were unable to overcome the evil, for it never occurred to them to send for a carpenter and have another door made. Such being the case, those who sat nearest the door, being those who arrived latest, kept on their hats. This gave great offence to some of the members who were not exposed to the current, and they asserted that it was very disrespectful to the lecturer and to them for the gentlemen near the door to keep on their hats. At last a General Meeting was convened to consider the matter, and the offended gentlemen stated their case, and the offending gentlemen defended their conduct. Mr. George Elliot—who made a practice of being too late everywhere—being the principal speaker and champion of the latter party.

There were several adjourned meetings on this subject, the last of which will ever be memorable in the mind of Mr. John Bouncer, from his having made his first effort in oratory on that occasion. During the early part of the evening that gentleman sat in a very erect posture with a bundle of MSS. in his hand, very audibly expressing his contempt for the speeches of those who had embraced his own view of the question; exclamations of "muff," "shocking," "wretched," made known to his neighbours how little he thought of the orators, and raised high expectation of what *he* would do, with his portentous bale of paper.

At length the happy moment came, and Mr. Bouncer rose, and leisurely opening the bundle of MSS. commenced reading his speech. Standing firmly on his left leg, he stretched out his right hand, and read from his notes in an audible tone. Unhappily, when he arrived at the close of sentences, or uttered something very impressive, he dropped his voice, and screwed his arm in a most peculiar manner; this caused a laugh; "Mark that!" exclaimed the orator, impressively—whether he referred to his own remark or

the laughter of others not being clearly understood in the roar which followed the exclamation. On he went, regardless of interruption, though saluted with a laugh every time he dropped his voice, or uttered "mark that!" which he did often, until indeed the "air" became "musical" with "mark thats" from all quarters, for noisiness is contagious in large meetings. Mr. John Bouncer still proceeded. He asked for the voices of the "free, patriotic, and excellent members"——"Oh! butter!" interjected some urchin behind (probably in the cheesemongery line), and the room rang with laughter for some minutes.

The meeting becoming impatient, Mr. Bouncer informed it that he had put his thoughts upon paper, because he had not had time to think about the matter to enable him to speak of it. Mr. Bouncer next experiencing some difficulty in reading his speech, a gentleman kindly suggested that as he found it troublesome to decipher his "notes," he had better hand them to the Secretary to be read, to which Mr. Bouncer very wittily replied that the gentleman himself appeared to be already deciphered; there being much laughter at the time, Mr. Bouncer has always asserted that it was caused by his reply. The laughter and uproar continuing, Mr. Bouncer fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, and pulled out a small piece of paper, and, after studying its contents for a few moments, shook it at those who made the most noise, exclaiming,

"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat,"

which was followed by a youth remarking aloud that "that was doing it brown," and the reverse of cutting it lean.

Mr. Bouncer now sat down for a few moments, amid "much cheering," and cries of "go on;" he was soon up again, and informed the meeting that he rose for the purpose of sitting down, which he did amidst a universal burst of cachinnation. Mr. Bouncer immediately began to find fault with the succeeding orators, which showed the extent of his modesty and self-respect.

After many discussions, the force of Mr. Elliot's arguments was such (he spoke "regularly" four times, and "irregularly" something less than a dozen) that it was decided "That so long as the current of air existed, it was not imperative on the gentlemen seated near the door to take off their hats." Great was the cheering at this conclusion, and the benches, whereon the assembly stood and stamped, received such a straining, that they never recovered their pristine firmness, but gradually decayed, thus proving the force and power of popular opinion.

The triumphant party determined to give Mr. Elliot some token of approbation. A subscription was opened, and after a little time the token was purchased. A supper was proposed—a supper was provided—and nearly fifty of the talented members of the association sat down to a half-crown repast. When a large quantity of food had been disposed of, the business of the evening commenced. The chairman, a little fidgetty man, with red cheeks, and a turn-up

diminutive nose, rose and made a long speech about the "glorious" struggle in which they had been engaged, stammered several times, stopped short twice, and finished by presenting Mr. Elliot with a silver snuff-box. It is a fact, and therefore we state it, that the waiters at the conclusion of the chairman's speech turned their backs to the company, and seemed to be very busy, whilst at the same time they emitted a half-stifled hysterical giggle: we do not presume to guess what was the nature of their sudden ailment. Mr. Elliot thanked the meeting in a manner which only Mr. Elliot, and a few other gentlemen of our acquaintance, can thank a meeting, by enlarging most excessively on the high honour which they had conferred upon him, which honour he seemed to hold in greater estimation than an indigent relative does an uncle from Hindostan, who has a great liking for him, and is troubled with a few unimportant diseases. After this veracious representation, the snuff-box was handed round for each gentleman to take a pinch of its contents—evil consequences ensued, for half the company was set a-sneezing, which apparently the other half, had its acquiescence been asked in the first place, would gladly have declined. When this awakening dose had expended its fury, the toasts were commenced, and then out-blazed the genius of the company! The gas-lights "paled their uneffectual fires" before the brilliant light which shot from the eyes of the inspired speakers, and the waiters stood astonished at the wonderful arguments used by the possessors of those phosphoric organs!

Mr. Wilson, a tall, lackadaisical youth, replied to the toast of "Civil and Religious Liberty;" and, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and his hands resting on the table, slowly emitted certain sounds from his mouth, the only part of his address which could be distinctly made out being, "we are all ready to defend our liberty with our lives;" for those words were uttered in a loud tone, and with a fierce look at the ceiling.

"Fast and furious" followed other toasts. "Universal Morality, and may we become truly intellectual beings," was reponded to by the very short gentleman who had worn his cloak during the whole evening.

He made a brilliant oration, mentioned Greek, and quoted Latin; spoke of Dido in her cave; called upon the company to support the cause of morals, and to endeavour to make all men intellectual; dashed a beer-glass to pieces, and overset a tumbler of brandy-and-water (*plus aqua*), stamped upon the toes of Davy, and, "in a fine phrensy," spread out his arms, and gave an individual seated near him a very excellent prospect of a black eye; in conclusion, he made a splendid peroration, played with the ends of his cloak, and exclaiming with great volubility, "that—that—that—such will be the case!" seated himself with a self-complacent air, and amidst universal approbation.

Many were the toasts, and many the speeches; but at two o'clock in the morning most of the company departed in possession of that

large quantity of animal spirits, arising from the free use of vegetable ditto, which has such an effect upon its possessor, that he little heeds whether he proceeds in a straight or in a curvelinear direction. Some dozen "choice spirits" remained, and gloriously did they enjoy themselves! The short gentleman in the cloak sang the first verse of a new song with a tassel accompaniment, but not knowing the second he finished with part of another: a person in green spectacles sang a comic song of twenty verses to a psalm tune: and an individual, with a pleasing lisp, gave some "imitations" of popular tragedians. Mr. Watson recited some *original* poetry, the only lines we recollect being,

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul;"

and,

"'Tis here we breathe a pure and intellectual air,"

the reciter being stopped at the conclusion of the last line by a violent fit of coughing, supposed to have been caused by the smoke of five cigars and three tobacco-pipes. Another gentleman offered to read a very fine and poetical extract from his last Essay on Temperance, but his hands shook so with nervous excitement, and he experienced such difficulty in discovering the said extract that the company excused him. Davy, in the exuberance of his hilarity, proffered a song, which was accepted, but unfortunately he did not recollect one in English, so he gave three lines of a Latin one, and then kindly desisted.

Mr. Watson was shortly afterwards seized with an unaccountable giddiness, and in attempting to rise from his chair fell to the floor; but there being a furious dispute going on between two of the company respecting the origin of language, Mr. Watson was fain to remain "prone upon the earth."

"I tell you," said Mr. Townsend, "it was necessity which created language."

"It's false! Gentlemen, I appeal to you! it was *not* necessity, I contend. Though I don't mean to say no one but an idiot would say so."

"You're no gentleman," furiously retorted Mr. Townsend, "and you won't, because you can't, discuss a question in-tel-lec-tu-al-ly—Waiter, fill this glass."

"I'm just as good as you any day, I'll bet a crown," replied Mr. Smith, as he finished his ale.

"Now, really, gentlemen, what's the use of quarrelling? I can't see," interposed the chairman, taking up a pewter vessel, which he had emptied of its contents five minutes before, and placing it to his mouth, gradually increasing the angle of its inclination until it arrived at 90°, when he was suddenly convinced that it contained nothing, and that it was time "to go."

At half-past five o'clock the company left. Mr. Watson was placed in a coach. Mr. Wilson humbly begged the watchman, who found him reclining on a door-step, not to take him to the watch-house; and the gentleman in the cloak, with two of his friends,

only escaped being placed in "durance vile," for singing "We won't go home till morning," by giving the "Charley" five shillings. One of the gentlemen whose eloquent description of intellectual enjoyment was much applauded, and who had lamented the brutalized state of mankind, was found by a friend of his who was taking an early walk, lying on the pavement of an out-of-the-way street, and tasting the enjoyment of the cool morning breeze. Davy reached home without any particular mishap—went to bed—rose at two o'clock, P.M., and drank an immoderate quantity of spring water, the supply of which being exhausted, he swallowed a large quantity of that 'yclept "soft."

CHAPTER III.

A SHORT CHAPTER RELATING HOW DAVY WROTE A ROMANCE, ENTITLED "ABSOLON ACRAH; A TALE OF ANNO MUNDI, 980," AND RECORDING THE DEATH OF NICODEMUS DREAMY.

WHEN Davy became capable of thinking he was shocked at his late conduct, and with that quickness and decision which characterized all his movements, he determined never to go to the "Association" again. But we must mention, that he had another reason for withdrawing from the Society: he intended to write a Romance; and knowing that application was required to produce a perfect work, he resolved to attend to nothing else until he had finished it.

And now, Ye mighty ones of Leadenhall Street! Ye Presiding Deities of the Minerva press! permit a portion of your spirit to animate our pen, and a modicum of your fluency to pour from its expending "neb," that we may expatiate with becoming grandeur on the production of our immortal relative, a production which aspired to, and almost attained, a position among your ranks!

Phœbus had taken a daily airing in his open carriage, and enjoyed with benignant smiles the prospect below and around him, ninety times; or, in other words, three months had passed, before Davy had finished that Romance which was *intended* to transmit his name to posterity—alas! the cheesemonger's shop is stored, like the kitchen of Pluto, with "good intentions." The title of this work was "ABSOLON ACRAH; a Tale of A.M. 980. Founded on Facts." This entertaining production, the title alone of which ought to have carried it through two editions, commenced in that *novel* and ingenious manner which has been adopted by many writers:—In an old —a very old—castle in one of the most wild and unknown parts of Germany, an aged man finds in a forgotten closet a mysterious MS.; after a great deal of labour, and rubbing up of spectacles, the aged man succeeds in reading the MS., and finds that it is in rather antiquated German. The MS. is, of course, "ABSOLON ACRAH."

By this mode of proceeding four things are ingeniously proved—firstly, that old MSS. are found in old castles in Germany; secondly, that very old men find them; thirdly, that the original language of the first inhabitants of the earth resembled that of the present Germans; fourthly, that writing was known in the year A.M. 980. If the Romance had been published we tremble at the contests which the statement of the two last facts would have caused.

In this offspring of the imagination very new and original features were to be observed. The father of the hero had arrived at the "green old age" of 650; his eldest son 387; and the junior child, a hot-headed, beardless youth, the hero of the tale, had reached 257 years, but not to those of "discretion." This interesting young man falls in love with an artless lass, aged 211, living near the house of his parent; but the said parent having a better match for his "boy," in the person of Eudovilca, a full-grown woman of 533, he sets his face against "the mad pranks of the scapegrace," and vows he will disinherit him if he cleave to his first love. The tender heroine is in tears, the hero is stamping with his heel (the clay floor being rather wet, and his feet protected by sandals, he does not injure himself by this terrific action), when the father bursts in, accompanied by the elder son: the old gentleman is enraged, cuffs the young one, and forthwith "throws him from him and his!" Master Absolon Acrah is now in a sad plight; but, with that energy which heroes possess, he cuts the matter short by flying to the woods with his nymph.

Their life in the woods gave the author a good opportunity to let his readers into the secret, that men in ancient times were about three times the height they now are, and proportionably strong; and he stated the important fact that these mighty men thought nothing of seizing an elephant by his tusks, flinging him on his back, slaying him with a wooden knife, and ultimately making a few delicious repasts on his carcass. Besides doing this several times, and forming cloaks for himself and spouse of the skins of the unwieldy animals, Absolon slew several hippopotami, strangled three crocodiles, and performed many other equally wonderful and singular actions.

At length Absolon returns to his parental home, finds that his elder brother has affronted his father by killing an ox "on the sly," and devouring it without asking his parent to partake, and is joyfully received by the patriarch. Of course the four-century-old gentleman is glad to be forgiven on condition of playing second fiddle to Absolon.

The "filling-up" of this Tale was quite equal to its excellent plot. Davy was determined to take his characters from nature; therefore, when he wanted to draw the portrait of a servant "before the flood," he cast his eyes about, and took an exact measure of his father's footman, only taking care to put him in a dress of skins, instead of green cloth and gold lace. A young lady who lived opposite answered admirably for the heroine. And when he wanted

a subordinate (or an insubordinate) warrior, what better could he do than to put one of our drunken, bayonet-using privates of the Guards into an elephant's hide, give him a spear formed of a young tree headed by the tusk of an elephant, and a club made of the arm of an "old, gnarled" oak? Of course the old man must talk about "settlements," "marriage contracts," "wills," "leases," and the like; the young one must emit certain sentimental invocations to the moon, swear by Jupiter, and write sonnets respecting "holy hearts," "martyred lovers," and "sweetly trickling streamlets;" and the elder brother must say he will "take the law" of the younger, when he cheats him of his heirship. All this was managed exquisitely, and Thomas Fergusson declared he had never read anything so beautifully strict to nature. Had this work been published Leadenhall Street would have again raised its head in triumph!

Will it be believed? Mr. Canuman, the great publisher, declined purchasing the copyright of this noble performance! Mr. Fergusson assured him it would make his fortune; Mr. Canuman said he would willingly give £500 for it if the nation were in a fit state to receive the gift, but, as they would not appreciate it, from their unpardonable ignorance of the times of which it treated, he must unwillingly decline to accept it.

"I am astonished, Tom," said Davy to his friend.

"The undiscerning creature! and all because *he* can't appreciate its beauties! why, I consider the combat between Dulvorex and the three elephants, before the Court of King Hackaram, sufficient to sell the book, without speaking of the new field it enters upon. But I've an idea that, perhaps, may be worth something. Suppose you change the scene to some unknown part of Hindostan—'time,' the present day? You will not require to alter the accessories much; and remember you could give it a good bouncing title—'The Wondrous Tale of Alrow,' for instance—pop in an incident of an Indian prince, worn out with fatigue, frightening a hungry lion by looking at him, give an incantation and a few demons—and you're 'the most popular author of the day!'"

Davy shook his head in that manner which, some philosopher has discovered, was the way in which the hieroglyphical Egyptians of old signified "no go," was peculiarly melancholy for three days, and took no new flight into the regions of imagination for some time.

It happened about the period when Davy was cogitating on a new effort, that his progenitor died, leaving his antiquities, some excellent advice (principally with reference to the solving of the problem, whether the blue pot contained the ashes of Patroclus), and all his worldly wealth to his gifted son, "a youth, I am happy to say," so ran the will, "who will not forget the honour of his family, but, as his young blood cools, will apply himself to that great and noble object to which his ancestors have ever devoted themselves—the study of antiquity." By the decease of his father

Davy found himself, at the age of twenty-three, an independent gentleman; and well it was he had not to seek his living, for otherwise his great genius would, undoubtedly, have compelled him, like Homer, to "beg his bread," though in English instead of Grecian cities.

No sooner was he thus free to do as he pleased than he determined to perform some exalted action, which would at once make him known to the great world, and bear his name down the stream of time. Let not the reader misunderstand us;—it was not his intention to be a second Quintius Curtius, and fill up the West India Dock by plunging into it—to leap from the monument like a madman—or by setting fire to St. Paul's to emulate the Greek who destroyed Diana of the Ephesians! No—we speak nothing but the truth—far different were his intentions.

He wished to write a Treatise on some subject, and so set about thinking of a good one, but so many occurred to him that days, weeks, months passed away, and yet no Treatise appeared.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVY STUDIES "HUMAN NATURE" UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE MARQUIS OF FORDWATER.

WHILST Davy was yet undecided in what manner he should make his triumphant entry into the world of literature, he was one evening present at a large dinner-party, and was there introduced to the Reverend Mr. Swill, a gentleman of about thirty years of age—tall, and of a rather full appearance—his face, limbs, and body seeming to be preternaturally swelled, apparently from their possessor's not very temperate use of fluids. The Reverend Mr. Swill was very friendly and jocose with Mr. Dreamy; took wine very often with him (as indeed he did with everybody near him), and told him that he held the high and honourable post of chaplain to the Marquis of Fordwater. In the course of the conversation, the Reverend Mr. Swill observed that the Marquis would shortly make an expedition to "study human nature," and asked Davy if he would join it.

"An expedition!" exclaimed Davy, with philosophic ardour; "whither? to Africa, Italy, Norway——"

"Oh, no!" returned Mr. Swill, laughing; "I daresay he will some day visit those countries, but they are not the regions which the present expedition will explore—indeed the region is this city."

"London!" ejaculated Davy, with marks of astonishment.

"Yes, Sir; and why not? who has travelled London through? who has searched it from its heart to its very extremities? who has perused its thousand pages, and studied its innumerable pictures?"

"True, true," said Davy.

"The fact is, Sir," continued Mr. Swill, "the Marquis wishes to understand 'human nature' thoroughly before he legislates for its failings and crimes; and so he studies mankind wherever he can find them—the rich, the gay, the poor, and the squalid."

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed Davy, rubbing his hands.

"Will you join him in his next expedition, Mr. Dreamy?"

"Certainly, certainly; I admire the plan very much."

Accordingly a day was mentioned when the Marquis would call upon Mr. Dreamy, and make the expedition in his company. Davy passed the evening very pleasantly with the Reverend Gentleman, the only drawback being that the Chaplain took rather more wine than increased the vigour of his intellectual powers.

On a subsequent evening the Marquis of Fordwater, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Swill and three other gentlemen, came to the house of Davy, who received them very cordially. Mr. Dreamy complimented the nobleman on his zeal for knowledge.

"Ah! yes!" exclaimed the Marquis,—a young man about the middle size, with a laughing, rakish expression of countenance, and a hectic flush upon his cheek, with a jaunty walk, and dressed in the height, or rather higher than the fashion;—"you see, Mr. Dreamy," said he, with a leer, "I like to study 'human nature'—and 'human nature,' Sir, you being a philosopher, will readily admit, *is* 'human nature,' all the world over."

Davy could hardly understand the force of this remark; but, however, he coincided with the Marquis.

"Well, Sir, 'human nature' being 'human nature'—damn it, Mr. Swill, why don't you show a glim?"

The Reverend Gentleman thus appealed to, explained to Davy that "human nature" *being* "human nature," the Marquis liked to study it.

"Just so," said the Marquis, as he swallowed a glass of wine, "and so let's cut our wood at once."

Davy stared a moment, and then said he was ready to go. Accordingly the six gentlemen set out from the residence of Mr. Dreamy.

Proceeding northward they reached the New Road.

"Here," said the Marquis, "we'll commence," entering as he spoke a low dirty public-house, Davy being dragged in by the Hon. Mr. Poppleton, and the others following. The Marquis went straight to the tap-room, in which were a number of very dirty, very drowsy, and yet very noisy men, drinking beer and smoking pipes. These individuals, as the Hon. Mr. Poppleton elegantly observed, "stared like stabbed swine" at the well-dressed intruders; but the Marquis soon set them at ease by taking his seat upon one of the tables, putting his feet on the bars of the fire-grate, calling them all hearty trumps, and telling them to "order" what they liked. Davy, under the guidance of Mr. Swill, obtained a seat, which to him appeared one of thorns, and the rest of the party soon accommodated themselves, and appeared quite comfortable. The tap-room gentry speedily

took advantage of the permission of the Marquis; and in five minutes' time the tables were covered with quarterns of gin, glasses of brandy-and-water, pots of porter, and pints of ale. The Marquis and his friends drank a great deal; Davy groaned inwardly, and was obliged to partake of some brandy-and-water. The scene soon became terrific: oaths, pots, and hats flew in all directions; the recipients of the nobleman's generosity sent for their friends to share it, and reinforcements were continually arriving; and at length a general riot, scramble, and tumult took place, the watch came in, and the Marquis and his party went out.

"That," said the Reverend Mr. Swill to Davy, as he left the public-house, "that proceeding illustrates a great political truth—that you must never let the lower orders have all they wish—you see the result of unconstrained indulgence. Thus, then, his Lordship studies 'human nature.'"

"Humph!" muttered Davy; and the Marquis and the Hon. Mr. Poppleton and the other gentlemen laughed very loud, skipped from the pavement into the kennel, and then back again, pushed one another about, had sham fights, and talked, swore, and hallooed very much.

Proceeding along the New Road at a rapid rate, they pulled a great many bells, succeeded in breaking the wire of one, and were nearly successful in a second attempt, but the house-door being opened and a man with a thick stick in his hands emerging, they beat a retreat, only keeping up a running fire of ringing. Passing down a road near Sadler's Wells, smashing two lamps in their progress, by means of a stick which the Hon. Mr. Poppleton carried, and upsetting three individuals, they observed a watch-box by the side of a ditch, and, on cautiously making their approach, discovered that it was tenanted by a stout, red-faced gentleman in a white great-coat, who was snoring most sonorously. Over his head hung a large lantern, in which a thick candle burned. In the key-hole of the half-door, which stood partly open, the Reverend Mr. Swill found a key. Mr. Jenkinson seized the lantern, the Hon. Mr. Poppleton took the rattle which hung beside it, and the Marquis of Fordwater shut-to the door and turned the key. The energetic, yet business-like, performance of these things woke the sleeping guardian of the night, and he began to bellow in his prison.

"Now then, gentlemen volunteers!" roared the Marquis, "all at once, heave-ay-ho!" The five gentlemen, Davy standing aside quite bewildered, holding the lantern which had been thrust into his hand, pushed with all their might at the watch-box; its fastenings began to yield, the Charley to roar out "Murder!" and Davy to be very much astonished. "Now then!" exclaimed the Marquis, and he and his companions gave a strong heave, the box and its inmate plunged "with hideous din" into the ditch (which contained very little water); the Marquis sprung the huge rattle, flung it on the ground, hallooed to Davy to drop the lantern and "mizzle," and then beat a precipitate retreat towards the city,

whilst watchmen and others were arriving to the assistance of the unfortunate in the ditch.

"Hurra!" screamed the peer, stopping short when near the termination of St. John's Street next to Smithfield, and laughing immoderately; "I can't hold any longer—ha! ha! ha!—that *was* fine! wasn't it, Mr. Dreamy?"

"Monstrous, my Lord, monstrous!" said Davy, whilst every one else laughed tremendously.

"You mistake our object, Sir," said the Chaplain, becoming suddenly grave; "my Lord will never forget these lessons when he legislates—they impress upon him the necessity for having a strong and vigorous police. Thus he studies 'human nature.'"

"Humph!" muttered Davy, walking on in silence.

The party now crossed Smithfield, proceeded up Holborn, and took one of the turnings which lead to Fleet Street, rushing through a great many courts and alleys, screaming, shouting, and fighting, dragging Davy along by main force, and causing altogether a *very* "great sensation" among a large number of young ladies and others who looked out of the doors. They soon reached Fleet Street, and, passing through Temple Bar, rushed along the Strand.

When not a mile from the Adelphi Theatre they turned down a broad street with a very ancient name, and the Marquis asked Davy if "he had ever been in the infernal regions?" but before our relative could answer this startling question, the Hon. Mr. Poppleton had knocked at a low door, a wooden slide had been withdrawn, a dirty-faced man had looked through an iron grating, had opened the door, and the whole party were descending some very steep and crooked stairs. "Pay here!" said a shrill-voiced female, from a hole resembling one of the entrances to a pigeon-house, and Mr. Jenkinson satisfied her demand. "Come along, Mr. Dreamy!" exclaimed the Marquis; "this is the place to study 'human nature,' damme!" and the enthusiastic peer pulled his companion along a narrow passage, over some wooden bridges, round the corners, and lastly into the very "shades"—the "shades of night."

When the party of exploring philosophers and gentlemen entered what the Marquis called the "infernal regions," Mr. Dreamy at once acknowledged that the nobleman had not misapplied the title. The noise, the laughter without real merriment, the smoke, the gaslights gleaming through it, the vaulted roof begrimed with soot, the walls bedaubed with fiery red and sulphury blue, the subdued rumbling of coaches proceeding along the street overhead, and above all the inmates,—the faded, abandoned, reckless, healthless inmates of the place—certainly gave the whole more of an infernal than an earthly character.

"This way, old fellow!" exclaimed the Marquis, heartily, pulling Davy from the upper and smaller section of the apartment or cellar, down a flight of steps into the lower and larger part. The Hon. Mr. Poppleton, the Rev. Mr. Swill, and the other gentlemen followed, being expedited in their descent by the vigorous efforts of some

young ladies, who very unceremoniously pushed them from top to bottom, and laughed very loudly and hoarsely when they had effected thus much. The Marquis dragged, rather than led, Davy to a seat near the wall and close to the chairman, the rest of the party accommodating themselves near at hand. The Marquis had just given a pale-faced waiter—they all looked more dead than alive—orders for "pannum and plenty of lush," as he playfully expressed himself, and very seriously requested the man not to make the mixed liquors too strong, when the chairman, a tall man with a pallid but bloated countenance, called for "attention to a song." A gentleman on his right hand, who had just finished a mutton chop and a glass of stout, immediately commenced a comic song, being accompanied on the piano by a very dull-looking individual, who delightfully intermixed all his reminiscences of comic songs for the last ten years, and thus produced a pleasing tune "with variations." Davy now had time to look about him.

The apartment was a large cellar, the vaulted ceiling of which had once been painted with various colours, but of these the smoke of the gas-lights had sadly dimmed the brilliancy and obscured the tints; at the sides were views painted in the most approved style of scene-daubing, with plenty of blue and red, and with various figures such as are never seen in this world. At the lower end of the room, next the fire-place, sat the chairman, and on his right and left several "professionals," who might have professed to be very cheerful and comfortable, but who certainly looked just the reverse; behind the chairman, in a corner, was the piano-forte, at which the dull-looking gentleman presided, it being his duty to pour forth between the songs a continuous noise something like "dum—dum—diddle dum—dum—dum," which was perhaps relished by some, but no individual was candid enough to say so. Down the middle of the room was a long table, at the head of which the president—not Pluto—sat, and on each side were a number of wooden chairs, which were filled by a motley assemblage of men and women, boys and girls; at the sides of the room or cellar, and in the upper compartment, were other tables and chairs, and close to the wall benches, nearly all occupied. This place and its contents were illuminated by a number of gas-lights, from which little jets protruded that gentlemen might light their pipes and cigars with the greatest ease, for which purpose, also, glasses filled with papers were placed on the tables. But that which attracted Davy's attention most, was the company present. Nothing could be more free, hearty, and unrestrained than its demeanour. Ladies in blue silk and black satin were amicably discussing brandy-and-water with gentlemen in tight coats, light kid gloves, and pinched hats stuck on one side of their curled and shining hair—not on their heads. But the gentlemen were not all of this latter description in their habiliments, neither were the ladies of the former. Some gentlemen were dressed in English style, others in French style with cloth caps, "blouses," and mustachios, and not a few in no

style at all. Some smoked, and some did not; some were drunk, and a few were sober; some had thick sticks, some thin ones; some had very red, very disfigured, and very swelled faces, the rest very pale and very thin; some shared their liquor with ladies, and a few kept it to themselves; some talked very loud, and some swore very much; some lounged, lolled on the tables, and laughed, whilst others yawned, and looked mighty wise and wicked.

The female part of the assembly was as various in its features as the male portion. Some ladies were dressed in cotton, others in satin; some wore shawls, others cloaks, and some scarfs, which they occasionally dropped to exhibit their necks; many had pink bonnets, some light blue, and the rest flaring colours; some looked very wicked, none looked very modest; some were pretty, a great many were rather the reverse; but they were all alike in two things—they all used paint, and looked faded and unhappy. Some of these ladies performed many little tricks: one amused herself by lifting up her foot and kicking a gentleman in a cloak, who flourished a yellow stick, and laughed and drank very much; another seized a young gentleman—whose life very few Offices would have been eager to insure—round the neck, and nearly strangled him; a third trod on the toes of a stout man in a French cap; another took turns with an inebriated youth in smoking a very vile-looking cigar; some had sham fights across the table; others stood in the upper part of the room and pushed the new comers down the steps; some paraded the room exhibiting their shoulders, and a few walked away with gentlemen who had not the appearance of Solons; but of all who laughed, and smiled, and talked, and seemed gay, not one but appeared to be performing a tiresome task. This was the den, and the people, that met the wondering gaze of Davy Dreamy.

"Now, then, Mr. Dreamy," said the Rev. Mr. Swill, as the waiter brought the articles which had been ordered, "when you can leave off studying 'human nature,' perhaps you'll discuss this rump-steak."

Thus called upon, Davy ate a small portion of the food provided, and then turned to gaze anew upon the scene before him.

At about the fourth hour of the morning the company began to grow very noisy and boisterous. The chairman thundered away with his hammer to obtain silence for a song, but in vain, so the "professional" sang it for the benefit of his next neighbours only. By this time the Marquis of Fordwater and his companions had drunk so much that they became rather excited, began to confer on the expediency of, and necessity for, "pitching into" the chairman, smashing the piano, and breaking heads promiscuously, Mr. Dreamy, who had drunk but little, being in a state of great terror and agitation at these symptoms. The gentlemen during their stay had asked several ladies to drink with them, but farther the Marquis himself had not expressed any great wish for their company; but at the moment that the Noble Lord was proposing to

attack the "vile singer with a tumbler in his throat," a lady, dressed in a purple satin cloak and bonnet to match, of high stature and fine form, with a handsome, though painted and somewhat sad, countenance, and lustrous black eyes, strode into the room with the haughty step of a queen, and, observing the Marquis, immediately approached him. He jumped up with great alacrity, and standing as steadily as he could, gave her ten thousand welcomes, and offered her a chair.

"Allow me, Julia, to introduce my friend," said the Marquis to the lady, with drunken gravity, "Mr. Dreamy, a great philosopher, and student of 'human nature,' Miss Julia; Miss Julia, no philosopher, but possessed of much 'human nature,' Mr. Dreamy."

The lady rose and curtsied, Mr. Dreamy bowed, with an earnest gaze from which the lady shrank; in the next moment all parties were drinking negus. The Marquis now became very noisy, kissed Julia, d——d the chairman for calling him to order (not for the kiss), called the waiter a scoundrel, said Mr. Swill was a fool because he was engaged in talking to one of the prettiest females in the place, and informed Davy that that was the "crib" in which to study "human nature," and carry on investigations, philosophically, into the condition of the people, and to obtain full proof that a good, wholesome system of education was required for all classes, that they might thus be enabled to take pleasure in less gross enjoyments; to all which Davy merely ejaculated "Humph!" and then became moody and thoughtful, his eyes flashing, and sparkling, and roaming over the room.

"Ah! ah! Judy, my darlint!" exclaimed the Marquis, rising, as a lady, very much painted and very ugly, in a yellow cloak and pink bonnet, entered; "it's meself that's glad to say ye—here's Mr. Draamy that'll be glad of your illigant company, darlint!" and the witty and accomplished nobleman turned to Davy, upon whom the lady immediately sprang, seizing him round the neck, and kissing him very violently, nearly choking the gentleman with the fumes of the gin which she had been imbibing. The astonished philosopher rudely disengaged himself from the grasp of the fair one, and exclaimed in great anger—

"Begone! unhappy wretch!"

"Out upon ye, ye villain, to be calling me a wretch!" exclaimed the lady (who appeared to have sprung from the "gem of the sea"), wrathfully, catching hold of Davy by the ear.

"That's it! study 'human nature' under provocation!" roared the Reverend Mr. Swill.

"Go it, ye cripples! crutches are cheap!" hiccupped the Marquis, rising from his seat.

Davy soon extricated himself from the lady's grasp; but she made such a full and public announcement of his want of gallantry and courtesy, that the whole company came to her assistance, bullied Davy, abused his companions, supported the Irish lady, and made a hubbub such as can hardly be conceived. Whilst some gentle-

"Human Nature" and a Philosopher in the Shades."

men (all being more or less intoxicated) were pulling off their coats to fight, others were threatening and screaming, the females were abusing Davy, the Marquis was laughing, Mr. Swill was haranguing the assembly, the waiters were trembling, the president was bawling for "order," and Davy for the "Watch."

"Douse the glims!" suggested a stout gentleman, rather "elevated." No sooner said than done—volunteers jumping on the tables and turning off the gas. The confusion now became "worse confounded," struggling, fighting, shouting, screaming, laughing, and yelling, every one striving to gain the stairs to the upper room, in which the waiters had protected one light; chairs and tables were overset, men and women rolled on the floor, curses and thumps were plentiful, glasses were smashed and heads broken, and, altogether, the *mêlée* was, as the Marquis observed, "very satisfactory." That nobleman and his friends, accompanied by Julia, soon fought their way to the upper part of the room, Davy following in their wake, and once out of the cellar they easily escaped through the passages, and ascended the stairs.

"There's 'human nature' for you!" exclaimed the Marquis, as he ascended the stairs.

"More brutal than human, my Lord!" said Davy, fiercely.

"D——n that!" replied the peer, hiccupping; "a'n't Julia 'human nature,' and a'n't I?"

"As for this lady," said Davy, "I pity her——"

"Do you?" exclaimed the female, anxiously looking in his face.

"You were not meant to be as you are," said Davy.

As the speaker glanced at the painted countenance of the beauty, he observed that a tear stood in her eye.

"*There* is 'human nature,'" thought Davy: at the moment that he made this reflection, a whole army of demons from the lower regions rushed up the stairs, the Marquis made a false step, and fell, a fresh riot took place, and Davy ran homewards as fast as he could, jumped into the first coach he found, and in half an hour was in bed, and dozed unquietly till twelve o'clock the next day, when he arose a somewhat "wiser" if not a "better" man.

CHAPTER V.

A CURIOUS MINERAL. TWO PHILOSOPHERS ON AN EXPEDITION. ERRORS OF INEXPERIENCE AND RURAL DELIGHTS.

It was some time before the mind of Davy recovered from the shock it had received by the untoward termination of his travel with the Marquis of Fordwater to study "human nature." Mr. Dreamy was much irritated at the manner in which he had been

inveigled into that proceeding, and he could hardly keep his indignation against the mercurial Marquis within bounds, for he almost resolved to attempt his chastisement for what he (Davy) conceived to be ill-conduct. However, "time works miracles;" and in time Davy regained his composure and self-respect, forgot his late mishap, and struck out a new path to fame and enjoyment. This was no less than the founding of a society of philosophers, to meet once a week at his house, and interchange courtesies and useful knowledge.

Full of this idea, he one morning sallied out in quest of Dr. Twinkle, a great philosopher, and good friend of his. Davy found the Doctor seated in his study, intently gazing upon a piece of shining stone, seemingly much puzzled. Doctor Twinkle was somewhere not far removed from the age of forty; stout, with a rather full face, but of philosophic pallidness, a soft, kind expression of eye, and a very tolerable nose. The learned gentleman was of course dressed in black; and what with well-fitted clothes, a cravat very neatly tied, a well-ordered head of hair, and exquisite black gaiters and highly-polished shoes, he made a very passable appearance for a philosopher.

"Ah!" ejaculated this individual, when Davy entered, "I am glad you have come, my dear Dreamy, for I have been much troubled this morning in endeavouring to discover what this splendid specimen of the mineral world really is. *I* cannot conceive. I know of no mineral resembling this in the British or other Museum: and, therefore, I think I have found an unique specimen of some hitherto unknown production of creation!"

"Indeed!" said Davy; "I rejoice at your good fortune." He then looked at the mineral on the table, and after turning it over and over, and closely inspecting it, he was as near the discovery of its true character as his friend. "It is a splendid specimen," said he, speaking the truth; "such a beautiful fracture—such fire darting from every angle—so metalliferous, and yet so lithotic. Pray where did you obtain it?"

"In my walks through Blackfriars; I observed it, seized it, and put it into my——now, you blockhead! what are you laughing about?" he exclaimed, observing that the footman, who was in the room arranging some books, was making an effort to restrain his risible muscles.

"Why, Sir, I was only thinking that you were giving yourself a deal of trouble about a very pretty clinker."

"Impudent villain!" said Dr. Twinkle, jumping up, "how dare you make such an unfounded assertion?—you shall leave my employment immediately—go down stairs, Sir!"

As soon as the footman had left the room, Dr. Twinkle put the splendid remnant of a former world into a cupboard, and said nothing more about it. Davy, however, begged that the footman might not be turned away for a moment's forgetfulness, "which," said he, "is the great cause of evil in this sublunary sphere." The

Doctor complied, called up the offender, and bestowed upon him a very excellent lecture on the wrongheadedness of interfering in matters out of one's province.

When this weighty matter had been settled, Davy informed his learned friend of the object of his visit, which was, to enrol him a member of the proposed Philosophical Association, and to request the favour of his company to the house of a Mr. Job Turnus, who resided a little distance out of town.

The Doctor was ready to become a member, and to proceed to Mr. Turnus's suburban retreat.

"His house is about five miles from town," said Davy: "will you ride or walk?"

"I would rather walk, for it is good for one's health. After being shut up amid the mephitic vapours of London, I shall enjoy the country air, the green fields, and the delicious scent of the wild flowers, above all things: the vernal appearance of nature will vastly enliven me. I love a country-walk, so we will not ride."

The two philosophers then sallied out; and, as they proceeded through the crowded streets of the metropolis, Davy beguiled the way by informing his companion that Mr. Job Turnus was a rather facetious being, and considerably given to practical joking, and therefore he hoped that the Doctor would not take any jokes played by Turnus in any other way than in good humour.

"Certainly not," said Twinkle; "I like to see a man happy with all about him; and nothing so much denotes this happiness as practical joking: it shows a free and buoyant heart. I shall be vastly delighted with him, I dare say."

"You must remember that he is very eccentric. You will, perhaps, be offended at some of his acts."

"Oh, never fear me," the Doctor replied, "I am always happy to get into the society of eccentric individuals. You see such curious instances of partial insanity and joyous madness that you cannot but be pleased; besides, you obtain a deeper insight of the human heart the more you are in the company of such men, who are, as it were, the exceptions to the common run of mankind."

"I am glad you are not unwilling to meet this eccentric person. For myself, I must say I like to be in the company of such a man, for it is not often that you meet with such half-cracked specimens of humanity!" The two philosophers chuckled. "He is a very clever man, though," continued Davy; "you may learn more from him than from some people who are covered with degrees and honours from top to toe."

"Indeed," said the other, drily. The two friends walked on in silence.

"I should tell you," said Davy, a few minutes after, "as illustrating my friend's character, that his name, originally, was Turner, but, thinking this too common, he changed it to Turnus, which, as he says, is very classical and beautiful."

"Ha! ha! indeed!"

It was a very warm day, and by the time the two gentlemen got out of London, they began to experience the inconveniences of walking in an atmosphere at "summer heat," but there having been a great quantity of rain a little time before there was no dust to annoy them.

"How much farther is Mr. Turnus's house?" asked Dr. Twinkle.

"About a couple of miles," answered Davy; "we shall turn out of the main road soon, and take a more secluded, and what is vulgarly called countryfied one."

"I am glad to hear that, for, as yet, we have experienced few of the pleasures of a country walk."

In a short time they turned into a road which led to a tolerably high hill. Having surmounted this, losing several ounces of philosophic flesh by the exertion necessary to accomplish it, they trudged on.

"Surely," said the Doctor, "it is not *much* farther? for I am getting very tired, and cannot see anything very interesting in grass fields and dirty sheep."

"Oh, no! not much farther; and if you like we will take the shorter road to it—across these fields."

"By all means," gasped Twinkle.

Accordingly, across the fields they went. There was a path along the first field in pretty good order; but, after crossing the second stile, they found the ground rather muddy. Should they go back? no; they would try their fortune a little farther. Presently, the ground was found so wet that they were ankle-deep in what had once been a path.

"The grass seems a better path," said Twinkle, and he walked on to it, sinking about eight inches into a swamp. He splashed back to the original road.

"I am afraid," said Davy, the youngest philosopher, "that there is a ditch a little farther on, which, if it be full of, nay, if only partly filled with water, we must leap, and I own that I don't understand such things."

They soon arrived at the ditch, which was a yard and a half wide; and at the depth of three feet the anxious travellers observed a mixture of mud and greenish-looking water.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the profound Doctor, "how are we to cross this confounded dyke?"

"We must leap it," said Davy, with a grim smile; "you try first."

Twinkle grumbled, but sooner than go back he did what he could to overcome the difficulty, and endeavoured to leap the ditch. Taking a run of a few feet, and thus splashing himself to the crown of his hat at every step, he bounded over the dyke, alighting on the opposite side, or rather on the bank, and it was with great difficulty that he saved himself from sliding gradually down into the delicious mixture beneath; as it was, he fell upon his hands and knees, and scrambled on to the wet grass, covered with clay and other matters.

Davy hesitated: perhaps he was reasoning thus—Was this the way a grave philosopher should be employed? would it redound to his credit should it be known that he made a practice of leaping ditches and traversing swampy fields? would not malice turn the matter to his (Davy's) disadvantage? or, he might have been considering the probability of a fall into the ditch, and its concomitant evils; or he might have been lamenting that he was not born a Spartan, and had thus lost a knowledge of the athletic arts. We cannot say precisely what was the nature of his reflections as he stood with his hands under his coat-tail, looking intently on the heterogeneous mass in the trench before him; but, whatever they were, they were broken in upon by Dr. Twinkle exclaiming, with a sinister look—

"Are you coming, Sir?"

"I think not," replied Davy, with great deliberation, "for it is unseemly for persons like us to be leaping dykes and scrambling up clay banks."

"Why, d—n it, Sir," said the Doctor, with philosophic emphasis, "do you think *I* am going to leap back again now I have got over? No! no! I have had enough of it."

Dreamy, estimable genius! eyed first the ditch, then his friend, and at last determined to do his best to gain the same place as the Doctor held.

Unhappily, not from ignorance of the laws of motion, but from want of practical experience, Davy did not take a sufficient run to give the requisite impetus to his body to bear it to the opposite bank, and the consequence was, he missed the bank and alighted with one foot in the ditch, and the other just out of the water. He kept himself in this situation by clutching some tufts of grass growing near.

Reader! pause for a while, and reflect on the strange accidents to which we are all liable. Here was one of the greatest men the world was ever blest with, fixed in a ditch, and in imminent peril of falling at full length into that unenviable bed—(the "bed" of a river may be a very comfortable couch for aught we know, but the bed of a country ditch is not a desirable place to repose in)—which lay beneath him redolent of decaying vegetables, and pregnant with frogs, newts, and a host of interesting creatures belonging to the race of animalcules; there was Davy, the author of "Absolon Acrah," only sustained above a suffocating gulf by a few tufts of grass, whose roots some unconscious worm, unknowing of the great service they were to perform, might have loosened. Truly, we are subject to reverses great and manifold!

Dr. Twinkle might have stood upon the bank and made the foregoing reflections, and, undoubtedly, ought to and would have done so, had it not been that he had a great and pressing instinct and desire to assist his friend. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in rescuing the upholder of science and literature from his uneasy position.

"A pretty figure, truly, to walk along a public road," said Davy,

as soon as he had gained firm ground and his equanimity; and he was correct here, as he always was, for, having light-coloured trousers on, his slip into the ditch had not improved them; and, moreover, he was plentifully begrimed with clay in all parts. However, he scraped some mud off, and then told Twinkle that they had better be moving.

After passing various stiles, and traversing several swamps, called paths, they gained the road: and here the subject of our Memoirs had to exhibit in a character he by no means admired. The few persons that passed looked on both our philosophers with very comical countenances. The gentlemen certainly did not present so brilliant an appearance as we, for the honour of science, would have wished them to have made. As we have before observed, Davy was not to be cast down by mishaps, and so it was in this case; for when he beheld the broad stares of the passers-by, he said to his companion—

"There is nothing very disheartening, my dear Doctor, in our having met with an accident which might befall any one. How often do we read with enthusiasm of the successful attempts of travellers to cross rivers, valleys, ghauts, ravines, and swamps—surmounting great obstacles, and overcoming the tremendous difficulties of nature; yet, were we to see them after the performance of one of these feats, I do not hesitate to say that they would not present so good a figure as we do."

"Very likely, Dreamy," said Twinkle, rubbing the dirt off his arm: "but then it does not so much matter about their appearing before half-naked savages, half-barbarized Europeans, or wholly uncivilized cannibals. I must say, I am rather ashamed to walk along an English road in this plight."

"It is a mistaken notion," said Davy, eagerly, "there is nothing disgraceful about it; for we have crossed the dykes and fields quite as boldly and adventurously as if they abounded with jungle, torrents, palm-trees, lions, and savages. Does not the great Bacon himself say, that, 'the sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before?' then surely we are not defiled."

"The 'great Bacon' may say what he pleases," said Dr. Twinkle, pettishly and irreverently, "but we are not hogs to wallow in mire without being disgraced."

"Disgraced!" interrupted Davy; "there is nothing disgraceful or ludicrous in our adventure or appearance, and none but ignorant persons would laugh——"

Here this interesting discourse was interrupted by the passing of an open coach, in which were seated two ladies and a gentleman; the latter bowed, and the ladies slightly nodded to Davy, with looks of wonder, and a seeming disposition to laugh: they drove on, not stopping to speak with Dreamy and his friend.

"It's a damnable thing! this jumping of ditches!" exclaimed Dr. Twinkle. "Why, those ladies will, perhaps, proclaim all over the town that they met us drunk five miles from home. It *is* a damnable thing!" he reiterated, dashing his heel into a puddle.

"Nay, Dr. Twinkle, don't put yourself into a passion about it, though those ladies are well acquainted with me, and I know are very particular as to staid conduct, and moreover very free with their tongues. But let us bear our misfortunes—not but that I would rather Mr. Tattlewell had not met us—as easily as possible. We shall be at Job's soon—this way, up this lane."

As he spoke he led the way up a wide path which was skirted on either side by a hawthorn hedge, nicely trimmed, and full of leaf, from which the wild-rose peered out here and there, whilst the birds around sent forth a chirping chorus. At the foot of the hedge various wild flowers blossomed and scented the air.

"Well, this is delightful," said Twinkle, becoming cheerful.

"Yes, it is," said Davy, brightening up; "and when we are cleansed at Job's we shall be able to enjoy the beauties around us. As I speak, there is the rogue," he continued, playfully, pointing to a jolly-looking, stoutish man, with fresh-coloured cheeks and good-humoured features. He was in a small garden which extended in front of a neat cottage, when Davy observed him.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. TURNUS AND HIS CURIOUS CONCEITS.

MR. TURNUS had no sooner discovered the two friends advancing than he ran into his house, and in a few moments returned with a gun, taking his station behind some lilac bushes.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Twinkle, "what is he going to do? does he mean to shoot us?"

"I don't know," replied Davy, with a faint voice; "I suppose he don't know us."

"Call to him."

"Mr. Turnus!" shouted Davy.

"Be off, you vagabonds! it's such fellows as you that steal my cabbages o' nights, but I'll be hanged if you do so in the day-time—though there are two of you: so, look out, you dirty, clayey, ditch-leaping, petty-larceny rascals—do you hear?"

"Mr. Dreamy," said the Doctor, with great dignity, "do you really know this person, or have you played me a trick? You see the good man mistakes us for thieves, and, if we advance, some leaden spheres may be lodged in our bodies. What are we to do, Sir?"

"I know him well enough; I suppose he don't know me from my being so defiled by that thrice-accursed ditch."

"Then go up and speak to him."

"But suppose he really does not know me, disguised as I am by dyke-leaping, he may shoot me in earnest," said the great Dreamy, with undoubted marks of terror in his countenance.

"Now, you fellows, do you mean to go?" shouted Turnus, "Make haste, or I'll soon spot you with some of the best swan-shot London can produce. Now, look out!" As the worthy Mr. Turnus gave this warning he presented his gun at Twinkle, who screamed for mercy; and Davy notified, at the top of his voice, that he was "Davy Dreamy!"

Turnus lowered his gun, and came out of the garden.

"What!" said he, "is it possible that I did not know you, my dear Dreamy!" and he was about to take hold of his hand, but noticing his condition he stopped short.

"Job! Job!" said Davy, "you should not play such tricks as these—they are too severe."

Turnus said nothing, but led the way into the house, and provided his guests with the means of cleansing themselves from their earthy impurities. As soon as the ornaments of science had performed these necessary ablutions, and borrowed some clean clothing from their host, that worthy person led them into a small room, which he termed his Gothic apartment.

"This window," said Mr. Turnus, pointing to that which admitted light to the room, and which was formed of a motley collection of pieces of coloured glass of various sizes, and curiously mixed together; "this window is an exact model of the first church-window that was formed of stained or painted glass: the church which it adorned being one very near Paris, that existed many centuries ago, but the site of which is not now known. This is a very great curiosity, and there are five or six very learned antiquaries now engaged in endeavouring to discover some record of the ancient church, of the window of which this is an exact copy. I hope they may succeed."

"But you told me on the last occasion that the church was near Lyons—have you discovered any error in your account since then?" said Davy.

"Did I?" exclaimed Turnus; "then I must have forgotten myself; and really I think so much about it, that I often forget some important circumstance connected with it. And this is not very singular, for how often do we find very profound reasoners and thinkers in their published disquisitions forgetting something which is of vital importance to the matter in hand. Observe, Dr. Twinkle, this agglomeration of blue, red, green, and yellow glass, having the appearance of a goose standing on one leg—this is supposed by some to represent the tutelary saint of the church to which the window belonged; by others it is thought to be an angel with outspread wings, just lifting its left great toe from the ground; neither are there wanting some persons who assert that it bears a great resemblance to Charlemagne, but as we have no authentic portrait of that gentleman it is rather difficult to decide the question. It is a good subject for discussion, however, for it is open to various views—especially if you look at it from the bee-hive stand, the garden, and the interior."

Undignified reception of a brace of Philosophers.

"It certainly *is* a very wonderful thing," said Twinkle, looking attentively at it with his hands placed behind him; "very, indeed —more especially if there are good proofs of its authenticity."

"There cannot be a doubt of it, Sir, for two antiquarian gentlemen have offered me a large sum for it—but I'll never part with it. But we are losing time, and I have other things to show you."

Mr. Turnus now pulled out a drawer from a cabinet standing in a dark corner, and having adjusted something on his finger he turned to Twinkle, Davy slightly smiling.

"Here," said Turnus, "is a very extraordinary relic of antiquity —a fine embossed, gold ring;" showing a dirty, blackish coloured ring of considerable size which he had fixed on one of his fingers: "this it is supposed belonged to one of the head-superintendants of the aqueducts of old Rome; it is, undoubtedly, of great antiquity, and the individual from whom I purchased it affirmed that he never had the like in his hands before; it is also a great mechanical curiosity: look at the splendid marks of age upon it, obscuring the brilliant polish which erst it had—look at it closely, and observe it well."

Dr. Twinkle bent down to look at the ring, but suddenly startled back. "Bless me! there must be something very deleterious in the nature of that ring, for it has brought a sudden flow of water into my right eye;" and he wiped that organ with his handkerchief.

"Oh, it's nothing, Sir," said Turnus; "its wonderful state of preservation strikes you, perhaps. Observe this part, Sir, it bears a great resemblance to the head of a whale—do you not observe it?"

As the exhibitor spoke a torrent of water was forced into Dr. Twinkle's eye, streaming down his face. The unfortunate gentleman jumped back, and stumbling over a stool, fell into a chair. Mr. Turnus roared with laughter; and Davy—yes, Davy—chuckled with ill-suppressed mirth.

"One of our friend's jokes," said Davy; "is it not excellent pleasantry?"

Dr. Twinkle grumbled something about "vastly amusing," and then admired the window again.

"This," remarked Turnus, pointing to a vessel which vastly resembled a soda-water bottle coated with clay, "this I much value —it is a lachrymatory, containing tears shed by Democritus on one occasion when he laughed so much that he ended with crying—hark! how the tears splash," he said, shaking the bottle.

"Do they still keep pure?" enquired Dr. Twinkle.

"Oh, yes!" answered the other, "quite so; they are too good to become bad." The fact was, the tears were renewed once a week.

"Here," said Mr. Turnus, taking out of another drawer an instrument resembling a flute, "here is a very interesting object; it is supposed by many, to whom I have told it, to be an exact model of an ancient instrument used by the Red Indians of North America, before the discovery of that continent by the Europeans.

It very much resembles a flute; but you will perceive that it is intended that the tips of the fingers should move very quickly when placed over the orifices—much quicker than is necessary with our modern flutes. Hold it as you would a flute, Sir, and blow into this hole at the end—keeping your fingers for a few seconds tightly pressed on the other orifices—that's it, Sir; now blow."

Dr. Twinkle followed the directions of Turnus, and blew with all his force into the flute, but not a second time, but let fall the flute, and wrung his hands as if in despair.

"What's the matter, Sir?" said Turnus, with great apparent solicitude.

"Why, zounds! there is a point protruding from each of those orifices when you blow into the instrument—and I had one stuck into the end of every finger," answered Twinkle, wrathfully.

"That misfortune, Sir, results from your unskilfulness; for as soon as the points rise you should lift your fingers—they are placed there to make you do so, and are, indeed, the main feature of the instrument," said the ingenious Mr. Turnus, picking up the Red Indian flute and putting it away.

Turnus was standing near the window, Davy was sitting down looking at a book, and Twinkle was standing at the farther corner of the apartment looking at his fingers.

"I wish to show you a very fine experiment," said Turnus; "will you just fasten that wire to the handle of the box close to you, Dr. Twinkle?"

The Doctor clutched the wire in his left hand, and took hold of the handle of the box with his right; but the instant he did so he cried out "Oh!" and jumped half-way up to the ceiling; at the same time a thick blind fell down covering the window, with a horrible rattling noise, a stream of fire ran round the room, and red, blue, and green flames shed a ghastly glow from orifices in a skull standing over the fire-place.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Turnus.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chimed in Davy, in a lower key.

"Is it not a philosophical way of joking, Doctor?" asked Davy, when a cessation of laughter would allow him.

"What!"

"Producing *electrical* effects," said Turnus.

"Very ingenious, indeed," said Twinkle, with a very bad grace.

Turnus drew up the window-blind, and proposed to show his visitors his garden, to which they agreed.

"A very nice garden," said Twinkle, admiring the flowers, neat paths, and trim appearance of the whole.

"I suppose you are a bit of a botanist, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes—so, so."

"What species of willow should you suppose this to be?"

The Doctor was standing under a small willow-tree, and on being thus questioned by Turnus, looked up at its branches; Turnus touched something on the trunk of the tree on the opposite side,

and immediately Doctor Twinkle was gratified by a slight shower-bath from the branches.

"*I* think it is a new species of weeping-willow," said Turnus, with great gravity; "don't you think so, Sir?"

"Oh, yes—yes—" said Twinkle; "it is, undoubtedly, very ingenious—very."

"Very salubrious situation this," said Twinkle to Turnus, when they reached the termination of the garden; "fine wholesome air, uncontaminated with impurities.

"Decidedly so," said Turnus; "of course the various compounds of hydrogen which rise from this ditch running, or rather standing, at the bottom of my garden, cannot but improve the air vastly, and bring the lungs and other organs into great activity."

"Humph!" muttered Twinkle.

CHAPTER VII.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DRINKING-BOUT, WITH A DISCOURSE ON THE HAPPINESS OF THE PRIMITIVE AGES, CONCLUDING WITH A PHILOSOPHER IN A CAB.

After an excellent repast, the three gentlemen took a short walk into some fields at the back of Mr. Turnus's house; and Dr. Twinkle observing a toad-stool, took occasion to give a long lecture on fungi, their good and bad qualities, the kind of ground they grew in, their various scientific names, and a vast deal more of the like interesting nature.

On returning, Mr. Turnus ordered coffee; telling the philosophers that "the time for action had not arrived yet." This was enigmatical to Twinkle, but Davy smiled, as the "knowing ones" did at the mysteries of the olden times.

The slanting rays of the sun, after penetrating the stained glass window, fell upon a nodding mandarin in the gothic apartment of Mr. Turnus, as that gentleman ordered in the materials for concocting the punch—but hold! we are getting on too fast; and the reader is asking, what on earth the nodding mandarin, and the coloured glass, and the sun, can have to do with the punch-making of Mr. Turnus? We will explain. Mr. Turnus had laid down a rule, that whenever he had friends to dine and sup with him, punch-making should commence at the moment the sun's rays (if he shone) passing through a red pane, fell upon the jolly countenance of the Chinese mandarin, making him look more jolly still; therefore Turnus asked his man-of-all-work if the mandarin yet smiled upon their undertakings? and that functionary went to the gothic room and inspected his mandarinship; and on his return, said the hour was propitious, for the noble Chinese looked rosy.

"Then bring in the materials for the punch," said Turnus.

"Funny way of marking time for punch," remarked Dr. Twinkle.

"Very excellent, though," said Turnus, as he tucked up his sleeves to squeeze the lemons; "I thus go to work, *naturally*, Doctor."

"How so?"

"I have my punch according to the season; man should be serious during the day, and all smiles at night; and I mark my night by the sun's sinking in the west—thus in winter I drink soon, in summer late—don't you see?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Now then, gentlemen, I expect you to honour my manufacture," said the host, ladling out the punch.

"By all means," said both the philosophers, when they had tasted the mixture.

Reader, allow us to paint the group now they have commenced; for we think we shall be able to do it more steadily than at a later period of the evening—for Turnus is a jolly dog.

A round-table stood in the middle of a room, which is termed the front-parlour in the suburbs, and on this table were two candles, a large and full punch-bowl, and glasses; sugar, lemons, liquors, were on a side-board; Mr. Turnus dismissed his servant, with a bottle and good advice, to make merry with his wife in the kitchen, and our three worthies were seated by themselves.

We have said, that they sat at a round table; and we may here observe that circularity is an excellent quality in a table when three persons are to sit at it, for they can leave equal spaces between each other, and thus there will be no appearance of want of company, no unsociableness, no unsightly one-side minus an occupier, or one person cut off from another. How different with a quadrangular or parallelogrammatic table! Well, the two philosophers and their host sat at such a table, equidistant, and yet not far apart. They formed a group at once interesting and exhilarating. At one point—all philosophers admit that circles have points—sat Davy with a very cheerful countenance, his eyes sparkling, and his tongue moving with great energy; next came Dr. Twinkle, who had a no less cheerful but more learned look, and whose substantial form contrasted well with Davy's lesser bulk: then there was Turnus, the jolly Turnus, who so patient as he when a joke was to be played or suffered? who so ready to laugh or make others laugh? who more eager to do good to all, and be merry with all? There he sat, the impersonation of happiness, with a countenance beaming with smiles, a goodly form, and a rosy cheek.

Although the conversation had been kept up during the whole time, yet when the punch-bowl began to run low, the thoughts and expressions of the philosophers became more brilliant, and more rapid in their appearance.

"Why do you sigh, my dear Dreamy?" asked Turnus.

"I was thinking of the difference of our days from those of the

primitive ages, when men were innocent and happy, and every one had his own vineyard; when they drank of the vegetable juices of the earth, but of these only sufficient to make them cheerful, and not inebriate."

"Ah! those were glorious times!" exclaimed Twinkle, applying again to the bowl.

"You may well say so," said Turnus; "then the philosophers—the wise ones of the earth—took as much as they pleased of the sweet wines and pleasant drinks, and never became intoxicated, or were in fear of the unwise and the scoffer!"

"Picture to yourself," said Davy, looking at the side-board, and stretching out his right hand whilst his left held his glass by its foot flat on the table; "picture to yourself the ancient patriarch seated beneath the cedar-tree, his children, and grand-children, and great-grand-children dancing on the green sward, the flocks and herds lying near, and the sun just tinging the whole with a golden hue; figure to yourself the earthen vessels and leathern bags filled with rosy wine, and freely handed round, proffered to the aged sire first, and bountifully given to all. The president of the assembly full of knowledge and years, respected and loved by his progeny and retainers, and happy as man can be—oh! 'twas a glorious time!"

"But they had no sciences!" sighed Twinkle.

"And no punch, I fear!" sorrowed Turnus.

"True, true," said Davy, "too true; but we cannot have all things: if we have sciences and conveniences, we have frivolities and inconveniences; if we have punch, we cannot sit beneath the glorious heavens and drink it, with our descendants to the third or fourth generation around us—"

"We can't have the last," interrupted Turnus, "but we can the first—we'll have the next bowl under the willow-tree!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Davy.

"We'll think it a cedar."

"So we will," said Twinkle.

Now the bowl of Mr. Turnus was a large one, and it took some time for three persons to empty it, though they were enthusiasts; and when our friends had arrived at the bottom of it, the evening had far advanced.

Mr. Turnus ordered a table to be put under the willow-tree, two lanterns with lighted candles, and some glasses, to be placed on it; and when he had made another bowl of punch, the three imbibers of that fluid, accompanied by Bill, the man-servant, carrying the bowl, sallied forth somewhat in the style of a lesser ovation. The stars were beginning to appear, and the moon was rising like a ball of fire; the air was mild and pleasant, and perfumed by the flowers.

The punch placed on the table, and flanked by the lanterns, the gentlemen seated themselves on rustic benches fully resolved to drink and act like patriarchs.

"We only want the family now," said Twinkle, whose faculties were rather enlivened by his frequent potations.

"Ha! you speak truth! Why did I not marry?" said Mr. Turnus,

who was a bachelor; "I should then have been able to give effect to the scene. By Vulcan!" (unfortunate oath for a would-be Benedict!) "I would have done so if I had had a prospective view of this proceeding." As he said this the candles gleamed upon a face which seemed to be endeavouring to stifle a fit of laughter.

"Ah!" ejaculated Davy.

"Fill up!" shouted Turnus, who then roared with laughter at beholding Davy turn a ladle of punch on to the ground instead of into his glass.

"Thus! thus!" he shouted, "the patriarchs of old scorned to be niggard of their liquor; thus they showed their liberality—thus they made the earth fat!"

"Alas! where are the dancers, and the singers, and the players on tinkling instruments?" asked Davy; "where? and where the flocks and herds?"

"Ah, where?" echoed Turnus.

"Would that we were in Palestine—"

"Heaven preserve us from the Turks!" exclaimed the host, in great trepidation.

"There were no Turks in those days," said Twinkle, explaining what his friend left ambiguous.

"Yes, in those days they feared no thieves—"

"Like me," said Turnus.

"For they had nothing to lose—"

"The devil!"

"But that which could be easily replaced; they wanted no bolts or bars, no chains, no watchmen."

"No magistrates, no judges, no gibbets," said Turnus, seriously: "no quack-doctors, no humbugs, no lawyers. Oh, blessed state!"

Now the stars began to reel, the moon quadrilled with the nearest luminary, the trees waved though no wind blew, and the punch-bowl seemed to have "life and motion." Turnus, who was least affected, began to fear a premature fate for his border-flowers, and moved an adjournment of the entertainment to the house, thus changing its nature from ancient to modern.

When the party got back to the parlour, a slight supper was served up; and we are informed, that at its conclusion (it included a large quantity of spring water) the masterly intellects of the gentlemen were less clouded than before.

And now, "ye whose clay-cold heads and luke-warm hearts can argue down or mask your passions," turn not away with a sneer or a scoff at the slight and infrequent excess of our respected relative; he was all kindness and goodness—Heaven bless him!—and if, sunned by the smiles of friendship, he was warmed into overstepping the strict bounds of moderation, who that has a warm heart and an active mind, a friendly disposition and a pleasant temperament, can say "I am guiltless?" To such we address ourselves; among such we look for admirers of the excellent Davy; and by such will trivial excesses leading to no evil be forgiven and forgotten before they be well past.

Revival of Patriarchal usages.

The evening wore on pleasantly enough till the clock struck twelve, when Dr. Twinkle said they "must be moving."

"Moving!" exclaimed Turnus, in some astonishment, "why surely you stop the night?"

"I really can't stop," said Twinkle; "I must start for Plymouth by seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Whe-e-e-ew," whistled Turnus, as he looked at the somewhat bent figure of the Doctor. "Well, if you must, you must; and as I know Dreamy won't stop behind, I shall make a compromise by going with you."

Instead of protesting that they would not hear of such a thing, &c. &c. &c., the two philosophers accepted the offer with the same heartiness with which it was made.

Mr. Turnus having taken a thick stick, and given the house in charge to Bill, the trio sallied forth.

"It's a d—d bore!" said Turnus, driving his stick into the earth, "not being able to get a conveyance. Ha! what's this?—a cab, by all that's lucky!"

"D'ye want a ride, gemmen?" said an individual who sat shaking on the side seat, in a very funny manner, rocking his body, and seemingly in peril of falling off every moment.

"Yes—to London!" shouted Turnus.

"Five bob and er tanner for the three," said the cabman, stopping his Pegasus with a hard tug.

With some little trouble the three gentlemen got into the machine, Dr. Twinkle and Mr. Turnus sitting on the seat, and Davy, being the man of least weight, sitting on their knees. And this shows in a strong light the advantage of old things over new; for in those cabs which in the present day are made by slicing up invalided omnibuses, only two persons can possibly sit comfortably.

As the devil, who always envies our happiness—or some lesser spirit of evil full as malignant—would have it, Davy had no sooner sat on the knees of his friends, and the cab to be moved by the active horse in the shafts, than a train of thought respecting the administration of the laws commenced forming in his brain; and as it lengthened it took in particulars as well as generals, and thus the following discourse between Davy and the cabman arose.

"My friend," said Davy, turning to the driver, who was a merry-looking young fellow, dressed in a white great coat, though in the midst of summer—"my friend, do you think you ought to obey the laws of your country?"

"Yes, I do, Sir," replied the cabman, bending forward, and slewing his head round to see the speaker, "as far as I can."

"How many are you licensed to carry in this vehicle?" asked Davy.

"Two and myself, Sir."

"And yet you are carrying three besides yourself."

"I hope you don't object, Sir?" said the cabman, with a little apprehension.

"But I do object; you are not obeying the laws; how dare you carry three?"

"Why, Sir, I only does it to oblige you—I'm sure, Sir, you've no objection."

"No objection!" exclaimed Davy, waxing eloquent and loud, "but I have an objection; the laws were made to be obeyed—you ought to obey them, all ought to obey them—you know it, and yet you set them at defiance: how dare you carry three when the law says you shall only carry two?"

The individual in the white coat, who kept moving backwards and forwards as the cab moved, was puzzled for a moment, but presently grinned, and suddenly stopped his horse.

"What are you stopping for?" demanded Davy.

"I'm wery sorry, Sir," said the driver with great humility;" it's wery true, I ought to carry only two—will you be good enough to get out, Sir?"

Davy was now confused in his turn, but at last muttered that he should not get out.

"Well, per'aps one of the other gemmen will?"

Dr. Twinkle declined; and Mr. Turnus, with a loud laugh, said he'd be d—d if he would.

"Wot am I to do, Sir?" said the cabman to Davy.

"Drive on!" replied Davy resolutely.

This mandate made the driver and Turnus laugh long and loud; Dr. Twinkle grinned; and Davy turning to the cabman looked hard at him for some time (it was moonlight), and at last spoke to him.

"You have been drinking, my friend."

"Lord love yer soul, Sir, nothing to speak of."

"It is a bad habit," remarked Twinkle.

"It's no habit with me, Sir."

"It's bad at any time," observed Davy.

"Do yer al'us say so, Sir?" asked the driver, with a great grin.

"Ahem!"

It was Mr. Turnus that thus cleared his throat, but he spoke not, neither did his friends.

At length Davy said to the cabman, the desire to obtain information being always predominant in his breast, "How do you manage to drive when you are *pleni Bacchi*, as you are to-night!"

"I've only had one pipe of 'baccy to-night, Sir!" remonstrated the driver.

"He! he! you don't understand me: how do you manage to drive when you have had too much drink?"

"Never have too much drink," affirmed the cabman, with a leer; "as for driving, my 'oss is a good 'un, and knows how to go—hold up, Jack!—and I'm a reg'lar good driver, though I say it—I'd drive yer through Cheapside in the arternoon with my eyes shut."

"Shouldn't like to try you," said Turnus, half dozing; and in another minute he was asleep. Dr. Twinkle followed his example. Davy, however, passed the time until they reached his house, by discoursing with the driver on various recondite cab-ite matters.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMMENCES BY A DIGRESSION ON IMPROPER WORDS USED BY PHILOSOPHERS, AND CONTAINS SOME CURIOUS REMARKS ON THE PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF MAN; WITH A MARRIAGE, A DISAPPOINTMENT, AND SOME ORIGINAL NOTIONS OF FORGETFULNESS.

As Mr. Dreamy had surmised, Mrs. Tattlewell did not fail to make known to her circle of acquaintance—and a story of such a nature, like a stone thrown into a lake, made a circle of acquaintance for itself as rapidly formed and of as vast a size as the circle made by the stone—that she had met Mr. Dreamy one morning in company with a rakish-looking man—Dr. Twinkle!—apparently very much excited,—not that she meant to insinuate for one moment that he had been doing anything disgraceful,—and covered with mud, his coat being torn, and his hat crushed. This veritable tale gained great popularity. The feelings of the philosopher can easily be imagined; and for a number of days after, he looked at all who approached him in a peculiarly menacing manner, gave them sharp answers; and even went so far as to "d—n" Mr. Fergusson for endeavouring to enliven him when he was in what is termed "a brown study" in his own "study." Let us here digress for a moment for the purpose of relieving this, our faithful history, from any imputation of incorrectness or exaggeration.

We have said that Davy "d—d" Mr. Fergusson: now, some may object to this, that a philosopher would not defile his lips by emitting such a word; let the objector cease to think so, for he errs. Men will swear: philosophers are men: therefore philosophers will swear, *sometimes*. We admit, it is a rare occurrence, and we can explain why it doth occur at all. Philosophers, in their intercourse with the world, or whilst they are but neophytes and pass one hour in studying the sublimest truths and another in observing human nature in that interesting region to the observer, Seven Dials, or the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, become acquainted with the fact, that common men use the word, oath, or exclamation, "d—n," when they are vexed, insulted, or disappointed. Now, when a philosopher is vexed, insulted, or disappointed, he becomes, for a short time, nearly approximated to a common man, and therefore acts like one; he finds that he delayed his messenger so long, that particulars of an important scientific discovery are too late for the packet for America,—he is grievously disappointed, ceases to be for a time a philosopher, and, as it would be vulgar to "d—n" himself, he "d—ns" the aforesaid messenger. The next morning he is a philosopher again, and employs his time in the philanthropic endeavour to put a period to the use of impious and obscene language by the lower orders. Having vindicated our veracity, we proceed.

The indiscretion of Mrs. Tattlewell disheartened Mr. Dreamy so much, that for some time he could not think of any serious business;

so he began to cogitate upon the subject of marriage. He had for several weeks been rather intimate with a military gentleman named Adair, who possessed two very pretty daughters, the youngest of whom, Miss Josephine Adair, had pleased Davy so much that he, philosopher as he was, was actually in love with her, and being so, he was fully convinced that she entertained the same passion for him. How he came to this conclusion we know not; but we can make a shrewd guess that he arrived at it by a peculiar course of induction, for he was too philosophic to arrive at it in the common way. Be this as it may, Davy *was* in love: nay, more, in love with a younger sister, whilst the eldest was disengaged; and we note this, because it is surprising that so great a philosopher should not have chosen the one that was oldest, and most sedate. Davy, who visited General Adair's very often, was on one occasion very disagreeably surprised by finding a Colonel Wilson very attentive to Miss Josephine, which attention was gracefully received by that young lady. General Adair introduced Davy to the Colonel; after which the latter renewed his conversation with Miss Adair, and Davy seemed anything but pleased.

During the evening, by way of calling off the gallant officer's attention from Miss Adair, Davy asked Colonel Wilson "if they (meaning the officers of the army) did not find great difficulty in obtaining recruits, the pay affording to the common men such a poor remuneration, and their lives being placed so often in jeopardy; and," added he, philosophically forgetting to whom he was speaking, "the employment being one which is abhorrent to humanity."

"Why," said the Colonel, rather nettled, "we do find some difficulty, certainly, but that results from mankind having deteriorated so much from what they were: that is, we cannot obtain tall, strong, good-looking men [Why should they be good-looking? Ed.]; but as for little hop 'o my thumbs, with neither strength nor bravery, of this class we have plenty of candidates—but we seldom take any of them. It is a pity that mankind has so degenerated—"

"Hold there! Sir," interrupted Davy; "I contend that mankind has not degenerated,—at least not in mental activity."

"That's the reason, I suppose, Sir, why diminutive soldiers in the army have a great disposition to use their legs, those limbs being in a constant state of excitement, tending to a retrograde motion whilst before an enemy."

"Very likely. I have no doubt, with little trouble, I could demonstrate that excitement to be the result of an active temperament, of the powers of the mind overcoming those of the body—for indeed activity is one of the characteristics of the age; all are active: projects as vast as those of ancient times, which were never fulfilled, are constantly being unfolded to the world,—substances are continually being proved to be of value which our forefathers deemed useless and pernicious,—man lives on less gross and physical aliment than he did, but revels amid a mental feast which never palls upon the appetite, and with which he is never satiated,—he continues, and

continues, and continues to gather up and preserve mental wealth, till at last the store becomes so huge that the treasury will no longer contain it with safety; and hence we behold men of genius and talent pouring forth incomprehensible ponderings without end—it is the overflowing of the mental stream, which rushes into channels unfitted for its reception, and appears to undiscerning men to be rather the product of madness than sanity. Although by this superabundance the reservoir which contains the waters of life—reason, genius, imagination—may break at times, and the most splendid of God's creatures become a melancholy ruin, yet the present is a glorious time! We behold no huge masses of human beings in a state of torpidity, but observe every individual active in his proper sphere, that is, the station which he is fitted to adorn and be useful in."

"For instance, those men of whom I have before spoken, have a great desire to retire from the open field to the interior of walled towns, these places being, I suppose, next to the jail, those which they are most fitted to adorn and be useful in."

"Precisely so, Colonel; I am glad to see you so skilful in tracing effects from causes."

For upwards of a month Colonel Wilson continued his visits to General Adair's abode. Davy also went there very often, and regaled the Colonel, the General, and others with his erudition and original notions on various subjects; and on one occasion he had a long and brilliant dispute with Colonel Wilson on the practice of duelling, and got much the best of the argument in opposition to the military gentleman. Davy, though a philosopher of enlarged and equable mind, was highly delighted with his triumph, was very jocose during supper, was particularly urbane and condescending to Fergusson the next day, and even informed him of the whole matter, which took up two hours in the recital.

Whether it was that Colonel Wilson, like Othello, spoke much and effectually

> "Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;"

or that Davy, who only disputed and talked of ancient and modern wonders and wonderful men, was not a very engaging lover, certain it is that an event shortly took place which considerably ruffled the temper of the latter—a thing for which those who respect philosophers should always grieve.

Davy went out of town for three days, and on the morning of his return found two cards tied together with white ribbon on his table; one had belonged to Col. John Wilson, the other to Mrs. John Wilson.

"Very extraordinary!" ejaculated Davy; "I never knew that Colonel Wilson was about to be married—Mr. Fergusson!"

On the arrival of Mr. Fergusson, Davy asked him if he knew to whom Colonel Wilson was married.

"Miss Josephine Adair."

Davy caught hold of the bell-rope and staggered against the wall: of course the catching hold of the bell-rope rung the bell, and the

ringing of the bell brought up the footman at this critical moment; but Mr. Fergusson retained sufficient presence of mind to tell him he was not wanted, whereat the liveried person stared and retired.

"Married Josephine!" said Mr. Dreamy, recovering; "married *her*?"

"Yes, Sir, such is the fact—but you seem agitated."

"No—no—no; I shall not forget myself—d—d villain! Oh, that I had discovered his treachery! Where is the infamous scoundrel, Fergusson; where is he?" and Davy seemed very much inclined to attack his friend as a proxy for the absent hero.

"He has gone out of town, and will return, I believe, in a week."

"Get me fire-arms, Fergusson."

"Pistols, Sir?"

"Yes, pistols—you shall take my challenge to him directly—find him out in the country."

"Surely, Sir—"

"D——n! I'll have satisfaction—I will. Heavens! to think on't! cajoled, deceived, disappointed, disgraced!"

Davy walked the apartment with a hurried step, with his arms folded *à-la-Napoleon*, his face flushed with anger, his eyes half sparkling with the latter feeling, and half dimmed with tears that partly protruded themselves. Oh, how thankful we are that no scoffer at philosophy and philosophers beheld that scene!

"Have you been indeed deceived, Sir?" said Fergusson.

"*Have* I been deceived?—HAVE I been deceived?" exclaimed Davy angrily, strutting up to his interrogator, and stretching out his hands.

"Yes, Sir," said Fergusson firmly, "*have* you been deceived? Did the lady ever make you a promise of her hand?"

"Ay?" muttered the philosopher, struck upright and motionless, his eyelids moving upwards more than usual.

"Did she ever promise you her hand?"

"No;" slowly answered Davy.

"Did she ever say she—" Fergusson was now embarrassed for an instant, but proceeded—"loved you?"

"No;" with the addition of a scowl.

"May I ask, Sir, if you ever told her you loved her, or made her an offer of your hand?"

Davy went to a convenient closet, took a glass of wine, sat down coolly near the window, and then replied, very leisurely and pleasantly, "No."

Davy Dreamy was now as fit to legislate for the good of millions as ever he was!

"You told me, Sir," said Fergusson, "some time time back, that you overpowered Colonel Wilson in a discussion on duelling."

"Yes, I did, Thomas, and could do so now."

"Then, Sir, I presume you do not intend to fight him?"

"I fight him? oh no!"

"You said so just now, Sir."

"Mark my words, Fergusson. A philosopher may in a moment

of sudden surprise do things which are improper, but it is his peculiar privilege always to think better of the matter in a few minutes. Common men carry their resentment to an enormous length—it never ceases. With philosophers it is different. I shall not take any further steps in this matter—I forget and forgive all; indeed I could not do otherwise without compromising my character as a philosopher. I bear no resentment—yet it was a scurvy trick of the Colonel's, and I can't quite forgive the General. But let it pass. I will call and see the Colonel and his lady when they come to town."

At this magnanimous declaration Mr. Fergusson rubbed his hands, winked, and skipped about the room.

"Fergusson," said Davy, after a pause, "remind me to explain to you, after dinner, the cause of all this unhappy disturbance of social happiness; that cause is a great moral evil, as I shall prove to you."

Mr. Fergusson longed for the dinner hour and this curious revelation; and we need hardly inform the reader that that hour did at last arrive, and, what unfortunately is not the case with all people, dinner arrived with it.

"Will you now explain to me the cause of the marriage of yesterday," said Mr. Fergusson, after dinner.

"Decidedly,' answered Davy, pushing back the arm-chair in which he always sat, crossing his legs, and balancing between the fingers and thumb of his right hand a glass of wine. "Forgetfulness, Fergusson," said he, "is one of the greatest failings of human nature; it is one which causes the greatest amount of poverty, crime, and misery; it is one which deserves the greatest attention, and demands the strongest efforts of the legislator to diminish. The man who commits murder, does so from forgetfulness of his duty towards God and man; he who robs, does so from forgetfulness of the principles of right and wrong. When I see a philosopher torment some unhappy animal uselessly, I know that he has forgotten that he should only use the inferior classes of creatures thus when the interests of man are concerned; when I see the angler transfix a living fish upon his hook, and cast it into the stream to be the prey of a larger animal, I know that he has forgotten that what is sport to him for a time, is torture to the wretched fish for all that interval. Forgetfulness is the parent of every crime; and if I should ever become a cabinet minister, my cry should not be 'down with taxes!'—[What cabinet minister ever does use that cry?—Ed.]—or 'down' with anything else of that nature, but 'down with forgetfulness!'" Davy paused a few moments, and then resumed his discourse. "All that I have been telling you is to the point, namely, the cause of the marriage of Colonel Wilson with Josephine, and my disappointment and violent conduct. I will divide it into four propositions.

"If I had stated that I loved Josephine, Colonel Wilson would not have gained her hand—I forgot to do so, and I lost her.

"If I had said I was ready to marry her, she would not have espoused Colonel Wilson—I forgot to do so, and I lost her.

"If I had told Colonel Wilson that I intended marrying Josephine, he would not have proposed for her—I forgot to tell him, and he married her.

"If I had recollected that I had forgotten to propose for Josephine when you told me she had married the Colonel, I should not have acted violently for a moment—I forgot it, and acted improperly.

"Here, you see, Thomas, all the evils have resulted from my forgetfulness: I have proved my own principles, by my own case—have I not?"

"Yes, Sir, decidedly you have."

"But I shall forget this disappointment of mine, for I have an excellent idea in my head: you'll be astonished when I inform you what it is."

CHAPTER IX.

A FORGETFUL INDIVIDUAL, AND A NEW "VOCAL SOCIETY."

THE very extraordinary idea which Davy "had in his head," and which was to be so very efficacious in banishing his grief for the loss of a partner for life, will form the subject of this chapter.

Davy desired Fergusson to find him a clever carpenter. Mr. Fergusson—who was a short person, about twenty-five years of age, with high cheek bones, dark complexion, small deep-set eyes, and a rather bent body—said he was acquainted with one, but he was very forgetful. "Ha! ha!" ejaculated Davy, rubbing his hands, "get him by all means;" and accordingly Tim Tack was ordered to come at ten o'clock the next morning.

The next morning the carpenter—a shrunken, dried-up specimen of the human race, about fifty years of age, with cheeks possessed of a ruby tinge—came, and found Davy ready to receive him.

"Can you make some small wooden boxes, in a peculiar manner, Mr. Tack?"

"Can't I? why, I'm the best carpenter in our street."

"Are there any more carpenters in your street?" enquired Fergusson.

"No, there a'n't, Sir."

"Forgetfulness," said Davy, with a smile; then, turning to Tim, he asked, "Can you get the boxes done in a week, do you think?"

"Oh, yes; if I've got time, and there a'n't too much work in 'em."

"A very proper answer."

Davy then explained to him what kind of boxes he wanted, and what number; stating that some of them were to be of an octagonal shape, some pentagonal, some hexagonal, and some right-angled or oblique cubes, to all which directions Tim appended, "Yes, Sir."

"I shall expect them in a week, Mr. Tack."

"You shall have 'em, Sir, if my old 'ooman don't cut my throat afore that."

"Bless me! is that likely?" said Davy.

"Why, that depends upon whether I forgets to lock-up my tools at night: I'm most afear'd of the saw, it 'ud grate so!"

"Have you got any knives in your house, Tack, that you don't lock up?" asked Fergusson, smiling.

"Yes; I'd forgot 'em; I'll lock 'em up too."

"But, Tim, has your wife ever attempted to cut your throat?"

"No; but when I forgets to bring home the blunt, becos I recollects always to pay for liquors, she threatens to do for me, and then puts me to bed; so I don't forget to lock up the hedge-tools as 'ud just do to cut my 'pipe, in vich case, you know, I should *cut my stick* before I'd *sawn* enuf of life,—that's all!"

With this very artistical attempt at punning the intelligent Tim Tack withdrew.

"A very original being, that," said Davy.

"Yes, very," returned Fergusson; "I don't expect him to recollect to bring home the boxes this day week."

"I think he will."

"I differ, Sir, from you: he will make some blunder."

"I explained everything to him, and he is too intelligent—though rather eccentric—not to do everything right. I'll wager my musical snuff-box against your Æolian walking-stick, that he is punctual."

"Done, Sir," said the minor philosopher to his major.

That day week came round—for as the globe revolves, so do the days, weeks, months, and years, by way of keeping it in countenance, we suppose—and with it the carpenter, with a large bag full of boxes. As Tack entered the study Davy exclaimed to Fergusson, "Your Æolian stick is mine."

"Not yet, Sir."

"We'll see," said the other. "Sit down, Mr. Tack, and place the boxes on the table."

First appeared a small square wooden box, open at the top.

"That's right," said Davy.

A second appeared, an exact counterpart of the first—another, and another, and another. "Why, Tack, you have not made them all the same?"

"Oh, yes, I have, Sir; if you look at 'em you'll find 'em all alike."

"I told you to make them of different sizes and shapes," said Davy.

"Did you, Sir? I'd forgotten that."

"I told you to make some octagonal, and some pentagonal—do you know the meaning of those terms?"

"No, Sir."

"Then why didn't you say so a week ago?"

"Becos I forgot I didn't know what you meant, Sir."

"Oh! oh! Isee! Then, pray why did you make them all cubes?"

"Becos I'd forgotten that you wanted 'em made higgledy-piggledy."

Davy resolved to superintend the future operations of Mr. Tack, and told him to bring materials for more boxes on the next morning.

"Fergusson, the snuff-box is yours," said Davy, with a joyous countenance.

Fergusson bowed: he disliked the custom of the Turks, or some other equally barbarous people, of offering everything they possess, but always expecting their offered present to be declined.

Mr. Tack came next morning, and under the superintendence of Davy the boxes were made, the irksomeness of the constant attendance being relieved by Tim relating the many mishaps which had befallen him from his forgetfulness, all of which Davy noted down.

After the boxes were made they were lined with thin tiles, and a tile laid over the top of each.

Fergusson was now very much engaged in running hither and thither—more especially to old bakehouses, scraping acquaintance with individuals having pale faces and white clothes. Many invitations were sent to various philosophers and musical geniuses, requesting their attendance on a certain day to witness a most interesting experiment. Davy and Fergusson held long consultations. A patent stove to stand in the middle of the study was purchased, and a great many other out-of-the-way things were done.

At length the eventful day dawned, when a new prodigy was to be exhibited to the world by Davy Dreamy. The philosophers and musical geniuses arrived; a fire was lighted in the patent stove, and the "geometrical boxes lined with tiles" were placed in a corner of the room, each covered with a tile.

"Are you ready, Fergusson, to commence the experiments?" asked Davy.

"All ready, Sir."

"I will tell you when to bring them forward."

Davy then made a very elaborate discourse on ancient and modern music—on the various ways in which sound may be produced—and on the different vocal powers of the inhabitants of the earth. "Though," he continued, "many of the animals of the creation have been made to display their powers of song, or of emitting agreeable sounds, yet many there are which are capable of affording delight to man which have never been tamed, instructed, and, as it were, converted into household gods to be worshipped and admired, and in return to 'discourse sweet music.' Many there are," said he, rising in energy, "which have been looked upon as a pest and a nuisance, that might have been exalted into a means of pleasure; in the category of these creatures is the species to the capability of which to afford amusement and pleasure of the highest nature, I am about to call your undivided attention!

"Thomas, bring forward the boxes."

The boxes were arranged in a peculiar manner round the stove, and Fergusson poked up the fire. The philosophers looked on with eager eyes.

"These boxes, gentlemen, are of different sizes for modulating the sounds to be produced by the creatures within, and their shapes are exquisitely fitted to produce ravishing cadences. Stir the fire again, Fergusson."

Initiation of the "New Light Society."

The fire was stirred, and Davy fidgetted, but no sound was heard from the boxes. The musical geniuses complained of the heat (it being a warm day); the philosophers were more philosophical, and submitted to the warmth with a good grace, many slowly closing their eyes (leaving their spectacles on), and cooling themselves by the rather paradoxical means of allowing themselves to be "wrapt in thought." The musical gentlemen requested that a window might be opened, but Davy said it would spoil the whole experiment if a current of cold air were admitted.

Davy poked away at the fire, and at last the bellows were ordered in—the musicians uttering a groan at the mention of them.

William, the footman, brought the bellows, and Davy puffed away at the fire; many of the party began to grumble, for Chabert, the fire king's art of withstanding a roasting heat was then but "in the womb of time." Davy fretted, Fergusson was distressed, the philosophers had very uneasy slumbers, the votaries of Apollo declared that the heat of the atmosphere was at the boiling point (which showed their ignorance of philosophy), and William seemed perplexed.

At last the latter individual exclaimed with great energy—"They won't chirrup now, Sir—crickets only chirrups at night!"

Davy dashed down the bellows, Mr. Fergusson jumped out of the way to save his toes, the musicians looked astonished, and the sons of science awoke.

"Yes; that *must* be it!" exclaimed the baffled philosopher. "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you; I had forgotten that crickets, generally, only sing at night. Forgetfulness, forgetfulness, thou art the root of all evil!"

"What d—d stuff to bring us here for!" growled a gentleman with a large organ of tune.

"Death and fury! open the window, footman—do you want to stifle us?" gasped a plethoric individual.

As more ill-natured expressions seemed to be coming, Davy went round to his guests—some he invited to stop to dinner that day, others to come another time,—but nothing he said of a future performance of the chirruping band.

When the gentlemen had departed from the study, Davy ordered the fire to be extinguished, the boxes to be taken down stairs, and the crickets to be thrown away—expressly commanding that they should not be killed.

The boxes were taken down, and the crickets were thrown out of the back window; and on the following night, and every succeeding night, a concert of crickets took place in every room in the house! thus proving the correctness of William's assertion, that the night was the proper time for these curious little animals to chirrup.

CHAPTER X.

MORE "HUMAN NATURE;" AND DAVY AND THE READER ARE LEFT IN SUSPENSE.

"How very unpleasant!" exclaimed Davy, when informed that he must either walk home through the rain or stop at the city tavern, where he had been dining with the Universal and Everlasting Knowledge Society, the members of which, when they discovered how stormy the night was, had secured every vehicle, and left Davy, who was talking with an old gentleman, to reach home in the best way he could. "How very unpleasant!" said he, as he stood on the door-step, umbrella in hand; but the rain decreasing for a moment, he sallied forth.

He had hardly proceeded three streets' length when the storm was renewed with increased fury. The wind whistled and howled through the streets and alleys, roaring round the angles and in corners, as if maddened by the resistance it met; sudden gusts of more than ordinary violence made the ill-supported chimneys tremble, or sent rolling into the streets a chimney-pot or tile, which was dashed into atoms on the pavement, the pedestrian blessing his stars that he had escaped destruction. The rain descended in torrents, but in all manner of directions, the wind driving it hither and thither in direct opposition to its natural inclination; meeting the ill-fated passenger at every corner from a new point of the compass, and, all unprepared as he was for such an attack, sending a deluge of water into his breast or down his back, his umbrella being blown by the wind into every conceivable position but the right one. Every minute a streak of lightning illumined the scene, and then a long, low, growling peal of thunder reverberated from one empty street to another. The pavement was washed quite clean, and for once its natural colour could be discerned; and down every drain a cataract of muddy water, was forcing its way through the half-choked iron gratings, and thence pursuing its course through every sewer to add to the accumulated filth which it served up to Londoners as "Thames water." The watchman had wisely sought his box, every usual disturber of the "still and pleasant night" had retired to some kind of shelter, and wretches without a home had slunk under porches and into corners to pass the weary night, and dream, if dreams they had, of former days of plenty and comfort.

Davy seemed to be alone in his passage through the city. The "metropolis of the world" was deserted. There was a dead stillness, save of the elements, a lonesomeness that was quite striking; the appearance of a great city after midnight, to one who lives in it during the day, is always interesting, but becomes doubly so when from any cause the small number of its nightly denizens becomes diminished. Davy would, no doubt, have thought deeply on this

matter, and perhaps would have stood still in the middle of the pavement to reflect on it, if he had not been most uncomfortably situated: the rain had saturated his outer garments, and was now performing the same process upon the inner ones. Talk of the miseries of life! what can be a greater misery than being wet through? your clothes adhere to your skin, you are made a furnace against your will, and as you pant along as much steam "blows off" as would work a five-horse-power engine; should your boots be slight, you begin to doubt their nature, and wonder whether they be really boots or pumps. Splash! you tread upon a loose stone, and a jet of water plays upon you; tramp! tramp! tramp! the faster you go the more you steam, and the more closely do your clothes adhere to you, until at last you are not merely enclosed in a "strait-waistcoat," but every other article of dress becomes a fetter upon your movements: you are now utterly miserable! Such were the sufferings of Davy; and his philosophic nature, which was superimposed on his human ditto, was fast tumbling down.

He had yet some distance to proceed when the rain descended so copiously, and the wind blew so furiously into his face, that he gladly took shelter for a time under a gateway which he happened to observe. He had not stood long before he heard a muttering of voices; and on advancing, discovered that it proceeded from some persons, who had probably, like himself, taken shelter from the storm, and who were protected from observation by an angle of the passage.

"I am tired of life," said a female, who was apparently weeping; "I cannot exist so miserably any longer—indeed I cannot."

"Nonsense!" said another, in a louder tone.

"Stuff!" exclaimed a third.

"Stuff!" repeated the first speaker, angrily, "it is well for you to talk so who never knew what it was to be virtuous, and respected, and happy—very well! but *I* was not wicked and wretched always—the months are not many that I have been the wretch I am!" and the woman sobbed aloud.

"Well, well, dear," said one of her companions, soothingly, "you shouldn't make yourself so miserable: it's true I never was as you were; but I am always merry."

"Merry!" vehemently returned the other—"merry! did you say? who can be merry in the midst of continual misery and debauchery? You are not merry! you deceive yourself, you pretend to happiness which you never feel, or raise a false and momentary joy by excesses which leave their punishment behind! I tell you," she continued, "you never know merriment—the merriment of a light heart, and a pure heart; no, *ours* is a life of suffering, with a surface of deceit, finished by a miserable death! Merry! poor wretch, to talk of being merry!" There was a pause for a few minutes. "I can bear this no longer," exclaimed the woman in tones which made Davy start; "my mind begins to wander, and no wonder; but if I should go mad? I'll not live till then; let me pass!"

"Don't talk so, dear," said one of the females, who appeared to

be detaining her companion; "don't talk so; you are ill—weak; let us go home."

"Home, Martha! a den of vice and infamy too horrible to think of. I had a home once, though; why did I leave it? Oh, I remember—I trusted, I was deceived; I was proud, and I became—let me go, Martha, let me go," she wildly exclaimed, as the thunder rumbled a-far off; "this is a night for such as I to die, for God himself is tolling the suicide's knell!"

"Julia! Julia!" cried both the companions of the unhappy woman, striving to detain her, but she burst away; and running down the passage encountered Mr. Dreamy, who was advancing towards her: on recognising our relative she buried her face in her hands and sobbed with renewed violence.

"Unhappy woman!" exclaimed the philosopher to the miserable being who stood before him, with her handsome cloak stained with water, and bedraggled with mud, her bonnet bent and its feathers drooping, and herself with pale cheeks and tearful eyes. We rather think Davy shed a tear: we know, however, that he stopped short, but in a moment regaining his firmness he continued: "I trust I shall be the means of preventing your committing a great crime. Pause for a moment. Death is a bitter draught!"

"Not to the wretched—not to the wretched!"

"Yes, to the most wretched; repent, and you may yet be happy."

"How? with no friends but the abandoned creatures whose miseries I share? How can I repent? To be virtuous is to starve—to be wicked is to suffer."

"That is the sinner's logic," said Davy; "but I will aid you—I will provide you even with an asylum to-night, and brave the sneers and scoffs of the world."

"No, Sir, you shall not suffer for me; but you can aid me—rescue me from a mode of life as loathsome as it is degrading."

"If I can, I will," returned Davy, hurriedly forcing some coin and his card into her hand; "come to me to-morrow, or tell me where I can find you?"

"No, you shall not come to me among the depraved and reckless—though the haunt of infamy may be visited by the pure unharmed—I will come to you, Sir."

"You will live then!—live, and repent!"

"Yes, now I know that I am not alone in the world, without a single being to care for me. God bless you, Sir," continued the woman, in a frenzied manner, "I will live!"

The two painted and bedizened females, the companions of Julia, who had stood in utter amazement during the foregoing conversation, now promised to see their friend home; and, the rain nearly ceasing, Davy proceeded one way and the women another.

Philosophers must judge for themselves whether Davy did right, though there be some rigid moralists, no doubt, who will confidently assert that he did not treat low vice with the contempt with which a moral philosopher should; but all people have failings, and perhaps this was one of our relative's.

On the following day Mr. Dreamy was quite in a fever of expectation; but night came, and yet Julia did not arrive. Another, and another, and another day passed, and yet she came not. Could he have been deceived? No. Where, then, was his *protégée?* dying—dead? returned to her old life? He feared the worst; and cursed his stupidity in not forcing from the woman some clue to her abode. Weeks passed away, but no tidings reached him; and many were the hours he passed in thinking on this strange affair.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINING SOME STRANGE REMARKS ON SOCIETIES, AND A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION, ITS MEMBERS, AND THEIR DOINGS.

THE *social* spirit is one of the great predominating influences of our time. At one period the great ones of the land kept themselves apart, lived in castles, and each one robbed and killed on his own account. *Now* the thing is different; our aristocracy form taxing, hunting, fighting, shooting, gambling, spree-ing clubs. In old times, many of those below the "tip-top sawyers" (Davy never could clearly understand this term) were dependant on them, forming *staves*, by means of which the rest of the labouring folks were *thrashed*, and thus made to "shell out." They had no good bond of union, though not at all deficient in bonds, and well-inured to bondage; and every part of the chopped-up community stood (when it could) on its own bottom, and in opposition to its neighbour: such a state of things no longer exists, for all classes now join into societies, and thus form a great many communities; whether the communities love one another better than the *single* people did before, is another matter.

In the nineteenth century, two or three persons cannot entertain somewhat similar opinions, without gathering together and forming a society.

A round dozen of drinking (or drunken) dogs think themselves exceedingly curious specimens of humanity (so do we when we see some of them go home at night), and therefore form an association of Odd Fellows; patronize the parlour of a public house, being a great benefit to the landlord, and nuisance to the neighbourhood: for be it known to all, these Odd Fellows are singers, and their notions of harmony are as odd as themselves.

"Ethical Societies," "Anthropological (it is a difficult word to spell, and we hope we are correct,) ditto," and many others, whose names are equally euphonious and imposing, are set a-going and kept in motion by a few individuals, who have a faint idea that they are destined to be philosophers and discoverers of the greatest magnitude, and all having an equally good opinion of themselves, they get on very comfortably.

Then there are the associations called "Homo"—but why proceed farther? We have said enough for an introduction, and too much for our own happiness, we fear.

Davy, with that penetration which he always kept in activity, had observed, that whatever proceeded from a "society" commanded attention and respect; but a scheme proposed, or discovery made by a non-social man, was treated with contempt or opprobrium. A proposal for a "Grand National Asses' Milk Association," if made by an individual, would be covered with ridicule and scorn; now advertise the scheme in "The Times," put a dozen directors (M.P.'s, M.D.'s, A.S.S.'s), headed by a noble lord, M.P., A.S.S., and F.R.S.; place below these the names of the bankers (have *three* bankers), the solicitors, and the auditors; state that the capital is two millions, then detail the scheme in choice English, let two secretaries sign it; and how different the reception of this from the former! And so it ought to be. Well, Davy observing this, also observed another thing.

He found that there were a great many ingenious men in the circle of his acquaintance who could never succeed in making their opinions, plans, and discoveries sufficiently known and appreciated. "Now this," reasoned he, "would be obviated by forming them into a society, and publishing the said opinions, &c., under its auspices, for they would then become known and respected; *ergo*, I cannot do a better thing than form a society." We consider this train of reasoning equally close and logical; and if the premises were correct, and the deduction accurate, the conclusion could not have been wrong.

Davy having consulted with some other friends besides Twinkle and Turnus, resolved that a society should be established, to meet once a week at his house, and to be called "The Philosophical Association."

The first meeting of the Association was of a very brilliant description, full and active.

The place of meeting was the large apartment which served Davy for a library, study, and museum. The most prominent object on your right hand on entering the room was a monkey in a glass case, standing on his hind legs, and apparently supporting himself by the aid of a staff; a little farther on, suspended in a bottle placed on a ledge, was a little pig, which "came into the world" *not* "half made up," but quite the reverse, for it had five legs and three ears; over the fire-place, besides several mineral and other curiosities, was a preserved pup, which being born of a mother whose ears and tail had been "docked," was, when it saw the light, minus those appendages. It would take up too much time to enumerate all the natural and unnatural wonders of this place: in the middle of the ceiling was an exact model of the head of a wonderful animal, described by some ancient writers, but never seen by the moderns, which held the chain of the lamp in its jaws; suffice it to say, that their name was Legion.

The lamp, pendant from the animal's jaws above mentioned, was

lighted; and, with the aid of other lamps, dissipated the darkness on the night of meeting. Davy and Fergusson, after an early dinner, busied themselves in making everything ready for the expected company.

Mr. Mogg, with his daughter, was the first arrival; and Davy, after welcoming the lady and wringing the hand of Mr. Mogg, led them to the museum. Unhappily, and it exhibits the evils of a bad education with respect to the sciences, Miss Mogg was no great admirer of natural curiosities, (how foolish of her father to bring her to the Association!) and no sooner beheld the monkey and his walking-stick than she made an exclamation of disgust, something to the purport, that the inhabitant of the glass-case was not the handsomest of quadrupeds, and caught hold of her father's arm. This interruption being concluded, she next expressed her abhorrence of the wonderful pig, and her contempt for the unappendaged pup, much to the chagrin of Davy, who highly prized these curiosities.

The arrival of more company put an end to these unpleasantries. There were three or four learned doctors came in a batch; spectacled, "fair round-bellied," substantial individuals. Then came a profound mathematician, Mr. Môltipliire, with green spectacles, long nose, and thin body: whenever this person was spoken to, he jumped out of a reverie, and that with such an effort, as made the speaker fear personal violence.

Ye fair spirits that ruled a heathen world, if ye still hold sway in any quarter of the universe, descend in this iron age upon our pen—for we use steel—and inspire us with the most delicate, and yet most excelling power, to the end that we may paint her who is now entering the domicile of learning and genius, in those bright unfading colours which endure for ages and bid posterity worship! Miss Xantippe Blewish—the all-accomplished and all-admirable Miss Blewish!—entered the hall of science and wisdom at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock in the evening, and every eye was fixed on her blushing countenance. Heavens! her countenance! Her's was the countenance that called for the quick-moving fingers of genius itself to paint—so varying, so variable, now stealing a tint from the violet, now from the rose, now mantling with all the colours of the rainbow, now—we give up this portion of our task in despair. Miss Blewish had thin lips—would you have them resemble the Negro's? her mouth was rather pursed-up—would you have it as large as the crater of Ætna? her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, it was an original nose, containing parts of every conceivable shaped nose, and therefore more wonderful and admirable—to be sure it was rather thin, but would you have a great sprawling nose to a pursed-up mouth? besides, it made up in length what it wanted in breadth. Her eyes—her eyes were so penetrating and sparkling, so full of fire, that we never could tell whether they were green or blue, though we often endeavoured to solve the mystery. Add to these a rather tall figure (with a graceful and condescending stoop forward), of an intellectual mould, that is, not full and fat, but inclined the other way; and cover this

human frame with the dress a lady of science would deem the most becoming, and you have the captivating picture of Miss Xantippe Blewish, a lady held in deservedly high estimation and fear by the philosophers with whom she mixed, and considered a very desirable match for any one requiring a learned and philosophic helpmate.

Miss Blewish's arrival was succeeded by the advent of several profound and aged looking individuals, all attired in a very sombre style, and by that of Dr. Seebright and Mr. Mills, both of whom had been introduced a few evenings before to Davy. Dr. Seebright was a pleasant smiling gentleman, between thirty and forty years of age, and his companion, Mr. Mills, a stout hearty individual, with a broad humorous countenance just fit for a kind-hearted farmer—which he was. Mr. Turnus soon became intimate with this worthy individual. But let us turn from this vulgar pair.

Shade of Bacon assist us! for thy great disciple, Dr. Francis Worshipone, has now to be introduced. The conversation was beginning to flag, and the assembly was growing impatient for the commencement of business, when a great bustle was heard on the stairs; Davy rushed to the door, and the next moment Dr. Francis Worshipone, accompanied by his retainers, was announced. The associates rose in great haste and eagerness to receive the distinguished visitor, and the distinguished visitor received them with remarkable urbanity and condescension. Dr. Francis Worshipone was a gentleman whose age might lie between sixty and seventy; he was of rather tall stature, if he had stood upright, but age and infirmity had bent him considerably; his countenance had once possessed expression and his eye intelligence, but now the sunken cheeks and dulled orbs of the philosopher, except when animated by some momentary enthusiasm, showed no traces of that genius which once held its abode there, and of that energy which had given effect to the visions of the mind.

The distinguishing feature of Dr. Worshipone was, his beard—not his whiskers, but his beard: this beard, which time had whitened, was about six inches in length, and neatly cut into a pyramidal form, the base being on his chin, and the apex on his breast; this, with the mustachios which he wore on his upper lip, made his appearance somewhat singular. His head he covered with a peculiarly shaped hat, bearing some resemblance to a sugar-loaf; the rest of his dress, which was black (his legs being cased in breeches and silk stockings), had nothing remarkable in it, with the exception of his white neckerchief, which seemed much too large, and was puckered up in an extraordinary manner.

Dr. Francis Worshipone was indeed a very remarkable man. He had, in his old age, but one object of admiration,—but one pole-star, from whose beams he never withdrew his eyes—but one subject on which to think, speak, and write; that subject was Bacon—Lord Bacon. Lord Bacon was the "god of his idolatry;" and, though a good Christian, he worshipped him with the greatest fervour: sleeping or waking, Bacon and his writings were the constant objects of his thoughts; he spoke of him with reverence and

rapture, wrote of him with enthusiasm and vigour, and imitated him with a zeal and constancy not often surpassed. Hence his extraordinary beard, his mustachios, his sugar-loaf hat; he would have imitated his personal appearance farther, he would have worn an Elizabethan frill, a doublet, and trunk hose, had not the entreaties and remonstrances of his maiden sister prevented him,—as it was, he puckered up his neckerchief to make it look us much like a frill as possible, wore his beard, mustachios, and sugar-loaf hat, and made up for the neglect of the rest of Bacon's externals by pondering the more on the productions of his mind. To this end he always had two or three secretaries near him, who either carried all Bacon's works about their persons, or bore them in their recollection, and the latter mode was the most favourite one with the Doctor. When at home, he kept the secretaries constantly employed in writing about Bacon, dictating to them additions, emendations, proofs, and illustrations of the "great master's" productions; he farther occupied them and himself in making experiments of the nature pointed out by Bacon, as necessary to the perfection of philosophy.

In pursuance of this object, he had stood a whole day looking at the sun, blinking and bobbing his head, but Sol provoked not sneezing—so Bacon had erred for once. He had studied sound by "hallooing in mists and showers," and "speaking through bonfires;" he had tried to make dogs howl by howling near them, and succeeded—so Bacon was right. He had eat "the brains of hares and deers, roasted and taken in wine," to strengthen his memory; once he cut his hand, and tried to cure the injury in the Baconian way, by anointing the knife and letting the wound alone, by which process he narrowly escaped mortification of the member, and that only by his sister calling in a surgeon; he had tried to cure bacon and fish by the effluvia of spices, but unhappily the pork and salmon became putrid too soon; he had tried to grow iron by burying it in the earth, and "well watering" it, and to obtain an increase of lead by placing lumps in damp cellars, but succeeded in neither experiment; he had taken "the heart and spur of a cock, after he had been in fight," and wore them "on his heart or wrist," and averred that they made him, by sympathy, as bold as a lion, no enemy being near; and he had concocted, and imbibed deeply, the "wine against melancholy, and for preserving the senses and reason," and, as he always asserted, with the greatest success.

The Association had hardly recomposed itself after the reception of the great Baconian philosopher, when a remark made by Miss Mogg brought the subject of the wonderful pig upon the carpet, and the animal itself upon the table.

"I think it's a nasty thing to keep in a library," said Miss Mogg, a laughing black-eyed damsel.

"La! child, how can you say so?" enquired Miss Blewish; "how are we to become acquainted with the incomprehensible freaks of nature without we view such objects?" and she desired the preserved pig to be placed on the table.

"And where's the utility, Miss Blewish, of inspecting them?" asked Miss Mogg, rather pertly; for she disliked the epithet of "child."

"Bacon says, 'the history of monsters may be noted as deficient,' which is much to be regretted," observed Dr. Worshipone, more to himself than any one else.

We are averse to saying anything ill-natured, more especially of philosophers; yet, as faithful historians, we must say the gentlemen of the Association did not save Miss Blewish the trouble of replying to Miss Mogg's question, by satisfying her doubts.

"The utility, my dear," said Miss Blewish, after turning round the bottle two or three times, "the utility—why, in the first place you must observe—Ha! Dr. Twinkle, I hope I see you in the best health!" The arrival of the Doctor was very ill-timed, for it put an end to a discourse which could not have failed to have been interesting.

The company not having yet mustered in sufficient numbers to commence the business of the evening, one of those gentlemen who had come for the first time on this occasion to the house of Davy (Dr. Seebright), was directed by the spirit of Restlessness to look at the curious head on the ceiling, and he had no sooner done so than he asked what it was.

"It is the model of the head of a wild animal, which once inhabited Greece, as I find from an old German MS., the writer of which obtained his knowledge from a Latin work, now lost."

"Humph!"

"You seem to have some doubts about its authenticity, Sir."

"I never read, or heard, of such an animal."

"Perhaps not, Doctor," said Davy, drily.

"Oh, very likely not," said Miss Blewish, in the same tone.

"There is no doubt," said Davy, "that many animals are now extinct, which three thousand years ago were alive—I mean the races are extinct."

"Certainly, the race of that must be extinct," said the original enquirer, nodding at the grinning head above.

"For that reason I value the model the more."

"So you ought, Mr. Dreamy," said Miss Blewish, with an engaging smile, which considerably exalted the termination of her nose.

"I am delighted with your approbation, Miss Blewish."

"Oh! don't mention it, Sir; when I see a gentleman defending an opinion so just as yours, Sir, I cannot refrain from giving my little assistance in upholding it;" and then the fair creature blushed, and stooped more forward.

"I recollect when I was abroad," said Mr. Turnus, who had been attending to the discussion, and who we fear forgot himself for once, for we think he had never been abroad—"when I was abroad," said he, nevertheless, "I saw a model of an animal's head —'twas in a museum—the very counterpart of this: and the worthy and veracious attendant informed me that such an animal

had once swallowed a disciple of Aristotle and all his doctrines—what a swallow he must have had!—for the scholar was engaged in perusing his master's works. The philosophers of that time were so enraged with the brute for his ravenous appetite, especially as copies of Aristotle were scarce and dear, that they set to work and vented so many anathemas, in so many languages, and with so many hard words, upon the beast and all his race, that the whole species were placed in a state of bodily terror; and from this, or some other cause, pined away, and in time became extinct; only living in the pages of the author Mr. Dreamy has mentioned."

Some said "humph!" others "psha!" some lowered upon Turnus, and the res did what seemed best to them.

Thus the time was passed until the major part of the Association had arrived, and then the election of a President took place; and we consider it as a decisive proof of the estimation in which Davy was held by the learned world, that he was elected to that office without opposition. Fergusson was chosen Secretary.

We are editing the Memoirs of Dreamy, not the proceedings of the Philosophical Association; so our readers must excuse us if we do not give so much of the latter as they in their ardent pursuit after knowledge would wish us to do.

Mr. Môltipliire rose and said, he wished to call the attention of the Association to a great error which had crept into some of the histories of the greatest of all the ancient empires—the Roman. After much labour he had discovered the error, and, he thought, the means by which it occurred. He found (here he produced a large bundle of papers), and that by vast exertion, in searching authorities, that he could not find an instance of a man playing a musical instrument for five days an nights—he meant without once winking or dozing, he meant wide awake (a laugh from Mr. Turnus). Does that gentleman doubt the assertion? let him look through these papers (Mr. Turnus declined the offer). Well, it naturally followed from this, that it was exceedingly much to be doubted that any man could keep awake for that time. Now, he found farther, by reading historical, physiological, dietetical, and somnological works, that the receiving of much meat and drink made a man sleepy: he hoped the Association would pay particular attention to this as it was important. Farther, he found that the sound of music often produced sleep if the music was not too boisterous.

"Bacon observes that 'some sounds incline to sleep,'" remarked Dr. Worshipone.

Mr. Môltipliire did not think that the mere act of playing music, as it predisposed to sleep, was sufficient to keep a person awake for one hundred and twenty consecutive hours. Going back to ancient history, he found that the Roman Emperors were often great gluttons, and that Nero drank and ate much. This made him sleepy. Now it was asserted by some historians, that Nero "fiddled whilst Rome was burning," which was a loose way of stating the

matter, for if he played at all it was on the lute. But he denied that he played; that was, he denied the broad assertion. Rome burnt for five days and nights. He (Mr. Môltipliire) in the first place did not believe that Nero could have kept himself awake so long, even if he had not been very much disposed to sleep; in the second, he asserted that he was predisposed to sleep; in the third, he was strongly of opinion that Nero would not have toiled so long for such a purpose; and in the fourth place, he believed that the historians, or their transcribers, had left out some words in their account of the matter, which he thought should stand thus:—"Nero fiddled (or played on the lute) *for a certain time* whilst Rome was burning." Assuming that the account should be thus, we could not say from this how long Nero actually did play on the lute; but here (and the speaker's form dilated as he spoke) our mathematical skill comes to our aid, and enables us to solve a problem of such importance and interest to the world at large:—if we calculate how long a king will play on a musical instrument for his own amusement while his capital is burning, if we farther calculate how long a man can do so without feeling at all fatigued, and then deduct a certain amount from this for Nero's being an emperor, he said by these and other means, and by a long course of ratiocination, they would arrive at the conclusion that Nero probably—he said probably—played for—[Here Mr. Môltipliire searched in his papers; but after some time informed the company, that he had omitted to bring with him the result of his calculation, and therefore could not tell it to them, but would do so at some future period.]

This gentleman's correction of the errors of historians was much relished by the Association, and his speech greatly applauded.

Mr. Wunvew next addressed the meeting. This gentleman had certain opinions which all tended to one point, and to one point he made them all tend. To say that his opinions were original would be to say what were untrue, for his opinions have been held by various philosophers in every age—in one word, Mr. Wunvew was an Universalist. Mr. Wunvew said he had a paper in his hand which he wished the secretary to read to the Association, for he (Mr. W.) was not much of an elocutionist himself, although he was of opinion that every man ought to possess universal knowledge.

The paper, after glancing at certain indications of "Universalism," such as that the universe was composed of an infinite number of infinitely small, equal, and universal particles, moving in every conceivable direction with the greatest rapidity through space; that these particles were universally the same though forming different objects by the different quantities combined, and their different modes of combination; that everything around us sprung from this universal principle of matter; that, accordingly, everything around us was equal, alike, and the same; that all was equally good and excellent, or equally bad and vile; that the first principle of all things being the same, any of them becoming bad, became so by man's

wickedness, and that if men were not wicked everything would be equally excellent. These clearly written and philosophical propositions were but as preludes to the particular subject of the paper. That which Mr. Wunvew wished to call the attention of the Association to was, the fact that all edible things found in earth, air, and sea must be—being formed of the universal particles—wholesome and nutritious food, and many of them being rejected was a proof of the depraved and fastidious tastes of mankind. He said, there were proofs of such being the case, for the Esquimaux ate blubber and drank train-oil, and why should not we do the same?

"Nasty creature!" exclaimed Miss Mogg, in an under tone, making a wry face.

"Fie! child," said Miss Blewish, who heard the exclamation; "you are very unphilosophical."

"Is it necessary to disgust common folks to be philosophical, Miss Blewish?" enquired the first lady, in a louder tone.

"My dear child," replied Miss Blewish, with a patronizing air, "you must not judge of philosophy in this way—a philosopher may say anything, discourse on any subjeet, and in any way, if he do it philosophically—for that is everything, and is a defence for all."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said the philosophers, on hearing "lovely woman" thus triumphantly defend them.

Mr. Fergusson resumed the reading of the paper. The inhabitants of Eastern Russia and Patagonia ate horse-flesh ("So do dogs," whispered Turnus), locusts were eaten in Africa, rats in China, dogs in the Pacific, birds'-nests in the East, and in one part of North America the natives ate clay. Now, the writer of the memoir did not ask men to partake of edible clay; but why, he asked, should not the people of England eat rats, horse-flesh, or train-oil? Why? because their appetites were denaturalized; otherwise, a piece of blubber would be as great a treat to any one present as a roasted pig ("Excuse me"—Turnus), and a rat as good as a hare. The fact was, all were equally excellent, and all equally fit to be eaten, for they were universally the same; and those things which were universally the same could not be bad eating. Farther than this, the writer asserted, that it was equally unphilosophical and untrue to say that opium, toadstools, prussic acid, hemlock, nightshade, or any other vegetable production was a poison: there were no poisons; for every one of these substances was formed of the same ultimate universal particles, and consequently were all fit to be eaten, that was to say, if men were in a natural state, but being denaturalized, made those substances which were meant for all men's eating, poison for a good many. Mr. Wunvew concluded, with hoping that men would commence going back to that state of nature, in the matter of appetite, in which they originally existed, and thus be enabled to eat every substance that came in their way, whether horse-flesh, jugged-hare or rats, veal, blubber, a dish of toadstools or *potage* of fungi, a baked dog, a cup of hemlock juice, or a mess of locusts. If men could not do this, they should see that their

children, if they had any (Mr. W. had none), were brought up naturally, and taught to eat dogs, rats, horses, toads, snakes, opium, alligators—[Here Miss Mogg burst into a fit of laughter, which spoiled the conclusion of the paper; the young lady's father reproved her, and the elderly Associates looked grave. When their equanimity had been partially restored, Mr. Turnus rose to address them.]

"I think," said he, "Mr. Wunvew has omitted one very important substance in enumerating edibles which particular nations consume: I have no doubt he wishes the paper to be perfect."

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," said Mr. Wunvew eagerly, seizing paper and pen; "pray mention it."

"Without it, Sir, your statement would be incomplete, for it is an article of food in many parts of the world."

"Bless me! how could I forget it!"

"I don't know whether I ought to mention it in this company;" glancing at the ladies.

"Philosophically, Mr. Turnus, philosophically," simpered Miss Blewish.

"Oh, of course, Miss; but I don't think the learned gentleman could introduce it into his paper as an article of food for Englishmen."

"That is unphilosophical, Mr. Turnus," eagerly exclaimed Mr. Wunvew; "if *they* eat, why should not *we*?"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Turnus, with surprising gravity, "in Terra del Fuego, and elsewhere, the natives eat each other!"

This announcement astounded the whole assembly, affecting each person in a peculiar way. In a few seconds Mr. Wunvew said, that, certainly, Mr. Turnus was right, and to make the paper perfect he should have introduced the substance mentioned, but as a prejudice would have been created against the theory by its insertion, he was not sorry he had omitted it. Every one would at once see the inconvenience which would result from the consumption of such food, and therefore he should not recommend it in his paper.

"Bacon observes," said Dr. Worshipone, "that 'man's flesh is not eaten; because men in humanity abhor it.' He adds this imimportant remark, 'it is said, that witches greedily devour man's flesh; which, if true, may proceed from hence, that human flesh sends up high and pleasing vapours, which stir the imagination; for the felicity of witches is chiefly in imagination.'"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Miss Mogg.

"Bah!" muttered Turnus.

After several other papers had been read, to give the particulars of which we have not room at present, the Association adjourned to supper.

CHAPTER XII.

INTRODUCES MR. CHEETHALL AND HIS MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.

As Mr. Mills, the farmer, will occupy a rather prominent place hereafter in this veracious history, it behoveth us to introduce him more particularly to our readers, and to lay open some of his private affairs to the public gaze, which proceeding, we trust, the public will excuse, if Mr. Mills do not.

About seven o'clock one evening a gentleman sat in a coffee-room, playing what has been well denominated "the devil's tattoo" with the tips of his nails on one of the shining tables. Having proceeded so far, it might, perhaps, be to our interest to pass to another subject, and thus keep the reader in a torture of suspense regarding the gentleman mentioned; for what can be more beautifully mysterious, more exquisitely interest-exciting than our description? A gentleman and a coffee-room are mentioned, but both obscurely; then how many conjectures would the gentleman's occupation raise as to his real character? who is in the habit of sitting in a coffee-room? and who when sitting there plays the devil's tattoo? These are pregnant questions, and would naturally lead to great cogitation; but, no! we resist the temptation when the reader is in our power, and will tell him *all*.

The coffee-room was an apartment on the first floor of a house near Charing Cross. The individual who was playing the devil's tattoo was a man apparently about thirty-five years of age, with an impudent countenance, great bushy whiskers, and a pair of formidable mustachios; he was dressed in the extreme of fashion, cocked his hat on one side, and when he walked up and down the room swaggered very much. There was not an air of even assuming gentility in him; his dress was fashionable, it is true, but its gloss was gone; his manners were undoubtedly "easy," but they were also as decidedly very "free."

This person was waiting for Mr. Mills, and presently that gentleman arrived. Mr. Mills was a stout-built man, with a full, open countenance, radiant with health and good humour; he was dressed in an olive-coloured coat, light waistcoat with vast stripes, cord breeches, and brown gaiters reaching to the knee. On entering, Mr. Mills was met by the gentleman who had been waiting (and whose name was Cheethall), who boisterously shook him by the hand, and vowed that he was glad to see him. Now, Mr. Cheethall's appearance was not very prepossessing to any one knowing much of London and its inhabitants; but Mr. Mills, who did *not* know much of these, merely thought the manners and dress of his companion "rather odd;" and as he knew the manners and dress of many

people who were very good men to be also rather odd, he was not much prejudiced against Mr. Cheethall from the figure he presented.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Cheethall, in a familiar and confident tone, to the smartly dressed and handsome young woman who "officiated" as waitress, "let us have some of your best Mocha, and *et ceteras*—that's a d—d bad sentence!"

"Yes, Sir," answered the female, with a smile.

"Do you know her?" asked Mr. Mills.

"Ye—es, a *leetle*—dev'lish fine gal—a'n't she?" and he took off his hat, and passed his fingers through his hair.

Mr. Mills assented.

While the waitress obtains the Mocha, *et cetera*, and she won't be long about it, let us give a hint to the reader respecting the business Mr. Mills and Mr. Cheethall had met to discuss.

Mr. Mills had amassed by care a moderate sum of money, and wished to place it somewhere where it might increase and multiply; and this coming to the ears of one of his friends, the said friend carelessly recommended Mr. Cheethall as a person of great talents and energy, who only wanted a little capital to carry out a scheme which would produce fifty *per cent.* on the outlay. Mr. Mills, taking his friend at his word, was introduced to Mr. Cheethall, and the present meeting appointed; for Mr. Cheethall said he could not think of imparting his secret plan otherwise than in great privity, and only to a gentleman who might appear likely to assist him in carrying it out. But the refreshments are coming.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Cheethall, when the waitress placed the coffee on the table, "when are we to go to the theatre again?"

"La! Sir, how you *do* talk! we've never been yet together, I'm sure," said the damsel, somewhat offended.

"Ay? hav'n't we? then we will; I'll take you soon—I shall be delighted with your company."

The waitress wondered how the gentleman could talk so foolishly, said she was astonished, and walked slowly away. The fact was, Mr. Cheethall liked to mix up amusement with business, and nothing amused him more than hearing himself talk; that night was the first time he had seen the waitress.

Having had his talk, Mr. Cheethall proceeded to business, taking out of his pocket a number of papers, and entering into conversation with Mr. Mills in a low tone.

"The articles I mean to manufacture are Toys."

"Toys!" exclaimed Mr. Mills, pushing the tray on which was deposited the coffee, nearly off the table.

"Yes, my dear Sir, toys," said Mr. Cheethall, gravely; "but you don't seem to be aware of the importance of that branch of trade and manufacture?"

"No, I am not," said Mr. Mills, with a grim smile.

"There are hundreds of thousands sterling embarked in the business," affirmed Mr. Cheethall; "and it is every year extending.

I have here a computation," continued he, taking up a paper, "by which it appears that seventeen thousand sacks of sawdust are consumed annually in London for stuffing dolls alone."

"Bless me! is it possible?"

"It is a fact, Sir—here is the computation. What do you think of one toy-maker purchasing three thousand pounds' worth of dolls' eyes at one time?"

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Mr. Mills, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"A stack of dolls' arms, as large as one of the piles of wood you'll see in a timber-yard would amaze you more," remarked Cheethall, triumphantly.

"I think it would."

"And you wouldn't suppose, that there were one hundred and eleven persons employed in one manufactory making small-sized donkeys?"

"No, that I shouldn't," said Mills, with a smile.

"Of course, Mr. Mills, you have seen the small wooden horses on which children ride?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, Sir, I can inform you, that as much timber is yearly employed in their manufacture as would form a first-rate vessel of war."

"God bless me!"

"Then consider, Sir, the rocking-horses—the bats—the carts—the innumerable other things made—no wonder timber in England becomes dear!"

"No wonder, indeed! Mr. Cheethall."

"There is such a demand, Sir, for first-rate painters to colour dolls' faces, and the remuneration is consequently so good, that numbers of artists—portrait-painters, Royal Academicians, and such like, leave their proper profession and paint dolls' faces,—no great change to some of them, eh, Mr. Mills?" and the speaker chuckled, as if he had said something pointed, so his hearer laughed too, without a distinct perception of what there was to laugh at.

"And then, again, Sir, many of our sculptors are privately engaged in modelling patterns for dolls, so you see doll-making is an important affair—like *doll*ar-making in America—eh?" and he chuckled again.

"Do the sculptors ever model the horses?" asked Mills.

"Oh, yes! some of the first-rate—that is, according to the judgment of many—do that business. The fine prancing-horses, one fore-foot up, body stretched forward or backward, and a fine projecting tail as long as the horse; but it's only the sculptors of taste that can model these fine and original animals."

"So I should think," observed Mr. Mills, sipping his coffee. "I suppose the rocking-horses are done by the same hands?"

"They are the highest flights of genius," said Mr. Cheethall, solemnly; "there is only one sculptor that is decidedly great in that line at present, and he has lately obtained so much employ-

ment in forming statues that it is difficult to obtain his services at all times for toy-modelling."

"The toys are changed then, in their forms, and so on?"

"Certainly; new-fashioned dolls and horses—and in inventing these the sculptor I spoke of shines—are as much called for as new-fashioned dresses."

"There is another branch of the business," said Mr. Cheethall, after a pause, "or rather there is a business carried on simultaneously with toy-selling, which gives a considerable share of employment to many artists, of course advancing the fine-arts in the same ratio; I refer to the tea-board department. You must surely, Sir, have observed the extraordinary paintings which appear on some of those articles—introducing as they do the very highest efforts of art to our very tea-tables?"

"Yes—yes," replied Mr. Mills, hesitatingly; "I have observed some very curious figures at times on tea-boards."

"Observe that one opposite," said Mr. Cheethall, pointing to a tray which reclined in a recess against the wall; the painting on it was certainly an extraordinary one: it represented a native of some unknown country—for his or her dress (sex being doubtful) was of such a nature that the most deep-read student of geography would never have recognised it as belonging to any particular quarter of the globe—standing on his toes (we'll suppose the being to be male), and taking aim with an arrow about six feet long, (the bow being very small,) at an animal which bore some resemblance to an overgrown cat, yet was not without traces of a canine nature; this animal was jumping down a precipice, probably with the intention of breaking its head, for such alone could be the result of its leap; close by the animal were some enormous bushes, with leaves like cheese-plates, and behind the native was a straight pole from the top of which hung a number of yellow-handkerchiefs; which object might be considered, by a stretch of courtesy, to be a wonderful palm-tree. "There," continued Mr. Cheethall, after Mr. Mills had observed this curious product of genius, "that is a specimen of tea-board painting—strong lights and shadows—richly coloured flesh—fine action—interesting story—in fact, you have there a finished example of what *can* be done in tea-board painting by employing rich artists and working in the grand style!"

"Well, but the picture is very unnatural."

"Pooh! that's its beauty—you can't paint nature in the grand style; nature, and genius, and all that sort of thing, won't go down with the great and with—the purchasers of tea-boards."

"True, true," observed Mr. Mills, the other gentleman appearing to expect some remark; "I shall always respect tea-boards for the future, Mr. Cheethall."

"You must, Sir, you must, if you would be fashionable; mark me, Sir," said Cheethall, slowly, "if you wish to be thought a man of taste, you must admire the tea-board style of painting—its unnatural men and women, its animals never seen on earth, its vegetables

which grow only within its confines, and its general details which are opposed to everything common and vulgar. But to return to toy-making."

"Toy-making appears to be a good business," observed Mr. Mills, musing.

"*Appears!* Mr. Mills—it *is* a good business—it is only money, perseverance, and a good system, that are required to make a fortune by it."

"Then how is it people don't come forward with the money?" asked the farmer.

"Because they are not aware of the excellence of the business," said Cheethall, in a whisper; "but *we* are; and with *my* management and *your* capital we can't fail of succeeding."

"Do you well understand toy-making?"

"Oh, no! not a bit! That's not necessary. I shall manage the business, not make the toys. It is in the management that we shall drive the rest out of the field—management, management is everything!

"Ah, well, I must consult with my friends."

"Then every thing is lost," exclaimed Cheethall, promptly; and he was not far from the truth if he referred to his own prospects.

"Indeed! how do you mean?"

"You tell your friends—very good people, no doubt—they seize the idea, get into the market before you, and you lose the opportunity!"

"There's something in that," said Mr. Mills, nodding his head.

"Something! there's everything. In one word, Sir, will you agree to my proposal?"

"I have no objection to embark a small sum at first," said the farmer; "for you must admit that the experiment is a rather hazardous one."

"To a very small extent," said Mr. Cheethall, twisting his mustachios round his finger; "but a person of *my* experience is not easily to be deceived."

"Have you had much experience?" enquired the other.

"Oh, a vast amount! seen everything—up to everything—down to everything!" replied the knowing gentleman, very self-complacently.

"The business seems a frivolous one, however," said Mr. Mills, after a pause, during which Mr. Cheethall was very uneasy.

"Frivolous! Mr. Mills, frivolous! nothing is frivolous by which you can make money; and those things which are the most frivolous produce the most money: toys for grown people are eagerly purchased, and much money made that way: then, surely, the sale of toys for children is less frivolous; and, I can assure you, nearly as profitable."

"That's true; well, I must think of this till to-morrow, and you shall then know my decision."

"I hope you'll mention the matter to no one, for I consider my knowledge worth a good deal. It is my fortune, indeed," said Mr. Cheethall, uttering a great truth, and gathering up his papers and putting them into his pocket.

Mr. Mills paid for the refreshments, made a small advance to the gentlemen whose knowledge was his bank, and shortly afterwards bid Mr. Cheethall good evening.

On the morrow, Mr. Mills met Mr. Cheethall, heard something more of his plan; and thinking it a fair one, resolved to proceed upon it. Some very conceited individuals may think Mr. Mills was very simple in acting thus; but let them put their hands upon their hearts and say they have never acted in a similar manner, ere they throw their stony sneers at the farmer.

Mr. Cheethall engaged a building, pleasantly situated near a ditch, and approached by a fine specimen of a natural road, provided materials, got together some toy-makers, took on several clerks and inspectors, and installed himself as superintendent.

The system of proceeding was excellent. Everything was done systematically. Mr. Cheethall superintended the whole at a large salary. The inspectors saw that all did their tasks correctly; and the clerks kept accurate account of all the work done, and all the money expended, and moreover they did this on an entirely new plan, having plenty of newly-invented account-books, which, as Mr. Cheethall said, made everything clear as soon as comprehended.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, the concern did not prosper. "We must make a dash," said Mr. Cheethall, who now wore clothes on which "the newest gloss" *was* observable; "we must undersell the other toy-makers, get a roaring trade, and then—raise our prices!"

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Mills, and the thing was done.

Now, indeed, the goods began to sell; but, unfortunately, for every ten pounds received twelve pounds were expended. "Never mind," said Mr. Cheethall, cheerily, for he bore all with philosophic composure; "never mind, the system of management will eventually succeed. The management is the main thing, it will support everything else." If the management did not do this, everything seemed to go to the support of the management, which, perhaps, was the real meaning of Mr. Cheethall's words, for your great men always speak enigmatically. The management was always supported, and Mr. Cheethall's hopes of success being placed in that, he did not care much for any ill-fortune in other directions.

CHAPTER XIII.

DETAILETH A MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHILOSOPHICAL TETE-A-TETE RESPECTING LOVE; RELATETH HOW MR. TURNUS TEASED AND PUZZLED THE PHILOSOPHERS; AND CONTAINETH OTHER CURIOUS MATTERS.

FROM a rather peculiar circumstance, we are unable to give an account of the papers read at the second meeting of the association; we have all those papers before us, and yet we cannot state their contents. The fact is, we have them in the writing of their authors, and such a collection of caligraphic specimens we never saw before! There is a bold originality in every letter, a thorough contempt of conventional rules, which is quite enchanting, and but for one drawback, there could not be a more interesting and beautiful bundle of MSS. in existence—you cannot read a line! If the reader is not very unreasonable, he will allow this to be a valid excuse on our part for not informing him of the nature of the memoirs. Let us therefore pass to the next matter.

Ardent as were the philosophers who assembled in the museum in the cause of science, they were quite as ardent in attending the call to supper in the dining and drawing-rooms; for the company being numerous, the two rooms, with a reckless disregard to the damage which might be done, were "thrown into one."

It may appear rather surprising to some people, who cannot conceive that two persons of different sexes, and unengaged, can possibly meet without a mutual passion arising, that Davy, considering the moral and physical beauties of Miss Xantippe Blewish, had not yet been captivated by that lady. But we have some crumbs of comfort for these people. If Davy was not smitten with the lady, the lady was smitten with him, so that in this we meet them halfway, and grant them a portion of their demands. We may farther remark, that Davy had not seen the lady sufficiently often to have discovered all her estimable qualities, and all the various beauties of her person; and we have little doubt that had a friendly intercourse existed for any long period between them, Davy would at last have fallen a willing victim to her blandishments; but, alas! on this very evening, a rupture occurred—a rupture which every one of a philosophical temperament must regret; for if that illustrious pair had been bound by the holy bands of matrimony, we might have looked for the most glorious results—numbers of splendid treatises springing from the combined mental efforts of the learned couple, and—we might have hoped—a real philosophic progeny, trained up in the paths and ways of science and wisdom, and fitted to illume the present darkness of the world!

By some error, the hungry pursuers of knowledge adjourned their meeting too soon to the supper-rooms, for when they descended

from the museum the repast was not ready; and at this Mr. Dreamy was very angry, which Miss Blewish observing, drew him into one of the window-recesses to mollify his ire, and have a little conversation.

"I have been reading a very curious book to-day, Mr. Dreamy," said the lady, "and make free to ask your opinion respecting it—but, la! I hardly know how to state the subject to you," she continued, looking rather confused.

"You may state anything philosophically, Miss Blewish," said Davy, smiling.

"Yes, Mr. Dreamy, precisely so; the book I spoke of says, that love is the greatest blessing of mankind. I have been thinking on the *philosophy* of the assertion, Mr. Dreamy."

"That is the way to think of it," said Davy.

"I think the assertion is true; love—but, bless me! I'm speaking very freely I am afraid."

"Oh, never mention that, my dear Miss Blewish," said Davy, his thoughts wandering from the supper to the association, "*we* speak freely to each other."

Miss Blewish's blood mounted to her cheeks, and her heart palpitated very much. "My dear Miss Blewish," "*we* speak freely;" what could he mean?

"We know that love is powerful," continued Davy, starting into that didactical strain which had now become quite natural to him; "*we* know that love is powerful, *we* know that it is pleasurable—our experience tells us this——"

"La! Mr. Dreamy, don't speak so loud," said the blushing fair one, whisperingly.

"Why not, Miss Blewish? every member of the association must be aware of it."

"Now, really, Mr. Dreamy, you have not been so weak as to tell them all?" remonstrated the lady.

"Told them? Oh no! I hav'n't told them yet, but I shall, and I think I shall read them a paper on it, too. For the heart——"

"Bless me! really now—well—is it possible?" exclaimed Miss Blewish, under her breath.

"I shall make it quite public by means of the association," continued Davy, half musingly; "I shall then publish it."

"Goodness me! Mr. Dreamy, you will not tell everything so fully?" said the lady, becoming uneasy.

"Why not, Miss Blewish? will it not interest the public?"

"Oh, certainly; such a thing does not often occur. Learned people are not so very plentiful, that is, persons who can speak of love philosophically," observed the fairer speaker, crimsoning.

"Thank you, my dear Miss Blewish," exclaimed Davy, growing warm, "thank you for the compliment. I see *we* can appreciate one another's merits."

"Oh, what a delightful man!" remarked Miss Blewish—to herself; and then her respect for our relative could hardly find words

to express itself. "Mr. Dreamy," she said, "I know not how to tell you how much I—I respect you, and—and admire you, Mr. Dreamy; excuse me, my—deep feelings!" and she put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes.

"Miss Blewish!" exclaimed Davy, with philosophic warmth, leaning over to the lady, and bending rather down, as if about to descend upon his knees, "allow me at this delightful, this proud moment of my life to——"

"Mr. Dreamy! remember where we are—pray, Sir,——"

"Supper is ready, Sir," announced the footman; and Davy led Miss Blewish to the table, she blushing like a rose, if a rose could be supposed to possess a good many tints, which it does not.

During supper, Mr. Theery, a political economist, with a green-coloured face, short sight, and ungainly body, paid Miss Blewish a great many attentions, keeping up a brilliant conversation, and the lady (who repeatedly glanced at Davy) seemed to be highly delighted with his remarks and politeness. Davy beheld this with approving eyes; and when he had a favourable opportunity told Miss Blewish, in a very philosophical manner, that he was rejoiced to observe that she and Mr. Theery were so much delighted with each other, for he thought a better matched pair for producing comfort and happiness he had never seen. This declaration was made with so much real politeness, feeling, and candour, and there was such an evident absence of any other feeling than gladness at the happiness of two friends, that the lady addressed saw at once that it was sincere.

For some seconds Miss Blewish was confused, but on recovering she told Davy, that Mr. Theery raised no tender emotion in her breast; and then she glanced at the green face of the gentleman, but turned away her gaze instantly. Davy said he was sorry to hear this, and hoped Miss Blewish would excuse his forwardness; but amongst such philosophical friends as they, it was excusable. The lady shortly afterwards retired, and wept much, and talked a good deal to herself, when she reached home.

A few days after this, Davy and Turnus dined with Dr. Seebright. The company present included many members of the Association.

The entertainment which Dr. Seebright had provided, plainly showed that he was not one of those dry skin-and-bone depositories of knowledge, who think that food clogs the intellect, but rather a follower of that doctrine which asserts that food is meant for man, and man intended to consume it.

Those vigorous demolishers of huge joints and every other edible thing, and who look neither to the right nor to the left in taking their food, will perhaps be surprised when we tell them that there was an incessant and animated conversation carried on during dinner. Nay—but they might have choked themselves. Pooh! pooh! who ever heard of a philosopher choking himself?

"Mr. Wunvew," said Dr. Seebright, "you will take some fish?"

The gentleman assented; but when he had his plate placed before him he stared earnestly at its contents.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Wunvew?" asked the host, uneasily.

"Oh, no, nothing," answered Mr. Wunvew, lifting up his head; "I was only thinking that if we were not denaturalized, we should relish a lump of blubber quite as much as this fish which I have before me."

"Indeed," said Dr. Seebright, drily; "perhaps you would like to try such a dish now?"

"I should have no objection," said the other, boldly, "for we have only to *think* the blubber as good as this fish, and we shall consider it excellent."

"Very clear, that," said Turnus.

"Well, unfortunately, I have no blubber in the house," said the host, who a moment before looked very vexed; "but you can put your principles to the test another way—here, Charles, put some currant jelly, Indian pickles, cream, brandy, mustard, and castard, on Mr. Wunvew's fish." This being done, amidst the smiles of some, and the grins of the operator, Dr. Seebright continued, "Now, Sir, according to your view, that compound ought to be delightful; for my own part, I am no convert to your doctrine."

"My doctrine, Sir, is a correct one, and I contend that all things spring from an universal principle, and therefore are all alike."

"Then you have no objection to eating that fish as it is now prepared."

The eyes of all the company were turned upon Mr. Wunvew, and that individual began to eat with great good will, managing to swallow three mouthfuls of the incongruous mixture. He then very coolly stopped short, took a large draught of water, and said with an astounding air,

"I have gone thus far, Dr. Seebright, to show that my principles are correct; but I must decline eating any more of the fish for this reason—Nature intended that we should eat only one thing at a time, and, therefore, it is not right to test my theory by mixing many things together."

Whilst Mr. Turnus was laughing, Mr. Mills grinning, and others smiling, Mr. Wunvew took some fish with only the usual, unnatural additions.

"It strikes me very forcibly," said Dr. Worshipone, who often contrived to speak of a subject when every one else had dropt it, "it strikes me very forcibly," said he, laying down his fork, "that there is a deal of truth in Mr. Wunvew's theory with regard to food, for we find Bacon entertains some opinions very analogous to Mr Wunvew's; he tells us, and thus deeply impresses us with his vast knowledge, that 'whatever is a little ungrateful at first (as food), is rendered grateful by custom;' and therefore I don't see why we should not relish blubber very much if we accustomed ourselves to it," and the speaker looked very wise.

"To be sure, Sir, to be sure," said Mr. Wunvew; "I am glad you agree with me, Dr. Worshipone, and I begin to have a great respect for Bacon."

When the cloth was removed Mr. Turnus addressed Dr. Worshipone, and said that he presumed, from what he had heard from the Doctor, that Bacon must have been an universal genius.

"He was, Sir, he was a proficient in all the knowledge of his time, and a great deal more besides."

"That he knew everything interesting to a philosopher I do not doubt; but I presume he was not acquainted with every species of knowledge, for some kinds it were unseemly for a philosopher to know."

"Psha! Sir," replied the Doctor, lifting up his head, and staring Turnus in the face, "I tell you he knew everything."

"Was he acquainted with all that was sordid and low, and did he put it forth in his works?"

"He did, Sir, he did!" returned Dr. Worshipone, wrathfully.

"Did he speak of that which was disgusting and filthy?"

"Of course he did, Sir, of course—he knew everything."

"Did he know how to cringe, and fawn, and flatter—did he know how to forsake a friend——to recommend lying to gain an advantage——"

"I tell you, Mr. Turnus," said Dr. Worshipone, sternly, "that he was acquainted with all these things."

"But surely, Sir, he was not conversant with, and did not discourse on, things paltry and trifling?"

"And why not, Sir, why not? where's my secretary, he'll bear me witness——"

"Nay, Sir, don't trouble yourself so much, I am ready to believe you. And yet I can hardly bring myself to believe that his works contain all things—for instance, indecency."

"There you are wrong again, Sir, for they do contain some of that. Are you satisfied now, Sir?"

"Nearly; one question more—do they contain any absolute fookery?"

"Of course they do," said the Doctor, triumphantly.

"I am satisfied," said Turnus, smiling.

"Pray, Dr. Worshipone," said Dr. Seebright, "have your warts yet disappeared?"

"No, they have not," he replied, looking at his hands; "and I am astonished at it, for I have closely followed the Baconian method of cure."

"Ha! how is that performed?" said Turnus; "by cutting them off, or by cauterizing, or——"

"No, Sir, quite another way; if the company has no objection I will state it."

"Oh, pray do, Dr. Worshipone," said Miss Mogg, who had been attentively listening to the discourse.

"Well, I will. Take a piece of fat bacon."

"Very fat?" enquired Turnus, taking a note of the means of cure, and every now and then stuffing his pencil-case half down his throat—why, we know not.

"Yes, very fat. Rub the warts with the bacon."

"The fat or the rind?" enquired Turnus.

"The fat, Sir. Then nail the bacon, with the fat outermost, to a wall, with a southern aspect, exposed to the heat of the sun. As the sun melts the bacon, the warts will decrease, and when all the fat of the bacon is gone, the warts will have departed. It is an excellent remedy."

"Has it removed your warts, Sir?" enquired Turnus.

"No, not exactly," replied Dr. Worshipone, rather confused.

"How is that?"

"In the first place the sun is not sufficiently powerful here, perhaps, for Bacon tried it abroad, and very likely I shall go to Naples purposely to test this remedy; but the fact is, in my case, some hungry cat stole the bacon from the wall—the wretch!"

"I shall never like a cat for the future," observed Dr. Seebright.

"Bacon's method of cure is evidently founded on the principle of universalism," remarked Mr. Wunvew; "for he holds bacon and warts to be in reality the same, and thus while the bacon melts the warts melt, for the warts are in fact bacon, quite as much as the bacon is the same as warts."

"Of course," returned Turnus; "but an idea strikes me that may lead to something; is it absolutely necessary that the bacon be melted by the sun? would not the same effect be produced by frizzling it in a frying-pan?"

"Very likely," said Dr. Seebright, smiling.

"That never occurred to me," observed Dr. Worshipone; "I'll make a point of trying the experiment, Mr. Turnus."

"Do, Sir."

During the evening, Mr. Turnus casually observed that it was very curious that one end of the table should be two ends. This remark would not have attracted any attention, for the philosophers began very charitably to despise Turnus, had not a deaf old gentleman asked him what he said, and having thus to repeat it in a louder tone, it attracted the attention of Mr. Wunvew, who asked for an explanation.

"It is a subject," said Turnus, with great pomposity, and stretching out his right hand—"it is a subject of great interest, and capable of producing the most refined speculations, and therefore I introduce it in this company; and I hope every lady and gentleman will pay particular attention to the terms of the proposition, which are as follow—I assert that this end of the table (striking it with his forefinger) is the other end of the table. Some of those around me will be better able to explain this than I am."

There was silence for some minutes, and Mr. Wunvew was the first to break it.

"Insomuch," said he, "as that everything is the same, and,

consequently, that one thing is like another thing, in fact, that one thing is another thing, by being the same, so this end of the table may be said to be the other, being in substance the same. But still in common language we do not speak thus."

"In common language!" exclaimed Turnus, indignantly, "you forget, Sir, that philosophers never use common language."

"Very true," affirmed Davy.

"I have no doubt," said Mr. Môltipliire, "there are means of calculation by which the assertion of Mr. Turnus could be simplified and explained. Perhaps that is the way in which he proves it?"

"Oh, no, Sir," answered Turnus, "that is not the way."

"Perhaps Mr. Turnus expounds it thus," observed another of the company; "this table is very probably made out of the wood of one tree—"

"It is so," said Dr. Seebright.

"Well, then, that is granted; the germ of this tree was of such a size that Mr. Turnus might have put his finger upon it and covered it, and when the tree had grown up to be the pride of the forest, it was only the germ enlarged; and thus Mr. Turnus may truly say when he lays his finger on one end of the table, that it is the other."

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed the company.

"It is not the correct explanation, however," said Turnus.

This put the company into a ferment—what could be the right explanation? All the philosophers were confounded, the light of Science "paled her uneffectual fires" before the exulting glow of the eye of Turnus, and Wisdom began to doubt its infallibility.

"I know it!" exclaimed one of the learned party, in high glee, "Mr. Turnus will prove it by the power of logic—we shall not believe him, but, nevertheless, we shall not be able to confute his arguments."

"O noble power!" exclaimed Dr. Seebright.

After a few moments had transpired without any farther explanations being offered, Mr. Turnus rose from his seat, and, pointing to the end of the table farthest from him, said,

"That end of the table is one end, and this end," striking the table, "is the other end of the table—I have proved my assertion."

The speaker sat down; and those present knew not whether to be angry or merry, but Mr. Mills laughing very heartily, the rest followed so good an example.

In the latter part of the evening, when a general conversation was being carried on, one who was present, a relative of Dr. Seebright, mentioned that he had that day become acquainted with a case of suffering of the most poignant description. This declaration put the company into great commotion; and the ladies begged him to tell them all about it, if it were very horrible.

"I was going through Whitechapel this morning," said Mr. Seebright, "when I observed a poor little boy, apparently seven or eight years old, crying bitterly; I immediately asked what ailed him? The child answered me in a foreign tongue and with a

piteous look. I thought I was acquainted with the language; and speaking to him again, I found it was Italian, of which I knew somewhat, having studied it five or six years ago. By dint of asking the poor child as many questions as I could muster, and making out his answers as well as I could, I found that his mother was dying of starvation in a street near at hand."

The company shuddered, and Davy wiped the dust from his eyes.

"I went with the poor child to his home—home! God knows it deserved not the name—and gave such assistance as I could at the moment, and thought I would mention the circumstance to those who are better able to relieve distress than I am myself; if I don't succeed in this, all I can give shall go to the wretched family, whose tale I am not yet fully acquainted with, ere they shall starve in a strange land!"

The young man stopped short, and the company began expatiating on the excellence of humanity.

"Surely," said one, "such a case will meet with commiseration from the wealthy; I wish I were able to give assistance."

"Any one whose heart does not bleed for these unhappy creatures, is devoid of humanity," added another.

Far be it from us to decide in a case of such intricacy; but we cannot discern any good likely to result to unfortunates by persons bleeding their hearts, though we know in this we are opposed by the majority of mankind.

When the person who had asserted, by implication, the excellence of the act, had ceased, a lady affirmed "That such a creature was only fit to be execrated."

"Bacon observes that 'there are many writings, both philosophical and theological, that elegantly and copiously bewail the human miseries,'" observed Dr. Worshipone; "and he adds, what is exceedingly true, that 'it is an agreeable and wholesome topic.'"

"To assist our fellow-creatures is our first duty," said a lady, who had once cried for a whole day after giving a beggar half-a-crown, in mistake for a halfpenny.

In this strain many of the company expressed their sentiments; for in the matter of charity talking of its excellence often gives as much relief (if not to the sufferers) to the "o'erfraught heart" as pulling out a purse can, and is a much less expensive balm. Unhappily, Davy had uttered none of those fine sentiments which are considered by good judges as the very essence of charity; and this apathy gave Miss Blewish an opportunity of observing, with a toss of the head, that "Some persons were so callous to misery that they could not spare even a word of sorrow when they heard instances of it related."

"Very true, my dear," observed an old lady, looking daggers at Turnus, who had not uttered a word; "very true; indeed, I detest such creatures, they are so unnatural."

"Yes, Madam," rejoined Miss Blewish, "they have none of the feelings of their kind. I am glad I am not such a person."

"We ought to rejoice at it, Miss Blewish. But is it not time to depart?"

This being assented to, the company soon after broke up, after the ladies and gentlemen had—"Subscribed largely for the poor foreigners," says the happy reader. "Oh, no, good Sir—after they had bid one another "Good night!"

When most of the company had departed, Davy and Turnus took Mr. Seebright aside, and arranged with him that on the morrow they would meet him at the wretched abode of the Italians. Dr. Twinkle hearing this, begged to be allowed to be one of the party, to which, of course, the others assented. Mr. Seebright informed the gentlemen, that Messrs. Theery and Mills would not be behind hand in helping the distressed, neither would his brother, though they had all been rather backward in exhibiting sickly sentimentality. At this remark Davy smiled—'twas a smile more in sorrow than in scorn.

After these arrangements had been made, the several contracting parties separated, each with a consciousness of having done, or resolved to do, his duty.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAVY JOURNEYS INTO THE CITY, VISITS A NEW SCENE, AND HAS SOME UNPLEASANT ADVENTURES WITH THE CHILDREN (AND ALSO THE GROWN-UP PEOPLE) OF ISRAEL.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning, Dr. Twinkle, Mr. Turnus, and Davy left the house of the latter to visit the distressed family in Whitechapel; and, the day being very fine, they preferred walking, though the space they had to traverse was considerable, especially to such gentlemen as Davy and Twinkle.

We say, to such persons as Davy and Dr. Twinkle, for though to them a journey, it would be to others but "a step." There is a vast difference between the walking powers of your sedentary philosopher and your regular town tramper, who steps over "the stones" almost as expeditiously as if he possessed the seven-league-power walking appendages of a certain huge gentleman well-known to us in our years of childhood. Dr. Twinkle was unused to walking long distances, neither was his "build" very well suited to pedestrian efforts; and therefore in passing through Cheapside he was more roughly used by "the excited mob," as he called the current of human beings, than was altogether pleasant. Ah! there is a philosophy necessary in walking the streets of London, which your learned doctor does not include within the budget of his knowledge. Observe that young man with the dandyish dress and swellish air

who bustles along so quickly; he has a chain round his middle, to the end of which is fastened a huge pocket-book containing papers of the value of thousands sterling; look at him—see how he twirls and twists through the crowd—darts in here, between the heavily-laden porter and the old gentleman, and rushes out there flanked by one of the swell mob and a butcher-boy; he never knocks against anybody, and nobody knocks against him, for he glides through the human stream like an eel, avoiding every obstacle, generally keeping the pavement, but occasionally jumping into the road, or putting one foot into the kennel and the other on the curb, and proceeding thus for a few yards till he regains the centre of the footway. Then, again, see him cross a road blocked up by carts and coaches—there he goes! under a horse's head, squeezes between a wagon and another horse, tugs a donkey out of his path, twists round a truck, and lands upon the pavement! He's at one end of the town at one hour, and before the clock chimes a-new, whisk! he's at the other; you meet him here, there, and everywhere; narrow lanes, blind allies, secluded squares, and mercantile courts—he visits them all,—but only for a moment,—and, in a word, he is for ever on the move, and always in a hurry! These are your men for "getting on" in the way of walking through crowded streets; and Dr. Twinkle was much inconvenienced from not knowing so much as they in this respect, wide as the circle of his knowledge otherwise was.

When they arrived at Cornhill, Mr. Turnus led the way through the old Royal Exchange. There were very few persons in the quadrangle, and these listlessly walked to and fro, leant against the pillars, or sat upon the benches which ran round the wall, and were under cover, the portico protecting the sitters from either sun or rain. The business of the day had not yet commenced.

"What a number of bills and boards!" said Dr. Twinkle, looking round.

"Yes," said Turnus; "you will find there cures for all ailments, ships to all countries, utensils for all uses, schools for all children, and food for all tastes. There is a handsome revenue derived from these boards and bills."

"Revenue?" said Davy.

"Oh, yes, everything here is bought and sold, and the walls are let out at so much a foot."

"Indeed!"

"I am telling the truth."

The party stood in the centre of the court, and looked at the statues.

"You can find much more amusing things to look at here," said Turnus, "than those statues—the fancy sculptors have varied their phisogs a little to be sure, but the variety up there," pointing to the stone semblances, "is as nothing to that to be observed below."

"How so?" enquired Davy.

"I have often stood at one of the entrances to the 'Change of an

afternoon, to observe the vast variety of human form and countenance, dress and gait, in the worshippers of Plutus, who flock hither from every quarter of this vast city and every region of the earth. Here is the sedate, yet dandy Quaker, the Turk and the Christian, the Jew and the Dissenter, looking sourly, yet eagerly, as if he saw money to be clutched. Young and old rush in here, all animated by one object—love of money;—the young man pushes in full of life and hopes of wealth, conjoined with happiness, whilst he is reproved by the old one, on the verge of the grave, fortified by spencer and great coat, overalls and mittens, who quickens his tottering step as the temple of his early devotions rises to his sight, and, whilst life ebbs rapidly away, seeks to grasp more of that which has never yet given him anything approaching to pure enjoyment.

"In truth, if you stand at an entrance to this building for an hour during the afternoon, you may see much of human life, and trace many a deep and stirring tale in the faces of the throng. Hard-grained avarice, and generous poverty—the gay speculator with not twenty pounds of his own, and the man of millions—those who dupe and those who are duped—may be seen all on an equality. As much reckless gambling is carried on as anywhere, and he who yesterday was 'a prosperous gentleman,' to-day is a beggar. But I am getting sentimental—and that you won't like."

Both gentlemen said they liked Mr. Turnus's remarks very much.

"Well, a truce with them at present; but now we are here, we will go and hear the chanters."

"Who are they?" asked Twinkle.

"You shall see and hear," replied Turnus, walking on.

Going out of the Exchange, they walked on a few steps, and then mounted a great many stone stairs, which at length brought them to a number of doors swinging either way, and passing through two or three of these, the gentlemen found themselves in a very large room, fitted up with boxes and tables like a coffee-house, and filled by a great many gentlemen.

As they entered, an individual in a scarlet gown sang out in a peculiar manner "Thomas Wilson!" some one, farther inland, repeated "Thomas Wilson!" and "Thomas Wilson!" "Thomas Wilson!" being repeated by other persons, Mr. T. Wilson was made acquainted with the fact that he was wanted, and came to the public end of the apartment, which was divided from the rest by a low partition.

A clerk now rushed through the swinging doors, and hastening to the person in the scarlet dress, made known his wants; upon which he in the flaming attire opened his mouth very wide and chanted "Theophilus Muggletop!" "Theophilus Muggletop!" another person repeated; and for ten minutes the air was musical with calls for "Theophilus Muggletop;" but the person possessed of that excellent name not then appearing, the clerk rushed out as rapidly as he rushed in. Other enquirers arrived, and other names were called out.

"These are what you call the chanters, I suppose?" remarked Davy.

"Yes," replied Turnus, "and the one in red is the chief chanter."

Rightly conceiving that three gentlemen standing in a place of business, where they had no business, was an intrusion, Davy and his friends soon departed, and proceeding down Threadneedle-street, the quiet Broad-streets, through Bishopsgate Church-yard, they entered Bishopsgate-street.

"I have brought you this way," said Turnus, "to show you a scene which, perhaps, you never beheld before."

Davy and Dr. Twinkle admitted that they knew very little of the East-end of the town.

"You are at present," said Turnus, as they crossed the road, "in the land of the Christians, but in a few minutes you will enter the domains of the Children of Israel."

Proceeding a little farther along the street, they turned down a narrow lane, and before they had proceeded thirty paces they found that they were leaving the land of the Gentiles, for they already observed several shops with old gowns, ribands, and bonnets, exhibited at the doors, but still they were, as yet, few in number; the lane was a kind of border-land, neither nation predominating, containing the outposts of either race, with their appropriate ensigns, and preparing the traveller for entering a region possessed by a different people, with peculiar manners and customs. When they arrived at the termination of the lane the scene burst upon them like "Solomon in all his glory!" They had departed from the paths of common life, and entered upon one, to them, new and interesting.

Through the middle of each narrow street and lane a stream of filthy water, loaded with fish-entrails and such like matters, was slowly moving along, and in endeavouring to avoid the mud which lay spread in every direction, Dr. Twinkle stepped into one of these miniature Thames, and, caoutchouc shoes being then unknown, got his feet "wet through;" escaping from this misery he met another, for a couple of ladies in very dirty caps were engaged in shaking an old bed-ticking, distributing the feathers and dust in a most impartial manner, nearly choking the Doctor, and half smothering Davy. Emerging from this canopy they looked about them.

On either side of the lane or street are windowless shops, in which are exposed to sale old specimens of every article produced by human industry, each thing being as dirty as it can possibly be; there you will be sure to find anything you may want, provided you do not require it to be new or clean, from an old key to a bedstead, from a crowbar to a coat, from a jewel (made of coloured glass and set in pinchbeck) to a wash-hand basin, from—in fact *every* thing, and more than that you cannot say. To be sure some things predominate; bedding, old iron, rags, and dirt are in excess; clothes of all sorts and sizes are a staple; and boots, shoes, and the component parts of boots and shoes are remarkably abundant. All

day long young and middle-aged ladies, with peculiar shaped noses, brilliant eyes, faces usually dirty, and dresses very slovenly or very gay, stand at the shop-doors, or talk with their opposite neighbours; and at the stalls old Jews with shrivelled countenances glare on all who approach, and endeavour to sell their wares. At the corners of streets, conveniently situated near the kennel, women stand with baskets of fish, for which there is a large demand. Towards the afternoon the mart becomes crowded: men, women, and children, who have been buying and bartering all the morning, arrive in crowds; the stalls are set out, the shops filled, the roadway choked up, the mud increased in quantity and its plastic nature improved, the streams stirred and dashed about, the jabbering of the throng is raised to an awful pitch, the sale of fish is considerable, the dirty men who walk about with olives in jars sell them very rapidly, and a great deal of business is transacted.

The pavement being narrow and the road occupied by the flood, Davy and his companions were obliged to scramble along in the best way they could. They had not proceeded far before the houses on one side terminated, and the high wall of a large building took their place: on the pavement fronting this were many small stalls—some with old iron, some with books, some with crockery, and some with clothes; but what attracted the attention of the peregrinators most was a jewellery stall, on which was exhibited a gay collection of those precious metals and brilliants for the manufacture of which the tribes of Judah are so justly famed.

"Vell, Sare, vhat 'ull yer py?" asked a little Jew with a shrivelled countenance and portentous nose, who was filing-up some "real gold" trinket—"Vhat 'ull yer py?" said he, to Twinkle, who was closely eyeing the articles, with a laudable curiosity.

"Oh, nothing!" replied Twinkle, with a "hem!"

"Then vhat ish yer looking at 'em so for?" asked the Jew, with asperity.

Now, we should inform the reader, that Petticoat-lane had been already considerably excited by the appearance of two stout gentlemen well dressed, the one in black and the other in brown, and a thin one in sable garments; and, whether from the inhabitants not being in the habit of seeing philosophical or well-dressed Christians in their precincts, or from some other occult cause, certain it was, they looked on the intruders with unfavourable eyes. Therefore, when the little Jew addressed Twinkle as above, a great many of the natives came flocking round, and thus Twinkle and Davy were very much annoyed, and Turnus rather diverted.

"Got tam yer!" shrieked the Jew, rising in energy, as those of his nation came round him, "vy do yer squint so at my shewellery, ay?"

Now, as Doctor Twinkle had not squinted, of course he could make no answer.

"Give him a bucket of water," said a lady in a very dirty cap and face to match.

"Punch his head for him!" suggested a valiant young Jew.

"Pin a dishclout to his tail," interjected an old beldame with a parrot's beak, and a demoniacal cast of countenance.

"Roll him in the gutter," said a boy, pressing forward as a volunteer.

Whilst the old Jew and jeweller was considering which of these things it would be most advisable to do, Turnus pushed through the crowd and addressed it.

"Do you know the tax-gatherer?"

The whole body retired several paces.

"Ah! I see you do—and so do I. You are rather backward some of you, I think," he continued, laying his right forefinger in his left hand. No one denied the 'soft impeachment.' "As you don't like to be troubled by my friend, don't trouble us, that's all," and he dilated his form and put on a haughty look. The Jews and Jewesses gave way.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Twinkle, "how you frightened them!"

"'Knowledge is Power,'" said Turnus, sententiously. "These people care for no one but the tax-gatherer; if any other individual come within their dominions on an unpleasant errand, they rise in a body and expel the invader."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Davy, smiling.

"Fact!" said Turnus, solemnly.

They had now arrived at the end of the large building, and turned down another street, at the corner of which stood a Jewess very busy frying some small pieces of fish, over a little fire placed on a table, and some hungry-looking swarthy young gentlemen were viewing the operation with great satisfaction.

"A great deal of fried fish here," remarked Davy.

"Immense!" returned Turnus; "fried-fish shops and cat's-meat warehouses are the principal provision stores of the neighbourhood. We can't see one to advantage without having some fish; so we'll step into the first we come to, and observe the process."

The Doctor and Davy assented, although they would have liked the proposition just as well if the eating portion had been omitted.

"Ah! here we are! as the clown says;" and Turnus lugged his friends into a frying-house.

Behind a small, and not over-clean, counter, on which were various dishes of fried-fish, was a young and pretty Jewess (rather heated by the fire), engaged with a large frying-pan in cooking pieces of fish, which she first dipped into a mixture of yolk of eggs and flour, and then put into the pan in which was a considerable quantity of oil; the fire-place or furnace, was rudely constructed, resembling those made in the streets for melting lead, being formed of a number of bricks, something like a well, but filled up to the top with ignited fuel on which the pan was placed.

Whilst Davy and Twinkle were viewing these things, Turnus exclaimed—"Now, my dear, some of your best cookery—just a snack!"

The Jewess, thinking herself highly honoured by such company,

did not enquire whether they were orthodox, and soon supplied her visitors with the required food, which all declared to be very good, though served-up "in a somewhat natural manner," as Twinkle said; but whether he would have liked his food presented in an unnatural way, as some prefer, we know not.

Turnus having given the Jewess a shilling, and received her thanks by way of change, the gentlemen sallied out.

Now, while they had been in the fish-shop, there had been three or four mischievous boys standing outside and watching them, and, whether they conceived that Dr. Twinkle, having wiped his mouth after his repast had no farther occasion for his handkerchief, or whether a mere love of gain prompted them, they resolved to ease him of it.

The three gentlemen paused to look at a number of chairs, tables, boards, and tressels which were arranged along the wall of the large building; and Turnus explaining that on these Industry would spread its stores in the after part of the day, Davy instantly quoted the poet—

> "All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
> "Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
> "Delightful"—

and this being deemed "an eligible opportunity," one of the youthful Hebrews inserted two of his fingers into the coat-pocket of Dr. Twinkle, and then, very naturally, began to withdraw them when he discovered that he had them in an improper place, but somehow or other one end of the handkerchief got between the two finger-ends of the Hebrew, and so it followed when he withdrew them. Alas, for the vanity of all human hopes! at that moment Dr. Twinkle felt his "real India" moving, and instantly turned round and collared the delinquent—we say "collared," because that is the usual term; but as the lad had no coat on, and his waistcoat was minus any collar-like appendage, Dr. Twinkle was obliged to catch hold of what he could. Davy, in this resembling many other profound people, liked "combined movements," so he seized another of the party; and Mr. Turnus, following up the principle, wheeled round and observed which way the third boy ran.

"I a'n't done nothin', Sir," said Davy's prisoner.

"You are a young rascal," said his captor.

"No, Sir, I'm er honest lad—a tailor by trade."

"Let him go," said Twinkle, "he hasn't done anything."

Davy allowed the young gentleman to depart, and he repaid this kindness by running to assist the third lad in collecting a crowd about our friends. A good number of—not a number of good—Jews had already gathered together, and began to show their zeal—zeal never does discriminate—for the Hebrew faith, by applying certain uncivil epithets to the captor of one of their persuasion. Some gathered up handsful of mud, others turned up the cuffs of their coats (when they were possessed of both), and the women made

a threatening movement armed with toasting-forks and other unpleasant weapons.

"Where is there a constable?" asked Twinkle.

"A constable!" echoed the mob, with a mixed grin and laugh.

"A consthable, my dear, we never haves no consthables here," observed a smart lady, with a kind of bag hung before her, full of clothes and old shoes: at her speech there was another laugh.

"Levy, love," said a smiling damsel to a young man standing near her, "be so good as to fetch a constable for the gentleman—if you can get one to come;" and here the facetious assembly roared again.

"Very provoking!" muttered Davy.

"Can't I get a constable?" enquired Twinkle, with indignant looks.

"I'll hold him, Sir, while you fetch one," volunteered an indidual, whom you would have picked out if you had wanted to discover for the possession of how small a sum a man would become a thief.

"Who'll fetch me a constable for a shilling?" demanded Twinkle.

"I—I—I"—exclaimed a good half hundred.

"Don't be foolish," said Turnus, in the Doctor's ear; "they'll never let that boy go from here—let him go."

"Monstrous!" said Twinkle; "the laws must be executed—crime prevented."

"Let him go!" said Turnus, aloud.

"Ay, ay, that's right!" exclaimed the assembly; "the gen'leman's quite right!"

"Then, be off with you! you young rascal!" said Twinkle, setting the boy free, first giving him a shake, to which the recipient made no particular objection; "and learn some more honest way of getting your living."

The boy retreated as quietly as possible, the crowd separated, and some persons shook hands with Turnus, and swore he was "a good fellow."

It is a rather curious circumstance, that individuals are always termed "good fellows" when they have done something obliging: an atheist is a "good fellow," when he assists a modern saint; a swindler is a "good fellow," when he pays an honest tradesman with the proceeds of other people's property; a thief is a "good fellow," when he robs your neighbour, yet touches you not; a riotous noble is a "good fellow," when he plays the devil with everyone else, yet pays the landlord; the destroyer of female innocence is a "good fellow" with his boon companions; and the vilest of mankind are all "good fellows," at particular times and with particular people.

Having settled this little affair, the gentlemen walked on, and presently beheld a new sight. In the middle of the road, spread on the stones, was a large quantity of linen and cotton articles, around which stood some twenty or thirty persons, turning over the collection, and selecting such things as they wished to purchase.

A Terrible asking for a Constable in the land of Israel.

"This is a curious place," remarked Turnus.

"It is indeed," said Davy.

"See here;" said the first speaker, leading his friends into another street or lane.

Lying partly on the narrow pavement, partly in the road, was a large heap of old boots and shoes, some mouldy, and all appearing quite worn out, the soles hardly adhering to what were once upper-leathers, and in some cases the upper-leathers and soles being quite distinct, and even fractions of these parts were mixed with the more perfect. The hues of the articles were various, but a delicate mouldy colour predominated, whilst that tint called "rusty" came next on the scale.

"What on earth can they do with this rubbish?" asked Twinkle, turning to Mr. Turnus.

"I can't say precisely—but it is all turned to account; there is not a piece wasted."

"Then these people," observed Davy, "are more industrious, careful, and ingenious than any other race."

"So they are—in what is called 'vamping-up' articles; all these old shoes and boots will be used as materials, and a considerable part in the place of new, and that's ingenious, at any rate."

"Humph!" muttered Davy.

Having satisfied their curiosity, the gentlemen retraced their steps along the street in which the industrious Jew-boy had wished to disencumber Dr. Twinkle of what he (the Hebrew) deemed a superfluous weight, and turning the corner into Petticoat-lane they proceeded towards Whitechapel.

"Do you see that?" said Turnus, pointing to a little ragged urchin who was sitting on the curb-stone, with his stock-in-trade spread on a dirty rag—the said stock being a number of worn upper and under-leathers of shoes and boots. "That lad has the spirit of his tribe—ere he dies he may stand as one of the 'pillars' of the Stock Exchange."

"May be," said Davy, quietly, with a smile.

"Such things have happened before," remarked Turnus.

"Here is a new wonder," said Twinkle, pointing to a laden dust-cart which preceded them; "one would suppose there would be nothing to fill a dust-cart from a place like this, where everything appears to be used."

"It's a feint," said Turnus, with a wink, "they engaged it to come through here to deceive the rest of the neighbourhood.'

The others smiled.

CHAPTER XV.

GIVES AN IDEA OF MUCH WRETCHEDNESS.

LEAVING the busy scene they had been viewing, they proceeded along a narrow street which was completely flooded with water. The

houses in the streets they had left were not very large, or splendid in their appearance, but the buildings which they now beheld formed a complete contrast—they were so mean, poor, and filthy. The farther they travelled, the more dirty the roadway became, and the hovels, houses they could not be called, became more wretched and minute; they peeped in at some of the doors, but beheld nothing but poverty and dirt cramped into a small space. The only shops were a few for the sale of fried-fish and cat's-meat, and the prevalence of the last struck Davy as a curious circumstance, as showing that though the inhabitants were as poor and as ill-fed as they well could be, yet they spent money in supporting dogs and cats. On either side of the narrow street, courts branched off, containing residences fitter for beasts than human beings, the paths to which were through a quicksand of mud and water. Many of the houses both in the courts and the streets were untenanted; and altogether the appearance of the place was most lamentable.

"You see no children playing about," said Turnus.

Davy had noticed that as one of the peculiar features of the place, such parts of the town being usually crowded with juvenile inhabitants.

"They are all out, I dare say," said Turnus, "selling small wares, or buying old articles, or with their parents at fruit-stalls, and similar places, or begging—or doing less honest things—but let us hope not. This way if you please," he continued, leading down another street, the counterpart of the one they were leaving, excepting that it possessed a few larger houses.

"I think this is the street," said Turnus, endeavouring to decipher the almost illegible name on a dirty board fixed on a corner house. "Yes, this is it," he said at length.

Walking a short distance they reached a rather large house, having wooden rails before it, and the two "parlour"-windows wide open. Opposite were two erections, the impersonation of ruin. The shutters at some remote period had been closed; but time, and a desire to obtain fire-wood gratis, had re-opened the lower ones; and the panels having been torn or fallen out, the frames hung half-open showing the broken panes; the upper windows had few whole squares of glass in them, and the wood-work looked black and rotten; the houses leaned sideways and forward, many bricks had fallen out, the window-sills were split and resting obliquely, the chimnies impended over the road, and the whole had an appearance of danger and desolation, which called up in the beholder painful thoughts and a feeling allied to fear.

Our friends were called from contemplating these relics of the olden time, by the sound of a merry and not inharmonious chorus, and turning round they found that it came from the house which was ornamented with the wooden-railings; in front of the house boards were laid from the window-sill to the top of the rails, and on one of these were exhibited, among other articles, some decidedly stale perriwinkles, some sickly-looking shrimps, parched peas, and

the eternal fried-fish; on other boards were a number of boys' cloth caps—so much for the exterior. In the room, close by one of the opened windows, near a raised board, stood a middle-aged and not over-clean Jew, who was engaged in chalking pieces of old cloth and cutting them up; at the other window were seven or eight gaily-dressed Hebrew girls, who were hard at work making the boys' caps from the pieces of cloth cut out by the man, and whilst they worked, they sang the merry chorus which attracted the attention of Turnus and his companions.

"This must be the house," said Turnus, walking up to the open door, and endeavouring to discover the number, which after some time he did. "Come in," said he.

"Had we not better ask first whether the unhappy people live here," said Davy.

"There is nobody here to tell us," replied Turnus; "the lodgers don't know one another in such houses as these; we must walk up stairs until we find the room, as Mr. Seebright forgot to mention the floor."

Taking this course, the party mounted the ricketty and dirty stairs, not daring to put their hands upon the dilapidated banisters. Having attained the first floor landing, Turnus opened the door of the front room, and then, followed by Davy and Twinkle, walked in.

"My Got! who ish that?" shrieked a yellow-visaged and aged Jew, jumping up from the floor and flinging down a blue coat which he was "renovating."

"Vhat the devil dush yer vant?" enquired this gentleman, confronting his uninvited visitors, needle and thread in hand.

"We want, my good Sir, a poor Italian family—do they live in this room?" said Davy, rather embarrassed.

"Plesh my soul! live in dish room? in my apartment!—no; there ish no one living in dish room but myshelf, my vife, and seven little ones—and they're gone out."

"Who lives in the next room?" asked Turnus.

"A very respecthable gentleman,—Mr. Isaacs, tailor, like myshelf," and the little Jew looked very big.

Mr. Turnus bowed, and, with his companions, backed out of the room, leaving its possessor standing in the middle of the floor, in a state of wonder, holding his needle in his right hand.

"That is the way a great many old clothes are used," said Turnus, as they climbed another flight of stairs.

"I begin, now," returned Davy, "to perceive how that which is apparently rubbish is made useful."

"Here's another door," said the first speaker, "and if we open it we shall find another room I suppose," and suiting the action to the word he turned the handle and entered.

"Moses! Moses!" cried a little girl in rags, to her brother, who had only a pair of old breeches and a dirty apology for a shirt on, "here's a thief!"

"What an idea!" exclaimed Turnus, closing the door; "let us try this one," and he entered the back apartment.

"What do yer vant?" said a very grimy individual, who was seated on a bench amid a motley assortment of boots and shoes, cobbling utensils, and pieces of old leather, apparently engaged in using the last—we mean the leather.

Having stated their object, and obtained an answer, the gentlemen mounted the stairs again.

"You see how the old shoes and boots are used now," said Turnus.

Davy smiled, and Twinkle observed that they certainly were an industrious race.

They now reached the right place, for at the top of the house, on the third floor, Mr. Seebright stood at the door of a room to welcome them to the performance of their work of charity.

With some little difficulty the four gentlemen stowed themselves in the miserable apartment. It was a very small room, and on one side the ceiling sloped down to within a foot of the floor, a small casement admitted a modicum of light through such of the little diamond panes as were unbroken, a great many being patched over with paper. The inhabitants of this "hole," as Dr. Twinkle rightly called it, had made it as clean as their means would allow, the casement had been washed on the preceding day, the room and fireplace swept, and the miserable little grate, which was raised on some loose bricks about ten inches from the broken and stained hearth, had been rubbed, but in vain, so far as polishing it went. The rotten walls of the room had once been coloured with yellow ochre, and the broken ceiling had been white-washed, but now their common colour was a brown-black; the floor was decayed, and the door full of gaps and cracks. Two old chairs, a small saucepan, two bottles of physic, a cup, spoon, and knife, a straw mattress, tattered blanket, and rug, with a pair of sheets provided by Mr. Seebright, were the contents of the room, excepting a quartern loaf, a piece of butter on a scrap of paper, and a small parcel of tea and another of sugar lying on one of the chairs.

On the mattress, covered with a blanket and rug, lay a woman apparently about thirty years of age, worn and enfeebled with sickness and want. A little boy, he who stopped Mr. Seebright, sat at the foot of the "bed," and held in his arms a young child, another boy, and a girl, younger than the first, were huddled up near the tiny fire, the whole of them being covered—or not covered—by a few rags.

Davy glanced at all these things, and then looked out of the little window, beneath which was a black choked-up gutter, and beyond a large collection of smoke-coloured houses and hovels of various heights, and different shades of colour, gloomy and ruinous; from a few chimnies a thin smoke arose, showing where an attempt at a fire had been made, and making more conspicuous the great ma-

jority from which no fuliginous compound arose. Suddenly, Davy gave another glance at the distressed family, turned away his head, rested his elbow on the window-ledge, and his head in his hand, and burst into tears. Scoffer at the tender emotions of our nature, where'er you be, or whatsoe'er thou art, we tell thee, that those crystal drops were of a richer hue and a brighter lustre than the jewels of Golconda, exceeding in their value all

" The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,"

for these were the indications of the presence of Nature's self—untutored and unrestrained!

Turnus, and the other gentlemen, were nearly following the example of our worthy and kind-hearted relative, when Mr. Seebright (with that antipathy to witnessing the shedding of tears which all men exhibit) bustled about, gave the sick female medicine from the cup, and proposed to the trio of humanists who had done themselves the honour to visit and relieve affliction, that they should hear the tale of the poor Italians, and thus know on whom their bounty was to be bestowed. They having assented to this, Mr. Seebright drew a chair near the bed-head and sat down by the female, that he might ask assistance from her in his narrative of what she had before informed him of her unhappy adventures. We shall give the tale in the first person.

The Story of the Italian Lady.

" I am an Italian. I formerly resided near Naples with my husband, a merchant possessed of considerable wealth and influence. From the hour of my marriage till within six months back, I passed a happy and contented life, with these my dear children around me, and in the full hope of seeing them well-settled in life before the hour of my death. My husband to me was all I could wish—kind, cheerful, and attentive; and, but for one false step, impelled by the best of feelings, he would have been at this moment in the possession of wealth, the esteem of his friends, and the respect of all who knew him.

In an evil hour, animated by the highest motives, he entered into a secret political association, the object of which was to obtain some alteration in the mode and form of the Neapolitan government; but, alas! in that degraded country there was no honour even amongst those who were striving for the noblest of objects. One of the party betrayed the whole to the government, and thus reaped, for a time, honour and wealth—but ere long, he was found in the streets a corpse! Acting on his information, the government arrested nearly the whole of the party at one of their periodical meetings, few escaping; amongst the latter was my husband. He flew to me, and hastily gave me directions to reach England if possible, giving me a hurried note to Mr. Flayall, an Englishman, who was his agent in this country, and who had a considerable sum belonging to my husband in his hands. He then fled, desiring me to conceal myself at a friend's house, as soon as possible, and to secure a passage

in the Neptune, merchant-vessel, which would sail in a few days, and to expect him at the time of embarkation, but if he did not appear to sail without him.

Shortly after my husband departed, soldiers and others came to his house, and finding him gone, took many things, sealed up others, and said they should visit me on the morrow, not thinking it probable that I had any means or intention of departing. Assisted by relations and friends, whom I summoned and directed with an energy and resolution I never had shown before, and never, I fear, shall exhibit again, I removed during the night to the house pointed out by my husband. There I remained concealed, notwithstanding the efforts made by the Neapolitan government to discover me, until the night when the Neptune departed. During that evening I was racked with expectation and disappointment arising from my husband's absence; and it was with great reluctance that I quitted the shore without him, and only induced to do so by the remonstrances and entreaties of my friends. I reached the British vessel as it was standing out to sea: the ship had been detained already some time, and my husband not arriving, the captain was compelled to depart without him—and thus I, and my four children, were cut off from our natural protector, and ignorant of his fate! Bitterly did I weep during that night, and sorrowfully did I repent my departure from the land of my fathers—but, alas! my tears brought no relief!

Arrived in England, I, with some difficulty, for I understood no English, and by the aid of the captain, found Mr. Flayall. He received me very civilly, and seemed to be well acquainted with my native tongue. From the first I disliked his looks—his eyes pierced me through, and made me shudder! After some conversation, and a night's lodging at an inn, he established me in quiet and decent apartments some distance from here. Having ascertained what money and trinkets I had in my possession, and which were of considerable value, he said I had better deliver them to him to go to the common stock for my maintenance till I heard from my husband. Not knowing how to act for myself, I consented, and thus put myself, in a strange country, quite at the mercy of this man.

For about three months I lived frugally at my lodgings, Mr. Flayall paying all expenses. During this time he prohibited me from holding, or trying to hold, communication with any person, even in the house in which I lodged, saying, that if I did so I should be discovered, and if discovered be sent back a prisoner to Naples. Thus he prevented me from learning any portion of the English language, and he always turned a deaf ear to my requests for English books to instruct me. At the expiration of these three months, he came and informed me that he had received news that my husband had been taken in the Neapolitan territory, and was then confined in prison in the city of Naples. Whilst I was weeping over this sorrowful news, he had the barbarity to tell me that the funds in his possession were very small; this astonished me, for I knew that

originally they amounted to a large sum, and much could not have been spent. This I told him; but he repeated his assertion, and said I must live more cheaply, and remove immediately to other lodgings. When I first arrived in England, Mr. Flayall had spoken civilly to me; but now that he knew my husband was a prisoner, he talked harshly, and treated me in a brutal manner.

He told me I must move, when I implored him to change his purpose; and being completely in his power I was ultimately obliged to submit. He moved me to a street not far from this place, putting me in a wretched house, kept by a poor woman whom he engaged to attend on me. He repeated his injunction not to attempt to converse, but less strictly than before.

Before a month had passed he came, and said I must prepare to move again. I told him I was ill from being long pent-up in my room, and begged a little delay, for I feared a change for the worse. I further demanded some money. At this he started back, told me that all my money was gone, and that I must shift for myself.

I burst into tears, but the hard-hearted wretch heeded them not, but said *he* could not support me, he had no money to give away, but he would do what he could; he then gave me a few shillings, telling me again that I must support myself. Struck with his perfidy and dishonesty, I upbraided him for his villany. My energy seemed to make him relent a little, and he left me, promising to return in the afternoon.

At the time he mentioned he came again, said that he had paid for a month's lodging for me, and had bought some goods, and giving me a few shillings in addition to his former gift, said that was all he could do, and that he had already lost much by me. I fell on my knees and implored him not to leave me without friends or means of support to perish in a foreign country, unacquainted with the language, and ignorant of the fate of my husband. He heard me callously, told me that a young man, whom he called in, would conduct me to my new lodging, and tearing away his hand which I clasped, he hurriedly departed.

The young man he had left knew nothing of Italian, and therefore all he could do was to lead me to my new abode. I found on descending to the street that the furniture of which Mr. Flayall had spoken consisted of a few old chairs, a table, a mattress, and some other miserable articles. Dragging my poor infants through the streets, I followed the young man who drew along the truck containing the furniture. He brought me to this wretched place, put the furniture in the room, and departed—and I was alone! cut off from all hope of succour—almost of life!

I was now obliged to exert myself to obtain my children food, and having money in my hand, I soon obtained from the shopkeepers what I needed. But in a few days I was so ill from the fears which arose in my mind, that I could not stir from the room. My money was gone, and starvation began to present itself. I sent out my little boy to sell various articles, which were purchased for

the merest trifle by the dealers near at hand, and thus for some days we struggled on, miserably enough. But a harder trial was approaching—the old furniture, my own apparel, and that of my children soon disappeared, and this mattress and rug were the only things left to me, Now my misery was approaching!

I was ignorant of the language, and so was my child—poor boy!—and we knew not how to make known our wants, or where. The people in the house were so used to misery that they took little notice of us, and gave us small assistance, for the extreme of poverty destroys the better feelings. Three nights back, I called my Antonio to me—we had had nothing during the day but a pennyworth of bread—and wept over him.

'Oh, my poor child,' I said, 'we shall all die I fear a dreadful death, but we must make one more struggle for life—we have neither money nor food; you must go and beg to-morrow—oh, my God! that my child should become a beggar!—but, my son, do not steal!'

The boy wept, and I took him in my arms and nursed him to sleep.

On the morrow he went out into the great thoroughfare hard by, and begged of the passers. He walked to and fro till the evening, and then came to this wretched home. He told me, whilst the scalding tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, that he had been unheeded by most of those who passed, and the rest rebuffed him with savage gestures, and apparently angry words—alas! he could not tell his tale in a language understood—the result of that wicked man, Flayall's contrivance!

That day we had no food. I prayed to the Almighty during the sleepless night, for I looked upon death—I felt I was dying! and I begged that He would strike with the same blow my unhappy children—Heaven forgive the sinful prayer! Early yesterday morning, Antonio went forth again—but returned at noon without money or food! Oh, the exquisite misery of our situation! I was on a sick bed, my children starving around me, and not a hand extended to save us! I sent my boy to the inmates of this house, but they could not or would not understand his petition for aid—poor creatures! I dare say they were suffering from want themselves!

Driven to desperation, I sent my child forth again, saying 'Antonio, do not return without food'—he sobbed and sobbed louder and louder, my other infants weeping—'no!' I screamed 'steal!'

The boy ran forth—I would have called him back—but it was too late! Besides, it was steal or starve—a fearful alternative! I was tortured by his absence for two hours. I pictured to myself my child seized in the act of pilfering—taken to prison—doomed, his tale unknown, to confinement for years, and his tender frame sinking under the hardships he endured! God deliver me from ever feeling the like agony! At last, when I was on the point of losing my senses, or dying in the effort to retain them, whilst my children were clinging to me and crying for food, my boy entered the room

with a light step, laden with provisions, and followed by Mr. Seebright. Antonio rapidly told me all. He had begged and failed; had attempted to steal, but shrunk from the deed, when Mr. Seebright heard his prayer. So great was the shock of joy, that I swooned, and, but for the attentions of the gentleman, should have died at the moment when a fresh desire for life rioted in my bosom. My tale is told."

The whole party remained silent for some seconds, when Dr. Twinkle remarked that Flayall appeared to be "an infamous scoundrel."

To this all assented.

Arrangements having been made for increasing the comfort of the lady and her family, and for her removal as speedily as possible from her present abode, the party of gentlemen returned home.

CHAPTER XVI.

PROVETH HOW IT IS A TAILOR IS ONLY THE NINTH PART OF A MAN.

THE next meeting of the Philosophical Association was preceded by a dinner given by Davy, the company present being much the same as heretofore.

After dinner the assembly became very talkative, and one of the Doctors having favoured the party by giving some account of the healthiness or unhealthiness of various trades, concluded by mentioning that of the tailors. Now, until this, Mr. Turnus had been engaged in chatting and laughing with Mr. Mills, but when the lecturer mentioned "tailors" it attracted his attention, and the learned physician having concluded, he said aloud—"Talking of tailors, reminds me, ladies and gentlemen, that I have not yet explained the origin of the assertion that a tailor is merely the ninth part of a man—if you have no objection, I will do so now."

No objection being urged, but, on the contrary, a general desire expressed to hear the discourse, and Mr. Dustee announcing his ardent wish to have that point made clear, Mr. Turnus, who was in excellent spirits, having drank a considerable quantity of the good wine of Davy, thus addressed the assembly:—

The History of Karl Klip,

AND HOW HE CHEATED THE ————!

Germany has ever been noted for having more supernatural visitors than any other European country; the father of evil has oftener appeared there than any where else—

"I deny it!" interrupted Mr. Dustee; "it is a popular error."

"If it be an error," said Turnus, "it is decidedly a popular one."

"It is, it *must* be an error; now, I don't believe in such supernatural visitings, yet, granting, for the sake of argument, that such things have been, I contend that the frequency of these visits have not been greater in Germany than in other countries; why should Germany be more marked in this respect than other lands? Such an assertion is preposterous! absurd! utterly ridiculous!" and Mr. Dustee looked very indignant.

"Well, Sir," answered Turnus, "I will not pretend to argue with you, so I will allow you to be in the right in what you say, merely that I may pursue my tale without interruption."

"That is an unphilosophical determination," remarked Davy.

"I differ with you there. But I will proceed with my tale if you please.—In Germany, some hundreds of years ago, but I cannot state the exact time, lived a tailor of the name of Karl Klip, in a town named Krausleg. Now, Karl was a very good sort of fellow; short in stature, plump in body, with a jolly countenance and laughing eyes—he was a tailor, you must remember, *before* the fall of that race. Karl had few faults; he was kind to his relatives and friends (Karl was a bachelor), free with his money, and a good workman, with plenty of employment. He delighted in a social flagon and pipe, sang cheerily, and danced as well as one of his form could be expected.

"I think you said he loved a pipe," said Mr. Dustee, with a cunning look.

"Yes."

"Then the time of the occurrences you are about to relate, could not have been *many* hundreds of years back, that is, if he smoked tobacco."

"I am not clear on that point," said Turnus, "for I am not fully acquainted with the customs of Krausleg centuries ago—Karl smoked, that is enough. To proceed.

Karl was an 'honest fellow,' and that's the truth—but, alas!—like those amiable ladies who delight in performing amateur robberies—he had a failing,—he loved to cabbage!

"Bah!" rudely interjected Mr. Môltipliire.

"You won't say that, Sir, presently, when you know the importance of the subject I am discoursing on.

Karl had a great deal of work, and all those for whom he worked made no complaint, for their garments fitted exquisitely, except that Karl *would* cabbage a little. It is true, he always made allowances for the cabbage, by telling his customers that he wanted 'so much cloth,' stating a quantity more than was requisite for making the clothes, but then unfortunately, his customers had to pay for the extra cloth, and to this they objected.

Many and many a squabble did the activity of Karl's 'acquisitiveness' involve him in—an active acquisitiveness which could only be called a species of mania, for he made no use of the cabbage, merely preserving the scraps thus obtained, and occasionally inspecting them with great exultation.

At length, in an unhappy hour, the Baron Zwaager ordered Karl to make him a doublet out of a piece of beautiful scarlet cloth, which the Baron provided for that purpose. Karl measured the Baron, and then the cloth, and told the first that there was not quite enough of the last.

'Pish!' exclaimed the Baron—the Baron was a rather passionate man,—'I know that there is plenty of cloth to make the doublet,—besides, I cannot get any more if I wished, for it is a present, and only one piece of that kind has been made. There is plenty for the doublet—I have had it measured, and my principal mathematician has made calculations on its surface—but there is not a morsel for cabbage!' and the Baron looked very fierce—as only a baron can look, in fact.

Karl bit his lip, took up the cloth, and went home. He passed that evening very pleasantly with the cobbler, the sourkrout-maker, and a few other select people, but when he went to bed he could get no sleep; there was continually a red-coloured bed before his eyes, which appeared too narrow—a great inconvenience in Germany. In the morning he was still more uneasy. He took a piece of chalk and the cloth, and—like the principal mathematician—'made calculations *on* it,' in fact he chalked it all over, but this did not make it any larger, and he found that there was barely sufficient to make the doublet.

The more the tailor thought of the cloth, the more was he determined to cabbage some; the Baron had told him that it was the only piece of the kind ever made; might there not be something extraordinary in its manufacture? Might it not be a most wonderful piece of cloth?—he would cabbage some! Having resolved on the end, he very naturally began to ponder on the means, and soon saw that he must do two things, he must cut the different pieces rather smaller than ordinary, and sew them nearer the edges than he did usually. Having determined to do this, he did it, and on the following day took home the doublet, accompanied by a beating heart and a quaking frame, but found the Baron not 'at home,' so he left it.

In the evening Karl was sitting under the shade of the huge tree which stood before the Golden Lion in the suburbs of Krausleg along with his jolly companions, when a page of Baron Zwaager came in great haste to him.

'Oh, Karl!' and then he stopped to gather breath, and drink from a flagon, when he had sufficiently recovered himself, he proceeded, 'You've brought *your* pigs to a fine market!'

"The mode of expression, then, is the same with German domestics as with English," said Dr. Seebright.

"Yes—yes—quite the same.

'Well, what's the matter?' asked Karl, somewhat discomposed.

'As soon as the Baron came home, he tried on the doublet you have made him—such a make!—they've always fitted him well

before, you know, Karl, so he made no doubt that this one would—and so, he thrusts his long arms, thus,' explaining by a practical diagram, 'and his great body into the garment—'

'Well!' exclaimed Karl, in great trepidation.

'Oh, no! quite the reverse—he put his arms and body into it, and away went the doublet—tore all to pieces! in some places the sewing gave way, in others the cloth—such rack and ruin!'

'God help me!' exclaimed Karl, trembling.

'Yes, my friend,' said the page solemnly, wishing to comfort the tailor by abstaining from contradiction, 'you may well say that—the Baron swears by his left eye that you have cabbaged some of the cloth, and by to-morrow morning you shall hang at the castle-gate before he takes his breakfast—and, as he is a hungry man, that you know, will be at an early hour.'

'Oh, Lord!' yelled poor Karl, 'what shall I do?'

'Cut and run,' said the page very coolly, taking another drink; 'you know the Baron is always as good as his word—I will say that for him, he is a truth-telling Baron—so, of course, if you stop you'll be hung,' and the page winked at Karl in a very knowing manner.

Not waiting to hear more, Karl ran home, packed up a few necessaries, and then flinging himself on his little bed, lay on his back—

"And got the night-mare," said Dr. Seebright.

Intending to have a few hours sleep before he departed from Krausleg.

As he lay thus he began to turn matters over in his mind; he remembered that he had no friends but in Krausleg, that he knew nothing of travelling, or of distant parts, that if he went from his native place he went forth to misery and perhaps to starvation: all these considerations made him wish to stop at Krausleg—but then the Baron and his threats!

'Unhappy Karl!' he soliloquised, 'thrice unhappy! I'd as soon,' and here he lifted up his right leg and let it fall on the bed again—'serve the devil as Baron Zwaager!'

'Would ye?' said a squeaking voice from the corner of the room, near the window, through which the moonlight was streaming.

'Good Lord, forgive me!' exclaimed Karl, trying to sit up on the bed, but to which he seemed to be fastened down, for he could not move.

'Ha!' growled the small voice, 'if you can't hear me peacably I'll be off. You know the Baron Zwaager intends scragging you to-morrow morning; what would you give to escape scot-free, get his custom again, and be enabled to live here till you leave this world?'

'Every thing!' answered Karl, his desire to escape the Baron's vengeance, and yet to live in Krausleg, overcoming his fear of his visitor. 'I'll give two-thirds of my earnings for the next three years.'

'Bah!' said the voice, and then Karl heard something like a rope whisking about the floor.

'What's that?' he asked, becoming bolder every minute.

'Oh, I was agitated,' returned the other.

'Why don't you come out into the light?' enquired the tailor; 'put yourself before the window, and then I can see you.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the hidden visitor.

Karl now looked towards the window, through which the moonlight entered, and presently saw a figure stand before it. It was that of a small person dressed in black, with a cap on his head, apparently ornamented with two stiff crooked feathers; Karl could not see its feet, for they were in darkness; but that which surprised him most, was a piece of thick black rope hanging from the back of the stranger. Karl fixed his eyes on this appendage, and in another moment it was rapidly switched about—the mystery was explained, and Karl hallooing out 'Oh! oh! oh!' covered his face with a cheap cotton handkerchief, from under which he heard his visitor's grating 'ha! ha!'

'Well, Karl,' said this fearful person, 'I shall come to the matter in hand; I will save you from the Baron Zwaager, and secure you prosperity on these conditions: you shall be permitted to cabbage nine times, but on the tenth occasion,' the tailed gentleman chuckled, 'but on the tenth, you are mine! Do you agree?'

Karl listened fearfully, but attentively, and then began to ruminate on his present prospects, and thought if he made the compact he could refrain from cabbaging after the ninth time, and thus save his bacon—I mean, escape the penalty.

'I have—no—objection—Sir,' said he, slowly, and with a great appearance of terror.

'Ho! ho!' said the visitor, 'you like me better than the Baron, then?' and he chuckled again.

'I'll take your—terms—but—no—blood-signing, if you please, Sir.'

'No,' said the other party to the contract, courteously, 'no; nothing of that kind; only give me your hand to the bargain.'

'Here it is!' said Karl, pushing it out, but not daring to uncover his face.

'Oh! oh!—oh!—oh!—oh!!!' yelled the tailor as he felt a hairy hand, as hot as a piece of iron on the point of melting, clasping his own.

'There!' exclaimed the owner of the portable and very *handy* fire, flinging the hand of Karl from him; 'there! you won't forget the compact?'

'May the devil have me if I do!' exclaimed the other, in the anguish caused by the pain he experienced.

'So he will!' said the warm gentleman, exultingly. 'And, now, Karl, you can go boldly to the Baron to-morrow morning and fear nothing—you'll find everything right. There is one thing,' he con-

tinued, carelessly, 'of small importance, which I have not mentioned yet; every time you cabbage you will lose a ninth part of your body, which I shall take possession of; and, on the tenth!—ha! ha! on the tenth!—I shall have the remainder!'

Karl groaned, and the exulting dæmon, for who else could it be? departed as noiselessly as he came.

The first rays of the sun were entering the chamber as Karl rose, and rubbing his eyes, he began to ponder on the events of the night—was it a vision he had had, or a reality? he looked at his right hand—it seemed shrivelled and scorched, and he had no recollection of using his goose too hot. This seemed to prove the substantial presence of the fiend.

"I doubt very much," interrupted Mr. Strauwspleet, "whether dæmons ever appear in substantial forms; I conceive that such is a vulgar error. A spirit must necessarily be an insubstantial form, compounded of air, appearing in air, and dissolving into air."

"I agree with you, Sir," said Mr. Dustee, "for we find no records in times far back—that is, no authentic records—of the appearance of substantial fiends."

"Whereas," added Dr. Seebright, with an almost imperceptible smile, "all those which tell of insubstantial fiends *are* authentic."

"Karl," continued Turnus, "resolved to go to the Baron's castle and inspect the doublet, and thus test the truth of the assertion made by his last night's visitor. When Karl appeared at the gate, the warden was astonished at his temerity; and when he boldly asked to see the doublet, that functionary almost fainted away, and was only revived by applying to his own bottle of strong waters which was tied round his neck by a cord. The tailor being admitted, the garment was brought to him tied up in a cloth, which having untied, he took out the dress in a sound state! This astonished all, for on the previous evening it had been torn to ribbands. The serving-men began to whisper about Dr. Faustus.

'Lead me to the Baron,' said the tailor, haughtily, doubling up the doublet.

The Baron was enjoying a breakfast of lean meat, black bread, beer, and brandy, when the tailor entered.

'Ha! you dog!' roared the Baron, for he was not very refined in his manners, never having been a member of any learned association; 'ha! you dog! you knavish, cabbaging vagabond! how dare you pilfer my cloth? Have you come to be hanged?'

The tailor said he had brought his lordship his doublet to try on again, and he had no doubt that it would fit.

'Insolent villain!' exclaimed the Baron Zwaager, laying down his brown bread and lean meat, and rising with intent to inflict personal chastisement on the man of thread; but that individual held out the doublet to the astonished gaze of the Baron, and requested him to try it on. The Baron paused for a moment, to consider whether he should not order the tailor to be hung forthwith for

daring to bring him a thing in a perfect state which he (the Baron) conceived was in rags; but he was merciful, and tried on his doublet, and found it fitted exactly.

'Had your lordship taken any refreshment yesterday before you tried on the doublet?'

Yes, he had; but he would never try on clothes again after dinner. The Baron ordered that the tailor should be paid; and, to show that he was not to be trifled with, commanded that two of his guards should be flogged. Karl departed very well satisfied.

Karl cabbaged that very week from the stuff provided for a burgomaster's unmentionables—*small*-clothes they could not be called; four days after he clipped a piece out of a farmer's dress; and in a short time he cabbaged again. On taking the latter job home, he was desired to wait in a room where there was a large mirror; he happened to look in this, and no sooner saw his own figure than he started back in great horror, exclaiming, 'Heaven preserve me! I see it's all true—I'm wasting down to a skeleton, and seven more cabbagings will destroy me!' Truth to tell, Karl had considerably decreased in size; his clothes hung loosely upon him, his 'shanks' were 'shrunk,' and his jolly face showed signs of decrease.

So strong, however, was his love of cabbaging, that he performed that operation three times more during a month, and his hour was fast approaching. Yet again, and for the seventh time, he cabbaged. Now, indeed, was the once jolly Karl shrunk into a 'bundle of bones,' his friends were astonished, and he became fearful.

'Now,' said he, as he was cutting out a beautiful blue dress, 'now, if I cabbage, I have only one more opportunity allowed me—but this blue is beautiful—I must, I will have some of it!'

Thus he cabbaged for the eighth time, and for the eighth time he lost a ninth part of his corporeal form.

A week afterwards—such is the power of mighty habit—he cabbaged for the ninth time! Then, indeed, was he miserable! He wandered about the shadow of what he once was, a lean, shrivelled, small-boned, yet boney spectre of a man; and wherever he went he had a vision of an individual with two feathers in his cap, dressed in black, with a rope hanging at his back.

At last the trying hour arrived. The tailor of a certain Count having died, Karl was pitched upon to make his Countship a complete suit, of most costly cloth. Karl eyed the cloth and sighed—he had not stamina enough to groan. He then viewed all the cabbages of other days (not vegetable cabbages, but cloth ones), deposited on shelves round his room, and ticketed in a way that he alone knew the history of each; he next looked at the blue sky (but that put him in mind of burning brimstone), at his little garden, and his comfortable apartment—must he give them all up? O cunning fiend! thou knewest the force of habit and the power of idiosyncrasy—Karl is about to fall into thy clutches for the possession of a useless piece of cloth! He had the shears in his hand; in one corner of

the room was a dusky-looking figure, with brilliant eyes, which beamed luridly, and the creature was seemingly much agitated if one might judge by his motions.

'Oh, Lord!' exclaimed Karl, 'deliver me out of the hands of the devil!'

The figure in the corner became more agitated.

'Lord!' prayed the poor tailor, 'Lord! forgive me my sins, and forget me not in the hour of my peril!' and he opened the shears—shears, fatal as those of Atropos!—to cut.

'Pity a poor fellow almost starved!' said a famished-looking youth, putting his head in at the open door. 'I'll do anything for a mouthful of bread.'

'Will you?' said Karl, eagerly, as if a bright thought had struck him.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Will you become a tailor?'

'Yes, if you please, Sir.'

'Then come in,' said Karl, and he put some victuals before him. He then took chalk and marked the Count's cloth with it. The dæmon in the corner made quite a sensation with his tail, but only Karl heard it, for to the new-comer the fiend was invisible and noiseless.

'Now, then, young man,' said Karl, 'cut that piece off with these shears;' the youth did as he was desired.

'That's cabbage!' screamed Karl, in exultation.

'Ha!' yelled the fiend, starting out of the corner.

'Sathanas avaunt!' exclaimed Karl with a light heart, whilst his new assistant considered him to be a madman; 'Sathanas avaunt! thou hast no power over me!'

'Villain!' roared he with the appendage—'cheat! impostor! knave!'

'Ha! ha! ha!' chirrupped Karl.

The dæmon looked at him maliciously, and then screamed with a horrible voice, 'Karl Klip, I curse thee! be never more fat! be never more stout! and be thy race, the race of tailors, but counterparts of thee!—thou cheater of the devil!' after this the hot and choleric speaker vanished in a cloud of sulphur, and Karl fell on the floor senseless.

When the tailor recovered, he found his new man pouring strong waters down his (Karl's) throat. Karl blessed his lucky stars for his escape, and never cabbaged more—but made his man do it for him. He never increased in size; and since his time all tailors have been meagre, dwindled people, and considered, and rightly so, as I have shown, to be merely *novenarian* particles of humanity.

Hark, Whip's exultation at cheating the —!

CHAPTER XVII.

A GREAT DISCOVERY WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE PLACED MR. MÔLTIPLIIRE IN AN OPPOSITE NICHE TO NEWTON'S IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

SOME of the company applauded the tale of Mr. Turnus, as presented to the reader in the last chapter, whilst others sneered, and Mr. Môltipliire was indignant at the time being thus occupied.

"The only useful thing stated by Mr. Turnus," said the last gentleman, "the only thing which may give rise to useful calculations is, his assertion of the decrease by ninths of Karl—and here he does not give us data: if he had told us the precise size of Karl originally, and whether he decreased by ninths of his original substance, thus leaving only a ninth part of that when he had cabbaged nine times—but that could'nt be—or whether he decreased by a ninth part of his form, as it was immediately preceding the period of each cabbaging; these important data he has omitted."

"But, Mr. Môltipliire," said Turnus, with great humility, "surely your arithmetical powers could supply this void—I can't."

"Perhaps, Sir, we might perform the calculation satisfactorily," replied Mr. Môltipliire with great hauteur.

"I am astonished," said Mr. Môltipliire, after a pause—and we may very properly observe that the impatience and self-importance he exhibited during the whole evening, led many to suppose that he had something of importance to communicate—"I am astonished," said he, "notwithstanding what I have said about the decrease by ninths, that any gentleman should waste your time in the manner my friend Mr. Turnus has this evening—I am sure he will forgive me, I don't speak personally. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have something to communicate of much greater importance than frivolous tales; for it is something useful, and must interest all persons."

Every one desired to hear, particularly Mr. Turnus; and Mr. Môltipliire having arranged his papers before him, thus addressed the company.

"*A Useful Calculation.*

"A poet, whose name I forget, for I seldom read such frivolous stuff, well observes—

'What great amounts from trivial numbers flow!'

"Some great genius has observed, or if he has not, some one ought to have done so, that before you can remove, ameliorate, or lessen an evil, you must first know of its existence. It being necessary, then, to know of an evil before you can remedy it, it is very evident that the one I am about to exhibit cannot have been removed, for it does not appear to have been known previous to my making the happy discovery. The evil which I have to speak of, is of every-day recurrence, and all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, with

perhaps the exception of the 'finest pisantry in the world,' must have felt its inconvenience."

"Then why was it not discovered before?" enquired Turnus.

"How many bushels of apples were observed to fall by thousands of individuals before the time of Newton?" exclaimed Mr. Môltipliire, triumphantly; "yet the observers did not found the gravitating theory, for the reason that they did not possess that grasp of mind, that—because, in short, they were not Newtons. Then why, Mr. Turnus, do you wonder at persons who have experienced an evil not discovering that evil? Did not the globe, and all the people on it, experience the power of gravity before Newton's exposition of it? and yet they knew not of the existence of that power. Simple Mr. Turnus!" continued the gentleman, with an air approaching the sublime, or something near it; "throw aside all thy prejudices, and behold my great discovery—the result of years of study, of calculation, of reflection—and all for the benefit of mankind!

"The subject of the calculation is interesting both to young and old—at least in a civilized country; from the age of two years until the period when man can no longer use his limbs——"

"Which may be considered very hard usage on the part of the latter," observed Mr. Turnus.

"He experiences suffering from the cause which I am about to lay bare to you, my friends. Observe the little child of two years of age walk up a flight of stairs—he puts his right foot foremost and exalts it the height of one step, then pauses; his right leg forms an acute angle, he rests his right hand on the horizontal limb of the angle, clutches the balusters with his left hand, and with infinite labour, but a perfect knowledge of mechanics, so far as practice goes, places his left leg on a level with his right; he pauses; again the right leg is put into the form of a geometrical figure, again he puts into practice the principles of mechanics, again he mounts a step; and so he continues until he lands on the landing. As the child advances into manhood he mounts the steps more easily and quickly——"

"You could make a very pretty simile about genius and industry here, Mr. Môltipliire, if you had time," said Davy.

"But all through life with a vast deal of labour, as I shall presently show; for it is in this matter of ascending and descending stairs that I have made my profound and beautiful discovery. It is necessary in all calculations like the following to make a great many 'averages,' and I hope my philosophic hearers will not object to them."

"I am sure I shall not," said Mr. Turnus, very politely; "I admire 'averages;' look at the beauty and great utility of them! An 'average' is made of the amount of work done by a number of individuals; in fact, one individual works four times as much as another: observe the equity of 'average' and its superiority to 'fact'—all are put on a level; and in theory, the man who works four times as much as another, is only made to perform precisely

the same amount of labour, which must be very cheering and invigorating to him when he thinks of it. Then again, look at the equity of 'average' in the matter of payments: though in 'fact' Tom receives 23-100ths of a pound, whilst William Augustus pockets 300-100ths, yet 'average'—23 + 300 ÷ 2 = 161½, gives 161½ hundredths of a pound to each. Which is equitable, seeing that it has just before made William Augustus do as much work as Tom. But *quantum suff.* of this, Mr. Môltipliire; pray proceed."

"Mr. Turnus, you have stated the case admirably," said the mathematician. "Now I have said, that a child walks up stairs at two years old, it may be at an earlier period or a later, but 'say' two years—and allow me to inform you, that in all difficult calculations 'says' must be admitted, nothing could be done without them. Well, 'say' two years. Then, when does he leave off trotting up? Some not till they are again in that state in which they were at two years; others, alas! have their progress stopped at an earlier age: we must 'say' some ages, and then strike an 'average.'"

Mr. Môltipliire here held up a sheet of paper on which was a diagram. "'Say' the whole begin at two years and some finish at four..... 2 remains
eight.... 6 „
twelve... 10 „
fifteen... 13 „ "—

and so the diagram proceeded, there being sixteen amounts in the third column—"which make, added together," said Mr. Môltipliire, "656; divide this amount by sixteen and forty-one is the 'average.' By this table, then, which has been drawn up with a scrupulous regard to accuracy of statement and deduction, it appears that every one walks up stairs, on an 'average,' for forty-one years, live he ninety-four or eight years——"

"Which again shows the impartiality of 'average,'" said Mr. Turnus, "correcting as it does the error of nature, and placing the burden equally."

"Well, we have arrived at one point—every one walks up stairs for forty-one years. We will work out the matter: 365 days × 41 = 14,965 days. We find by this abstruse and complicated process, that every person walks up stairs, on an average, 14,965 days.

"Now, how often does each person mount the stairs in a day? 'Average' and 'say' will tell us to a nicety:

A mounts the stairs 'say' 4 times a day.
B ..... 6 „
C ..... 9 „
D ..... 12 „
E ..... 24 „
F ..... 29 —— 84

Thus, 84 ÷ 6 = 14: 'average' tell us each individual mounts the stairs fourteen times each day.

"Now for the stairs themselves. Some stairs are eleven inches

high, others nine, 'say' nine and eleven—9 + 11 = 20 ÷ 2 = 10—we find ten inches is the 'average.'

"Some flights of stairs have 15 steps, others 19, others 21, others 25—20 steps is the 'average.'

"Some persons have to ascend one flight of steps or stairs, averaging twenty steps in each, others 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, = 420 ÷ 6 = 70. We find that each person, on an average, every time he 'goes up stairs,' mounts 70 steps.

"We have found before that every person mounts the stairs fourteen times a-day, in this way then we proceed—70 stairs × by 14 times a-day = 980 stairs: 980 stairs × by 10 inches, = 9810 inches: the walker up stairs proceeds 9810 inches daily in going up them.

"The calculation becomes more and more interesting. We found before, that every person walks up stairs for 14,965 days; very well, we proceed: 14,965 days × by 9810 inches = 146,826,650 inches.

"Now, my friends, be prepared for the light which is about to burst upon you! Go over the foregoing figures, test them, try them, multiply, subtract, and divide, that your minds may be expanded sufficiently to receive a great and astounding fact! Mark, now, this diagram [holding one up], it reduces the inches, thus—146,826,650 inches = 2317 miles, 598 yards, and 2 inches!

"Thus we see that every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, *on an average*, ascends, during his, her, or its life, an inclined plane of the length 2317 miles, 2 furlongs, 158 yards, and 2 inches, in merely going up stairs! Pause, consider, reflect, cogitate! But I am about to disclose another discovery—as great, as important, as wonderful as the foregoing; for every time a sentient being walks up stairs we may justly conclude, that without it leap out of the window, it must come down again! thus, then, the account will stand, 2317 miles, 2 furlongs, 158 yards, and 2 inches × 2 = 4634 miles, 5 furlongs, 96 yards, and 4 inches!"

Several of the company being about to give vent to the ecstacy they experienced on hearing this wonderful conclusion, Mr. Môltipliire stopped them.

"My friends!" he exclaimed, deprecatingly, "do not look upon me with too much favour, I am but flesh and blood, although I have made such a vast discovery—a discovery, which, I think I may say without presumption, will hand down my name to posterity with those of the immortal and amiable geniuses, who have clearly proved how many times a flea must jump to circumleap the globe; how many days a grasshopper would require to cross the Atlantic; and how many glasses of negus could be manufactured, of a certain strength, from the waters of the river Oronoco and a pipe of port! For all these, I may say without vanity, sink into insignificance before the discovery I have made—for mine is of practical importance, whilst theirs, though sublime in the extreme [which extreme? Ed.], were but philosophical amusements!

"My friends, I have allowed your enthusiasm to cool a little before I proceed in giving my discoveries to you," said the learned gentleman, wiping his forehead.

"What! more discoveries!" exclaimed Mr. Turnus, in real surprise.

"I have another vast and beautiful calculation to lay before you," replied Mr. Môltipliire, "which for depth of research, fidelity of calculation, correctness of deduction, usefulness of result, and splendour of object, I may justly say, stands unrivalled in these days of calculation!

"By the last census we find that the number of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom was 24,271,758; now from these must be deducted, for the 'finest pisantry in the world' in Ireland, Highlanders in Scotland, and others, 'say' 3,731,432, and the numbers will stand thus: 24,271,758 — 3,731,432 = 20,540,326.

"Do not be frightened, ladies, by these tremendous calculations, for we are obliged to make them.

"4634 miles, 5 furlongs, 96 yards, and 4 inches × 20,540,326 people, is equal to 95,084,190,904 miles, 3 furlongs, 72 yards, and 8 inches! Here is a vast and wonderful fact! one generation of the people of the United Kingdom, making all proper deductions and allowances, travel ninety-five thousand and eighty-four million, one hundred and ninety thousand, nine-hundred and four miles, three furlongs, seventy-two yards, and eight inches in ascending and descending stairs!

"Now, consider the great advantages which would flow from following the path which the foregoing tables and reasonings point to—abolish stairs, and you save every one upwards of four thousand miles of journeying, one-half in opposition to gravity; and surely this is worth consideration in a man's journey through life? I ask you to look at the vast amount of the whole, when added together—is it not enough to petrify your lower extremities, or make the muscles ache for ever after?

"Why did the ancients have most of their rooms on a floor?—to save running up and down stairs. Why do savage nations, and the Irish at this moment, live in huts with no rooms higher than the ground-floor?—from a natural and philosophical determination not to weary their muscles and nerves by walking four thousand miles uselessly. Truly, the savage in many things is shrewder than the civilized man! How is it that there are so many lunatics at present?—because they always bear a certain ratio to the number of stairs existing in a nation; and as stairs increase so do madmen. I will state it logically—running up and down stairs jolts the brain, muddling and spoiling them, thus producing insanity; in a highly civilized country there are a great many stairs; *ergo*, there are a great many lunatics. But I trust, that when the foregoing statement of facts becomes well-known, and fully appreciated and acted upon, we shall have fewer stairs to climb, and, consequently, more leisure to improve our minds, by studying vast and beautiful subjects, acquir-

ing a taste for theorising, 'averaging' and 'say'-ing, balancing and calculating, and thus add to our own enjoyments, and improve the moral and physical condition of man!"

Mr. Môltipliire sat down amid a great tempest of "hears." Most of the company were highly delighted by his display of ingeniousness and inquisitiveness, of a love of discovery and the promulgation of it; others could not quite understand it; and a few, being in something of the same predicament, smiled to conceal their ignorance or to appear very knowing.

Shortly after the assembly adjourned to the Museum, and held a weekly meeting. Unfortunately, through the carelessness of Mr. Fergusson, the record of that evening's proceedings has been lost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE READER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MR. FLAYALL, AND MAY NOT PERHAPS VERY STRONGLY ADMIRE HIS CHARACTER.

After some days had passed, and much care had been shown to the unfortunate Italian lady, she was so much improved in her general health as to be capable of sustaining the fatigue of a removal. Davy and his friends having provided decent lodgings near the residence of the former, Signora Neuchelli and her children were removed to them; and in consequence of the comforts afforded her, the superior medical attendance provided, and the zeal and attention of the amiable philanthropists—of whom to be the relative of one we consider a higher honour than being first-cousin to a duke,—she rapidly recovered from her indisposition. Davy sat for hours fondling the children, or teaching Antonio English, every now and then glancing at the pale, but handsome and finely-moulded countenance of the lady, whose tears prevented her utterance when she attempted to thank him.

During this time, as much information as possible was gained from Signora Neuchelli, by means of Mr. Seebright, respecting the amount of money placed in the hands of Flayall, and also the probable amount expended on the lady; when the gentlemen came to deduct the last from the first, they found that the respectable Mr. Flayall must have retained somewhere about nine hundred pounds in his possession. Their indignation at this discovery was naturally very great, and they determined that Mr. Flayall should be speedily compelled to disgorge this plunder.

Full of this resolve, Davy, Turnus, and Dr. Twinkle, on the the following morning, proceeded in a coach to the city, to Mr. Flayall's office.

Mr. Flayall's "office" was situated in one of those courts, of which so many may be found in the heart of London—smoothly

paved, always exceedingly clean, containing some ten or a dozen houses, the panes of the lower windows being puttied over, and often bearing in black letters the name and calling of the occupants. Most of the doors stand open, and on the door-posts, the titles of those who reside within, even to the third floor, are emblazoned. At the head of the court, or in one corner, a wooden flap is turned back, exhibiting steps leading to the cellars of some wine-merchant with a snug business; near the steps, a number of pigeon-hole baskets, a rack for bottles, and some empty hampers, take the place of a bush in denoting where good wine may be bought.

In such a court, in the "one pair front" of "No. 3, on the left-hand side," Mr. Flayall carried on his business; to this house, and the region denoted, the gentlemen proceeded, and seeing on a plate of ground glass fixed in the door, the words MR. FLAYALL written in very legible characters, they concluded that they had come to the right place, and opening the door, entered.

The room in which they found themselves was of a moderate size, but looking very bare and poor. At one side of a large desk, placed in the middle of the room, having a few papers on it, a mutilated wafer-box, ricketty taper-stand, a ruler, and some stumps of pens, sat an individual whose figure, if not very engaging, was certainly remarkably attractive—of observation. The face of this man was formed of thin, pock-marked cheeks, a narrow, peaky forehead, a sharp nose, rather curved, a puckered mouth, long chin, and gray eyes—but such eyes! they were a couple of hungry eyes, roaming about "seeking whom they might devour"—disagreeable, repulsive eyes—such eyes, in short, as people allude to when they mention visual organs capable of penetrating a stone wall: the age of this specimen of physiognomy might be sixty years. It is usual to say "summers," in stating a person's years, but "winters" would have been more appropriately used in Mr. Flayall's case—he did not look as if he had ever enjoyed any summers. The possessor of the countenance we have described, wore a brownish-black dress covering an assemblage of middle-sized, angular limbs, and a thin body.

Opposite to this figure was another of a very common-place description, and therefore qualified to show the other more advantageously. It was that of a man about thirty, with a cunning look respectably dressed, and having some remains of former dandyism about him.

The first person of whom we have spoken was Mr. Flayall; the last was his assistant, manager, and clerk.

"Mr. Flayall?" said Davy, dubiously.

"Sir, your servant," said that individual, dismounting from his stool. "Can I serve you in anything, Sir?" asked he very politely, screwing his features into a smile.

"Yes, Sir, you can."

"Only speak the word, Sir," said Flayall, gaily, and rubbing his skinny hands together.

"You have had some dealings with a Signor Neuchelli, I believe, Mr. Flayall?" said Davy.

"Signor Neuchelli—Neuchelli?" said Mr. Flayall, passing his right hand across his brow, endeavouring to recollect; but he could not succeed. "No, Sir, no. Signor Neuchelli?—oh, no! You don't recollect the name, do you, Drubble?"

The individual addressed laid down the worn-out pen with which he the moment before appeared to be hard at work, and fell to cogitating after the manner of his patron, but unfortunately could not recall the name to his memory. "No, Sir," said he, "I have not the least recollection of such a name."

"You must be mistaken, gentlemen," said Mr. Flayall, with great suavity, to his visitors; "you see my manager does not remember the name, neither do I, and as I cannot give you any information on the subject, and have a vast deal of business to execute," [Drubble seized his pen with great vigour], "I must bid you a very good morning," and he bowed.

"This is strange," said Davy, whispering to his friends.

"Bah! humbug!" ejaculated Turnus, in an under-tone.

"My good Sir," began Dr. Twinkle, "you must know you have had dealings with Signor Neuchelli—ay, and with Signora Neuchelli." Drubble fidgetted on his stool, and Mr. Flayall rubbed his eyes. "Come, try and recollect."

Not to appear unmannerly Mr. Flayall did so, and then protested he had "*no* recollection."

During all this time, Mr. Turnus felt his choler to be rising, or to speak in a peculiar style, which, being unknown to most persons, will be the more relished, he felt "his monkey to be getting-up;" and he began to tap on the floor with a large stick which he had in his right hand. Upon hearing Mr. Flayall declare he could not recollect, his ire burst forth.

"Hark'ee, Mr. Flayall," he exclaimed, "if I had been behind you with this slight cane," holding up his stick, Mr. Flayall retreating a step or two, "when you left Signora Neuchelli to starve, I would have given ye such a cudgelling that you would'nt have forgot until the day of your death—by G—d I would!" and then he shook his stick at him. "You hoary sinner, do you know anything of Signora Neuchelli? can you recollect now?"

"Drubble! Drubble!" exclaimed Mr. Flayall, shrinking up into a corner, "why don't you fetch a constable?"

"Drubble," enquired Mr. Turnus, "would you like a drubbing?"

Mr. Drubble looked first one way and then the other, and there was a pause for a few minutes, all parties staring at each other.

At length Mr. Flayall hopped out of the corner, and fell to considering again. "Neuchelli! Neuchelli! Why, now I come to think, I think I had some dealings with such a person—but I have so much business to attend to that I forget a great many things. Drubble, don't *you* remember the name?"

"Yes, I think I do, Sir," replied the clerk slowly, looking at his master.

"Then why the devil, you cursed blockhead! did you forget it when I asked you before?"

Mr. Drubble took this very quietly, endeavouring, however, to appear sulky and offended.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Flayall, "you see what it is to have lazy and forgetful servants. Drubble, I have a good mind to discharge you! How is Signora Neuchelli, Sir?" he asked Mr. Turnus.

"Well, Sir, well," answered that gentleman, stifling both his anger and laughter, which were struggling together; "well, Sir, as you will find to your cost. And now to business. You will instantly refund all the money of which you have duped Signora Neuchelli, or you will shortly discern that you have committed a great error, Mr. Flayall."

"Why do you sit there, Drubble," angrily demanded Flayall, "when you know how pressed I am for money, and you ought to be collecting in what you can in these hard times? Do you hear, Sir?"

Mr. Drubble jumped off the stool, put on his hat jauntily, and retreated down the stairs, whistling as he went.

"What do you demand of me?" asked Flayall.

"Nine hundred pounds," answered Davy, quietly.

"Nine hundred pounds!—more than I ever received!"

"No," said Turnus, "here is the account," and he drew a roll out of his pocket; "we have made you a liberal allowance, as you will see, and we demand nine hundred pounds on the instant."

"Humph!" grunted Flayall; and taking the account of Turnus, adjusted on his nose a pair of horn spectacles, and very leisurely, and with a very composed air, perused the whole statement.

"Is it right?" enquired Turnus, when the agent had read the paper, and taken off his spectacles.

"O, no! quite wrong—wrong here, and here, and here; but I'll show you my account."

The worthy Mr. Flayall now hobbled round to an iron safe, and producing a large red-covered book, which might aptly have been termed a record of his sins, he opened it at the folio containing Signor Neuchelli's account. He then proceeded to point out how he balanced the receipt and expenditure; and as this was done in a way at once ingenious and business-like, we shall explain how it was effected.

Mr. Flayall put down the money he acknowledged to have received on the receipt side, and also the sums he received for the jewels of the lady; but, as the great object of Mr. Flayall was to make the two sides balance, which proved him to be a man of business, he deducted for that purpose a considerable sum from what he had actually received, and merely put down the remainder. So much for the receipts. In entering expenses, he had laid down a rule to add two hundred *per cent.* to all moneys expended, charging for a five shilling article, fifteen; further, he put down so much as a salary for himself for attending on the lady, took a commission on

all expended, including his salary; then he charged so much extra for his knowledge of the Italian language, putting down a sum for the "time" which Drubble expended in the lady's affairs; and wound up the whole by paying himself handsomely for the "danger incurred" and "loss to be expected," by having anything to do with a political refugee. By these various, complicated, and ingenious means, he made the creditor and debtor sides balance to a farthing, and thus attained his heart's ambition. Dr. Twinkle and Mr. Dreamy were rather staggered by this exhibition; but Mr. Turnus quickly informed Mr. Flayall that he was "down" to a thing or two; that he was not to be "gammoned;" and that Mr. Flayall must pay nine hundred pounds, or expect an action to be commenced forthwith.

"I don't wish to be illiberal," said Mr. Flayall, graciously; "although I have suffered much of inconvenience and expense by Signora Neuchelli, yet as I am charitably disposed, I am willing to give one hundred pounds to assist the lady—although trade is very dull."

"Nine hundred pounds!" said Mr. Turnus, peremptorily.

"Consider, Sir," remonstrated Mr. Flayall.

"I do consider, Sir—that you're a scoundrel!"

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Flayall, hardly knowing whether to pocket the affront—Interest, all-powerful jade! stept in and decided him so to do—"I will give you three hundred," said he.

"We will give you a dose of law that will make you disgorge more," said Turnus, firmly.

"Four hundred."

"Nine hundred."

Davy whispered to Turnus, and the two gentlemen held a consultation with Dr. Twinkle.

"Mr. Flayall," said Turnus, "we know that you ought to pay to us nine hundred pounds, and that we could compel you; but, to save time and trouble, we will accept of six hundred if paid immediately."

"Well, I suppose I must submit," said Flayall, sorrowfully; "but I cannot give it to you now, but in three days you shall have it, if you come here with the lady's authority—mind, her written authority, and her receipt for the amount, mind that."

To this delay the other parties objected, but they having omitted to bring Signora Neuchelli's authority to receive the money, and Mr. Flayall telling a very plausible tale about his "little wealth" being employed in various ways, and, therefore, not easily got in at a moment's notice, they consented to give him three days' "grace," he vowing that he needed it badly enough, and the others admitting that that was indeed the truth.

On opening the door to depart, they nearly tumbled over Mr. Drubble, who was standing outside.

In three days' time, Mr. Turnus and Davy repaired to Mr. Flayall's "office," but found it closed, a clerk in an adjoining room

informing them that Mr. Flayall had left in a hurry the day before, but nobody knew where he had gone to.

"This Flayall is a very sharp fellow," observed Turnus, as he walked homewards with Davy.

"He's a swindler!" said Davy, indignantly.

"Then he is a *sharper*. I really did'nt expect anything of this kind—so suddenly; he must have been prepared for a start."

The gentlemen had the melancholy task of informing Signora Neuchelli of their ill-success; on hearing which the unfortunate lady was much grieved, for she perceived that she must continue to subsist on charity, which was a galling thought, even though the assistance she required was freely given. She wrote letters, however, to friends in Italy, asking for assistance, and enquiring anxiously the fate of her husband.

Mr. Turnus and Davy used all means they could think of to discover Flayall's retreat, but without success. Their exasperation may be easily imagined.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAMENTABLE END OF THE ASSOCIATION.

LIKE those persons who, whilst they pursue the pleasures and vices of life, forget the more important purposes for which they are sent into this world, we have gone on treating of matters comparatively unimportant, and left untold those useful and mighty occurrences which have sprung from the womb of time whilst we have thus glided through the hours unprofitably.

Well, reader, if that be not in the proper style, it comes very near it. But to descend.

The Philosophical Association held several meetings which we have not reported—shame be unto us! But we shall now speak of that ever memorable assembling which terminated its existence.

On the evening in question, the President commenced the business—a calm precedes a storm—by delivering a discourse on the too common use of common language. He said, if the Greek and Latin languages were to be allowed to become as lifeless in philosophy and science as they were in title, there was an end to all subtle disputations, all displays of logic, and all great argumentations of little things, which exhibited so strongly the powers of man. He asked, what would the ancient philosophers have been if it had not been for their having used a language which was capable of providing them with terms which denoted certain feelings and states of being which few could comprehend,—certain ideal bodyings forth of intellectual meanderings? There would be a total stop to intellectual recreation, if the dead languages were allowed to die out of the learned and scientific world; statements would be so plain,

that their meanings could not be the subject of discussion, and thus one of the great sources of philosophical recreation and improvement would be at an end! ("Hear, hear.") "By studying expressions which can *never* be understoood," said Davy emphatically, "we have always a subject to exercise our philosophical acuteness on, but, without this possession, we may have nought to discuss in future days, when all else shall have been discussed, discovered, and examined."

The Society agreed with Davy, and so will every rational being.

At a later period of the evening, a young gentleman, who after spending nearly the whole of a large fortune in a peculiar yet common way had become a philosopher, read a paper on "Human Prudence;" which called up

Mr. Turnus, who said he could relate a very curious and instructive instance of "human prudence."

"In a small town in Hampshire," said he, "there lived a tailor—"

"Ugh!" coughed Mr. Môltipliire.

"A man of repute, though in a small way of business. This person was once applied to by a substantial farmer, who required a good brown coat to be made; this individiual bought the amount of cloth which the tailor said would be necessary, and brought it to the latter, desiring that any pieces which might be left should be returned to him (the farmer). The garment when made fitted the farmer very well, and he appeared satisfied. A few scraps of cloth were given to him as the remnants of the piece which he had purchased. Now for the prudence. The farmer got the coat weighed——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Society, becoming interested in the narrative.

"And deducting the buttons, thread, &c., found that it weighed eight ounces less than did the cloth which he originally purchased, which he weighed before he took it to the tailor. 'Ha! ha!' laughed the farmer, 'now I have Mr. Snip!' and he went back to the tailor and told his tale. The man of shears was not at all dismayed, but seizing a shovel—did not break the farmer's head, but—filled it with snippings of cloth which were lying in a corner, and told his astonished visitor to take his eight ounces out of that, for in such a way had that weight of cloth disapppeared. Now, here are two instances of human prudence—the farmer was prudent in weighing his cloth and coat, and the tailor still more so in having the snippings ready."

"Pish!" exclaimed Mr. Môltipliire—at the farther end of the room.

And now arose that dreadful quarrel which ended in the destruction of the Philosophical Association—a quarrel which all posterity will grieve over and condemn, as having put a period to the meetings and many of the researches—for men will not toil, and study, and invent, unless they can reap wealth or renown by doing so—which would have been handed down to future generations and received by them with reverence and joy.

Mr. Grate, a practical philosopher and inventor, detailed to the

Association a plan by which the happiness of men residing in large cities would be much increased. He proposed that large furnaces with boilers be erected throughout a city, and that from these, pipes conveying steam be carried through every street, lane, and alley, and thus during the cold months all persons might pursue their business in the open air without feeling any inconvenience from the frigid state of the atmosphere. The pavements would be kept dry, and health and comfort would be the result.

The Society was vastly pleased with this scheme. Mr. Môltipliire said he would draw out a table to prove that the full amount which the fires, &c., would cost, might be saved by the inhabitants of a city, by the diminished quantity of clothing they would require. Miss Blewish protested that it was a "divine scheme," and said all the fair sex would support it. Mr. Turnus said it was the acme of philosophy; and nearly everyone else said something handsome.

Now, all these commendations raised the ire of Mr. Asid, the chemist, not that he believed Mr. Grate or his scheme unworthy of them—oh, no!—but because he had a plan which he deemed more entitled to those laudations. We often find men opposing themselves to the prejudices of mankind, fearlessly and honestly, and Mr. Asid did this on the present occasion; for he immediately presented to the meeting the plan which he deemed to be of more importance than Mr. Grate's, scorning to be fearful of the prepossessions of the members in favour of the latter.

"You know," said Mr. Asid, rising from his seat—by the by, is there not a magic in these words? they put the audience into a good humour: they raise the meanest and most ignorant spectator to the level of the speaker, for he informs them that they already know what he is about to tell them, and are therefore as wise as he. "You know" is of extensive use. "You know," commences the inventor, when about to describe a machine he has invented: "you know," says the lecturer, when he commences his address to those whom he intends instructing: "you know I went to Brighton," says Mr. Philpot, when he informs his friend of the fact: "you know I am married," says Jack, with a long face, to his acquaintance, who knows nothing about it: "you know,"—why, to cut the matter short, everyone in this knowing age begins everything with, "you know." But to return. Mr. Asid said, that they knew that at the present time, a vast quantity of iron was needed for the machinery, tools, &c. used in or exported from Great Britain; that great as was the amount obtained from the mines, we could not tell how long that source would last; that at that moment old iron was collected in great quantities—persons acquiring and accumulating old horse and human shoes—he meant the iron parts—rusty nails, old hoops, and various other descriptions of ferruginous matter; that, therefore, any new mode of collecting iron would be a boon to the public, and a fortune to the patentee, and that he had discovered such a mode. Mr. Asid stated how many men, and how many horses, ay, and how many asses, walked or ran through the streets of London, on

an average, every twenty-four hours; how often, on an average, during that period, and how far; how much iron was worn or ground from the tips, heels, and nails of bipeds, and the shoes of quadrupeds, on an average, each twenty-four hours; and adding the days together, concluded by showing how many tons of iron were thus deposited in the mud of London during the space of a year. This he proposed, by a long, ingenious, and excellent process, to extract from the mud, and he had no doubt, that a company formed for effecting this, would be eminently successful. He concluded the whole by asserting, that it would be much more to the honour and advantage of philosophy and silence, if useful and feasible schemes, like his own, were thought of and expounded, instead of insane attempts to change winter into summer.

This latter taunt roused Mr. Grate to a retort, and that gentleman said he was no dabbler in mud, and did'nt know much about *pig*-iron.

Mr. Asid said he scorned to use unnecessary language; but still he must say, that he thought some persons' heads were filled with pig-lead, or addled with warm water.

Davy interfered, and said both the schemes were excellent.

Mr. Turnus casually remarked that the haberdashers and clothiers would oppose Mr. Grate in his scheme.

Mr. Môltipliire said the proprietors of iron mines would oppose Mr. Asid.

Mr. Asid informed all present that he expected to be treated like a gentleman; and Dr. Jones, who sided with him, informed him that he had come to the wrong place for that. Dr. Twinkle then observed that such imputations were unworthy of a philosopher, whereupon Dr. Jones said he was as calm and gentlemanly a philosopher as Dr. Twinkle, and Mr. Asid called out "Hear, hear." Davy said he would leave the chair, when both parties accused him of acting unfairly, and as desirous to stifle enquiry, Miss Blewish asserting that there was something wrong.

By degrees Mr. Asid had worked himself into a ferment, and Mr. Grate had become very warm; and they now began a dreadful encounter—of words, both rising from their seats and approaching each other, the company closing round them.

Mr. Asid informed Mr. Turnus that he had a supreme contempt for any man who sat himself up too high; and Mr. Grate told Mr. Môltipliire confidentially, but in a loud tone, that he always felt scorn and pity struggling in his breast when he beheld a man writhing under the influence of disappointed vanity; and that some persons would endeavour to swell themselves up like a toad——

"Do you call me a toad, Sir?" screamed Mr. Asid, advancing.

"Sir?" said Mr. Grate, perfectly cool; for when a man of genius and tact sees his antagonist in a rage, he immediately increases it by assuming calmness, which is a very excellent method of making the foe appear ridiculous. "Sir?" said Mr. Grate.

"Do you call me a toad, Sir?" again demanded Mr. Asid.

"A toad, Sir?"

"Yes, a toad."

"A toad! Do you know what a toad is, Mr. Asid?"

"No prevarication, Sir—answer me—do you call me a toad?" fiercely exclaimed the infuriated chemist.

"Shakspere says, Sir, a toad hath a precious jewel in its head—I do not think you belong to that *genus*, Mr. Asid," replied Mr. Grate, smiling very pleasantly, and taking a pinch of snuff.

"You're— you're a—"

"What, Sir?"

"A pretender, Sir."

"A pretender!" exclaimed Mr. Grate, waxing warm.

"Yes, Sir, a pretender; you know nothing, and pretend to everything, Sir, and I hate a pretender."

The whole Association had now embraced one side or the other, and the company were in a high state of commotion, everyone speaking at once. Mr. Grate was fronting Mr. Asid, shooting fire from his eyes, his tongue being stopped for a moment.

"You seem heated, my dear Sir," said Mr. Asid, with a sneer; "perhaps you have been too near your street furnaces."

"If I am too much heated, Sir, you can cool me with a little of your patent mud," retorted Mr. Grate, with a faint laugh.

"You will find plenty in the kennel, Sir," said Mr. Asid, pointing to the door; "and no doubt it will be of use to you if applied quickly."

"What, Sir!" yelled, rather than exclaimed, Mr. Grate, making a horrid mistake as to Mr. Asid's intentions, "do you threaten to expel me? here I stand," and he struck his foot on the floor, making the wonderful pig shake, and the ladies shiver, "and will stand, unmoved by all, save by ———"

"Fire! fire! fire!" roared a crowd of boys and men in the street beneath; "fire! fire! fire!" echoed "the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood." Some of the associates ran to the windows; others, amongst whom was Mr. Grate, flew down stairs, opened the door, and vanished with great celerity. Davy, when he arrived in the street without his hat, could see no sign of fire.

"Where's the fire, my boy?" asked he, of an urchin in a leather skull cap, who was shouting "fire! fire!" rather loud.

"Vy, in that there chimbly, Sir;" and he pointed to the chimney of the house adjoining the house of Davy.

"I see no fire, my lad."

"Nor more don't I now, but I did though—sich a lot o' sparks!—There! there!" he screamed, as three sparks and a fragment rose from the chimney, "fire! fire!"

"Fire! fire!" hallooed the crowd; "fire! fire!" roared the energetic individuals who were lugging along the parish-engine; and all around there was "fire!" though no one had yet seen a flame—except the young man who met the young woman at the corner.

Davy returned to his domicile, and informed the terrified persons

who filled the passage that there was no danger; and then they slowly ascended the stairs and looked out of the museum windows.

Below there was an animated scene. Two parish-engines had already arrived, and one from a fire-office was heard rumbling in the distance. A fountain played in the middle of the road, and the anxious lookers-on, who blamed the fire for not bursting forth, cooled their heels by standing in the rivulet formed by the escaping water. Two beadles, and a whole posse of volunteers, were knocking at the door of Mr. Dreamy's neighbour, which that person declined opening; and altogether the *coup d'œil*, as the reporters say, was splendid and imposing.

"Mr. Dreamy," said Miss Blewish, with looks of terror, "what is to be done?"

"Have you a trap-door?" enquired Mr. Turnus.

"Can't we escape by the street-door?" enquired Miss Blewish.

"You misunderstand me Miss Blewish," said Turnus; "have you a trap-door?" Being answered in the affirmative, he ordered a scuttle-full of coals to be taken to the top of the house, whither he repaired, and having the scuttle hauled up through the trap-door, he got them on to the roof of the house, then scrambled to the offending chimney, from which the sparks flew up at the rate of three a minute, and with the assistance of Mr. Fergusson he shot the coals down the chimney, which sent forth one shower of sparks, which were the last.

"That's the way to put out a fire!" said Mr. Turnus, when he had descended; "and now, Mr. Dreamy, you can have supper comfortably."

The engines slunk away, the fountain was stopped, the mob dispersed, and on the following day the delinquent chimney-owner was fined the legal amount.

The fire in the chimney was very opportune for the Philosophical Association, for had it not occurred, there is no knowing what might have happened between the members, excited as they were. Davy was justly irritated at the manner in which the members treated him, and resolved to have nothing more to do with the Association. Alas! it never met again; and, strange as it may appear, those members who had hailed supper-time with the greatest delight, were most grieved at its downfall.

CHAPTER XX.

DAVY PERFORMS A SHORT JOURNEY, BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH AN INGENUOUS INDIVIDUAL OF THE NAME OF WIGGINS, AND PERFORMS HIS PART IN A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE time having now arrived when people travel into the country, over roads bearing a family likeness to the great desert of Sahara, possessing a portion of his fieriness and volatility, to eat unripe

fruit until they have a severe diarrhœa, and when fashionables declare the town to be "empty," and those persons who love London, and detest "rurality," roam through green fields, parks, and lanes, and mope in "ivy-mantled" halls, and declare that they are enchanted with rural retirement. Davy resolved to swim with the tide, and, accompanied by Turnus, visit Mr. Mills at Windsor; and having notified this by letter a few days before, the two gentlemen, one afternoon, repaired to Piccadilly to obtain a conveyance to the favoured place of residence of England's monarchs. The weather being warm, our friends rode on the outside of the coach, having a seat to themselves behind the coachman. By the side of the driver, a stout-built, gentlemanly, happy sort of person, enveloped in a light-green surtout, with large gilt buttons, with some flowers in one of the button-holes of the left breast of his coat—by the by, the greatest patrons of floriculture are the coachmen: who ever saw, during the flower-season, a stage-coachman without a bunch of flowers in his button-hole? Cab-men and omnibus drivers follow at a respectful distance—each boasts of his posy. Not content with decorating themselves, they give a portion of splendour to their cattle; and how proudly yonder chestnut tosses his head, having a bunch of roses near his eye! Floricultural societies put down and post-up lords, and dukes, and senators, as their patrons—their real patrons are the knights of the whip and the lords of the coach-box: let the societies look to this injustice—a "demonstration" from the drivers would be a fearful thing, they would over-ride everything, and carry all with a high hand, and if once they seized the reins of power, what might we not expect! But we have forgotten ourselves: in 1839 we must speak of coachmen, and posies worn by coachmen, in the past tense—they are gone or going on that last journey, "from whose bourne no traveller (or stage-coachman) returns;" rail-roads are running-down common roads and cutting-down hills; the engineer takes the place of the knight of the whip—and what has an engineer to do with flowers? What can a stoker know of roses and violets? flowers will not bloom in hot water, and the dew from the engine chimney is full of "blacks." Alas! floriculture will lose much by railroads. To return.—By the side of the coachman sat a rather small gentleman, with a face neither white nor red, a diminutive nose, and low forehead, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, yellow waistcoat, and light striped trowsers which reached half-way down his legs, showing to advantage a pair of white cotton stockings and polished shoes. This individual held a little yellow stick in his hand, which he switched about, whistling in an eccentric manner, whilst the coach stopped at the White Horse; but when it rolled on he ceased that amusement, to hold by the iron rail fixed round the seat, and look about him. Mr. Wiggins, for he soon informed the coachman and passengers that such was his name, although he had little to communicate of any importance, yet had, in common parlance, "a great deal to say for himself," and kept up a running-fire

of talk, directed to those near him. He stated several new particulars to his auditors about various things.

"I've heerd say," said he, as the coach passed Apsley House, "that the duk' of Willinton's great gran'mother kept a happle-stall where Hapsley House now is; and when the ground was built on, the old 'ooman got a rare swag of money from the builder, and so began the prosperity of the Willin'tonian family."

"Humph!" muttered Davy.

"Is that all true, d'ye think?" asked the driver, winking to Turnus.

"Yes, I believes so, but I ain't positive; it's just as I heerd it."

"I suppose you've heard the legend of Turnham Green?" said the coachman, as they passed that locality.

"Yes, I believe I have—it's the saying, that if you send 'em to Hammersmith, that's the way to Turn'em Green, ain't it?"

"Not precisely," said coachee, very gravely; "this is it: Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, a good hermit lived in these parts. Now, the people of London, you know, used to come down here to smoke their pipes, play at skittles, and drink country ale."

"That's the way to enjoy yerself!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins, enthusiastically.

"Well, the hermit used to mix with the holiday-folks and talk to them, telling them how sinful they were thus to enjoy themselves, and assuring them that they would all go to the devil. [Mr. Wiggins looked gloomy.] At other times they would go to his hermitage, which was a little house made of over-burnt bricks, and ornamented with necks of bottles—the hermit had not emptied them—stuck into the mortar, and he would give them bread and butter, and water cresses, dandelion soup, and buttercup tea, and good advice. What with the frugal fare and the good man's conversation, many who visited him were convinced of the sin of drinking ale, smoking pipes, and playing at skittles, and turned from their wicked ways; and thus the place acquired the name of Turn'em, since corrupted into Turnham: but how Green became tacked to it, whether from the green-meat the hermit regaled his friends with, the green fields, or from the peculiar nature of the people converted, I cannot say."

"Wery curious!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins.

As the coach, when approaching its journey's end, passed over a bridge "spanning" a rivulet, Mr. Wiggins espied something green in the streamlet, and asked the coachman "if them was water-creases?" and being informed that they were water-cresses, he said "he should like to be in the water up to his knees, a-picking 'em, and eatin' 'em;" farther than this, he surmised that it must be the height of happiness in a country life "to live near a stream where water-creases growed, because then you could al'us have 'em fresh, and for nothin';" he even said "he should try to get a few, to take home with him as curiosities," which made Mr. Turnus laugh very much.

"Talkin' of water-creases," continued Mr. Wiggins, "I enjoys a early ramble to the water-crease market at Common Garden above all things. Ah! there's lots of fun there! there's the men and the women, and the gals, all chaffing and chaffering about the prices; there's the man with the 'coffee, all hot!' and sich lots of creases! (Mr. W. had a peculiar way of pronouncing cresses)—so green, and nice, and brown, and fresh—all snugly packed in hampers. Then there's some swell coves as have been out lushing all night come here and 'finish,' as they calls it, by buying a whole bundle of creases, and then walking half over the town with 'em in their arms. Ah! you can get sich a lot for money there, if you know how to go about the business, and are down to a move or two—you should never ask for two-penn'orth at once—ask for one penn'orth first: don't you see?" he said, turning to Davy.

"Oh, ah, yes," said that gentleman, rather embarrassed.

"Then you gets sich appetite for breakfast! Bless you, Sir, those as ain't tried the experiment can't guess at it." And in this strain Mr. Wiggins proceeded.

"That's Sir John Herschel's telescope," said the coachman to Mr. Wiggins, as they passed through Slough.

"What! that great pipe hung aslant?'

"Yes."

"Lor, is it possible!"

"Yes; and by that he discovered that there is a plenty of fools in other worlds, as well as in this," said the coachman gravely.

"I dares say he did," said Mr. Wiggins, moralising; "it's wonderful what a many fools there is in this world: why, I knows many people as thinks themselves wery sensible, when I can see, as plain as the nose on my face, that they're reg'lar noddies."

"It is wonderful that they don't discover it," remarked Mr. Turnus.

"Wery, Sir; that's what I'm al'us wondering at."

"And well you may, Mr. Wiggins: many a person makes a fool of himself without knowing it—don't you think so?" continued he, turning to Davy.

"Oh, yes!" said Davy, raising his head; "and he is very much to be praised and admired for his talents and exertion."

"The devil he is!" roared Turnus, the coachman laughed, and Mr. Wiggins grinned.

Davy explained that he was thinking about Herschel and his telescope.

On arrviing at Windsor, about seven o'clock in the evening, Davy and Turnus were met by Mr. Mills, who warmly welcomed them. He informed them that they must stop in the town that night, for he had an invitation for them to dine with a large party. After viewing the beautiful prospect from the terrace of the castle by the evening light, they proceeded to their inn to arrange their dress, and then went to the dinner.

Over the market-place of Windsor is the town-hall, and to this

Mr. Mills led his friends. At the entrance to the town-hall a party of soldiers were drawn up, and a number of fifers and drummers stood near them; and whenever a guest arrived, the firelocks were raised and the drums and fifes called into action. Around, but kept at a respectful distance by the soldiers, stood a considerable number of the townspeople, impelled by that laudable curiosity which is always active on such an occasion in a small town, and with that strong thirst for knowledge which is always exhibited in such places on such occasions. To vary the remarks, jokes, and angry remonstrances against being "squeeged so"—and "squeeged so" does not refer to any particular kind of squeezing, but is as descriptive of one kind as another, and therefore a most useful expression—the assembled multitude every now and then cheered some officer as he arrived, whom they knew not, and kindly provided him with another person's name a little while after.

Mr. Mills and his friends, after some exertion, got into the path leading to the door of the hall, and proceeded thither: but whether the sergeants, corporals, soldiers, fifers, and drummers, did not recognise them instantly as orthodox diners, or from some other cause, the presenting, drumming, and fifing did not take place until they entered the doorway, and they were halfway up the stairs before the crowd began to shout; and even these tardy demonstrations of joy and respect might have been intended for another, for they were closely followed by a colonel in full uniform.

"What name, Sir?" enquired the man holding guard over the door of the hall.

"Is Mr. Strutter here?"

"Yes, Sir." Mr. Strutter being called out, he called Mr. Mills and his companions in.

Mr. Strutter was one of those gentlemen who agree with the poet, when he declares that

"————self-love and social are the same;"

and therefore justly concluded that he could not take too much pains m nourishing the first, as he would thus be performing a social duty. His manner of doing this was peculiar—that is to say, to a certain extent it was for heaven knows his method was not an uncommon one. He exhibited to everyone in his walk, his gestures, his clothes, his talk, that he was deeply imbued with the spirit of the words *egomet ipse*. He was a diminutive man, so far as physical form went; was dressed in the highest style of ultra-beauishness; had what lecturers on beauty call "a fine fall in the back;" a strut in his walk; and a shrill voice not agreeable to all persons.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Mills," said Mr. Strutter; and then Mr. Mills introduced Mr. Strutter to Davy and Turnus; after which preliminary Mr. Strutter, with many condescending airs, entered into conversation with his new acquaintances, and soon let them into the secret that he was a person much esteemed and respected in his own circle.

The town-hall in which the gentlemen were met was filled by several tables, the cloth being laid; the windows were partly open, to let in the fresh air and noise from the street, and round them, and over the walls, many flags were arranged in the form of drapery; bunches of laurel and other greens were distributed about the room, and various oil-lamps shed their beams to enliven the scene.

As soon as the major part of the company had arrived, the dinner was ordered up. Now was the time for the canaille in the kennel to revel in a glorious sight! All the provender was provided by the White Hart Tavern on the opposite side of the street, so that it was necessary to carry the eatables across this in order that they might be eaten; waiters, cooks, hostlers, and stable-boys were put in requisition to perform this duty; a constant stream of good things flowed from the tavern to the town-hall. But the populace had their part of the enjoyment; there was the excitement, the pleasure of looking at such parts of the baked, boiled, and roasted as the tin covers did not hide, fish, flesh, and fowl; and the farther pleasure of cogitating on the happiness they would experience in eating a few of the productions of nature and the White Hart.

If these were the pleasures of the Outs, those of the Ins were still greater. One look at the chairman, a jolly old soldier, with a face as rubicund as his coat, a jolly eye, a jolly nose, and a jolly mouth—ye gods! what a mouth for eating and drinking!—was a great enjoyment; there he sat in all his glory, dispensing the eatables, and demolishing a vast quantity by his own exertions. Talk of eating, indeed! it would have done any man good to see how the sons of Mars—for it was a military dinner, with a few civilians intermixed—did honour to the fare, as they always do, as Mr. Strutter remarked, with a grin. There was one inconvenience, however, the whole room was in a blaze with the scarlet dresses of the heroes, and this in hot weather was unpleasant; and Davy said that everything appeared red to him for the next two days.

The cloth being removed, the campaign of toasts commenced with that of "The King," which was duly honoured. "The Army" received more plaudits than any other toast (it was proposed by a civilian), thus giving a proof of Mr. Strutter being right in his theory about "self-love,' &c. A young ensign returned thanks for this toast; and having drunk rather too much for his uninured brain to withstand, he unluckily pitched upon the sobriety of the army, officers and men, as a subject of laudation, and worked himself into a fever of excitement in describing the cool and collected conduct of soldiers in an engagement, when they rushed full of ardour to conquer an enemy. The young gentleman sat down amidst great cheering; and considering that he had only been in the army a fortnight, he did wonders for it in the way of sobriety. After many other toasts had been given, both general and individual, the health of Mr. Strutter was proposed, and the drums and trumpets striking up and braying out as they did on the occasion of every toast, that

gentleman got upon his legs, and said he was unworthy of the compliment, and fully deserved it. The best account of his speech was found in the county newspaper; for those who were present at the feast averred that they must have forgotten three-fourths of it whilst it was being spoken.

Mr. Strutter having very officiously got Davy's health proposed, as "our learned visitor," our relative was obliged to return thanks; and in doing so, gave a succinct history of warfare, arms offensive and defensive, and of noted battles from the commencement of the world—no, from Cain's first slaughter, to the battle of Waterloo, the company exclaiming "Hear, hear," Mr. Turnus grinning, the chairman looking uneasy, and the drums and trumpets growing drowsy. When Davy concluded there was quite a storm of applause, which woke up many who had fallen asleep inadvertently, and renewed the rites of Bacchus.

At one o'clock in the morning the party broke up—Davy and his friends found their way to their inn; the officers got to their respective quarters as well as they could; the drums, trumpets, and fifes quarrelled over the remains of the dinner; the lamps went out, the neighbours went to bed, and Windsor resumed its wonted tranquillity.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. WIGGINS, DUCK LANE FARM, MISS MILLS, AND INTELLECTUAL YOUTHS.

THE inn to which our friends proceeded was a very comfortable and decent inn enough, and, moreover, had been picked out by Mr. Wiggins, as his place of abode during his few days' stay at Windsor. That individual, after inspecting the small coach-yard, the stable, the mangers, the cattle, the vehicles, and whatever else he could, for, as he himself said, he "liked to be up to everything," took a frugal repast, and went to bed early.

Now it happened, before he sank into the arms of Morpheus, Mr. Wiggins recollected that he was sleeping in a strange house, that many people had been murdered in strange inns, as he had read of, and that, therefore, there was "no knowin' no one," though the landlady of the Water Dog did not look much like a cut-throat, and her husband was in the church-yard. Ha! there was a horrible thing to think of at night! Cogitating over these matters, Mr. Wiggins at length came to the conclusion that there might be some danger, but perhaps there wasn't, and then fell asleep. About a couple of hours after Mr. Wiggins fell asleep, the drummers at the town-hall played more loudly than usual, the party then breaking up, and the subdued sound of their drums reached a double-bedded room on the second floor of the Water Dog, and the ears of Mr. Wiggins. These sounds the sleeper shaped into a noise proceeding

from the breaking in of some robbers and murderers by way of the window of his apartment; and after suffering great terror from this supposition for some minutes, he heard one come in by that means, and another by the door. The one who came in by the door walked up to the bed of Mr. Wiggins, and Mr. Wiggins would have screamed out, but he had not the power; the murderer now seemed to breathe hard, as if exerting himself in some way—to Mr. Wiggins it appeared that he was sharpening a knife on his boot, and thus preparing for action. Presently the murderer came close up to the bed, and before the unhappy Mr. Wiggins could call out for assistance, or make the least resistance, the villain threw himself upon the sleeping and unarmed man with tremendous force, which woke Mr. Wiggins completely, and he bellowed out "Murder!" and rousing himself up, the sanguinary visitor rolled off his body and the bed on to the floor!

"Murder! murder!" screamed Mr. Wiggins.

"Death and the devil!" ejaculated Mr. Turnus, as he, in metaphorical language, "picked himself up."

"Help! help! I shall be killed!" roared Mr. Wiggins, dragging the bed-clothes round him.

"Damn it, Sir, why d'ye make that noise?" asked Mr. Turnus, coming to the bedside of the other; "why the devil did'nt I get a light?"

"Oh! oh!" bellowed Wiggins, thinking Turnus wished for a light to cut his (Wiggins's) throat; "murder! murder!"

Somebody was heard opening the door; Mr. Turnus fled across the room, and running against another bed instantly jumped into it. By the time he had accomplished this, Mr. Mills and Davy entered, half-undressed, bearing a light; and having pacified Mr. Wiggins, they returned to their own apartment.

On the following morning the four gentlemen met at breakfast, Mr. Turnus having apologised to Mr. Wiggins, and invited him to the first repast of the day. During the meal, Mr. Wiggins explained his dream to his new friends, which introduced a lecture on visions, &c., by Davy.

Mr. Wiggins informed the gentlemen that he was head-man—that is, the only man—at a tobacconist's, and that having a holiday he had come down to the country determined to enjoy everything countrified, and commenced doing so by eating of and commending highly whatever was eatable on the table. Then he brought his business on the carpet, and told them that if they liked a prime cigar he would give them some of that sort; and pulled out from his trunk a box, and from that he took various packets of cigars, tobaccos, and snuffs, saying that his governor had recommended him to carry an assortment with him wherever he went, for the business could not fail to be improved by the excellence of the manufacture being made known.

"Manufacture?" said Mr. Turnus; "I suppose you visit Covent

Garden early in the morning for purposes of business as well as to buy water-cresses?"

Mr. Wiggins tapped one side of his nose with his fore-finger, and said Mr. Turnus was a knowing one; he also observed that the cigars before him were really genuine.

"Is there much difference between a cabbage-leaf and a tobacco-leaf?"

"Not when it's properly cured," answered Mr. Wiggins, after the company had promised that the conversation should be under the rose.

"Some can't tell the difference, I suppose?"

"Them chaps as pretends to know the most about sich matters is those as like cabbage-leaves most. Gov'nor says to 'em, 'This here's a beauty,' takin' up one of British manufactur'; the half-and-half swell takes it, and when he at last makes it burn, swears, with sich a grand air, that it's splendid, when he's nearly choked with it."

"But how do you manage about the duty?" said Mr. Mills, smiling; "though of course, being an agriculturist, I don't object to your using cabbages."

"Oh, we ain't wery partic'lar about that; for, as the gov'nor says, we're encouraging English manufacturers instead of foreigners."

At this the gentlemen laughed heartily, but could not deny its truth; and Mr. Mills liked the cockney's conversation so much that he invited him to his residence, to stay there until his time of return arrived, which invitation being willingly accepted, the whole party shortly afterwards proceeded to Duck Lane farm.

After travelling along several roads for about a distance of two miles, they turned down Duck Lane. At the end of this Duck Lane farm was situated, the dwelling-house lying rather to the right, and adjoining to it, on the left, were the barns, sheds, and other offices. Mr. Mills led his guests through a garden extending in front of the house, and entered the building by a side door, which stood invitingly open.

"Ah! father, have you returned at last?" said a damsel, springing forward and kissing his cheek, before she thought of his followers; but observing Davy, and Mr. Mills, and Turnus, and Wiggins looking at her, she blushed deeply.

"Don't blush, my girl," said Mr. Mills, kindly and heartily, "my friends are not so fashionable as to be offended by a lass kissing her old father. Come in, gentlemen, come in, and be introduced correctly," continued he, leading the way into the nearest room.

The apartment was large, and handsomely if not gaudily furnished; the old-fashioned mahogany chairs and tables shone in the sunlight, as it streamed through the jasmine-covered windows, like burnished gold, and they looked substantial. The windows were partly opened, and the fresh air that entered, loaded with perfumes from the garden, was exceedingly pleasant; in old-fashioned china vases, placed on the tables, were bouquets, which added fresh fra-

Tarry is introduced to Miss Mills.

grance to the atmosphere: and Mr. Wiggins afterwards declared that he thought his heart would have leaped out of him with delight when he was inducted to this apartment, which met his views of rurality to a nicety.

"Now, Carry, love," said Mr. Mills, briskly, "this gentleman is Mr. Dreamy, a great philosopher and severe moralist, so be careful what you do and say in his presence; this young woman, Mr. Dreamy, is my daughter, Caroline is her Christian name, and I hope you will not find her very unphilosophical." Davy—yes, Davy blushed very much. "This," said Mr. Mills, continuing the work of introduction, "this gentleman is Mr. Turnus, who is not very particular as to whom he plays his jokes on; and this is Mr. Wiggins, a young gentleman who, I am sure, will endeavour to make himself and us as happy as possible. And now, Carry, you take care of the gentlemen, whilst I look after the cows;" and after this strange conjoining of beings, like the statement in an advertisement that Miss So-and-so had fled with a servant girl and a brown box, Mr. Mills left the apartment.

Caroline Mills, with whom the visitors were now left, was a young lady about twenty years of age, neither short nor tall, possessed of a fine figure, a countenance formed of happily blending features, lit up with health and intelligence; her eyes—ah! her eyes, they were the engines of destruction!—her eyes were black and glancing, shaded by lashes lustrous as silk; her white hand, and taper fingers; the general contour of her form, her every movement fraught with grace and exhibiting some new beauty, struck Davy with deep inward admiration; caused Mr. Turnus to mumble, looking first out of the window, something about "full many a flower;" and set Mr. Wiggins opening his mouth without knowing it.

When Caroline entered into conversation with an unembarrassed air, speaking of many things and adorning each by her speech, when she looked Davy or his friends in the face with those heart-enslaving eyes, when she discoursed on flowers and the beauties of the country with a subdued animation and enthusiasm, her auditors were mightily affected in various ways. Davy began to have a peculiar feeling, a sensation almost new to him; Mr. Turnus admired and looked, admired and looked, and looked again; and Mr. Wiggins sat in an ecstasy of delight, which would not allow him to move a limb or unfasten his gaze from Miss Carry—unless she glanced at him.

The morning was thus passed away, and by exhibiting to the visitors the gardens, orchards, and other places; and when the dinner-hour approached Mr. Strutter arrived in a gig, and soon showed by the familiarity of his conduct that he felt quite "at home" at Duck Lane farm. Davy happened to be conversing in an animated strain with Miss Mills when Mr. Strutter entered, and the latter gentleman glanced at our relative in a manner denotive of displeasure and distrust.

After dinner Mr. Mills, accompanied by Messrs. Turnus and

Wiggins, leaving the two other gentlemen with Miss Caroline, went over the farm. Mr. Wiggins was delighted with everything he saw, continually emitting "Well, I never!" and such like expressions: he pulled out a handful of new hay from a stack and carried it for a quarter of an hour, and then threw it away to gather some wild flowers, much to the amusement of Mr. Turnus.

"That's the cow-house," said Mr. Mills to Wiggins.

"Is it though?" said the latter; and he put his head inside, and had two great horns whisked into his face, which made him start back very quickly.

In the poultry-yard Mr. Wiggins went too near a brood of goslings, and the indignant gander, we daresay egged on by the goose, ran up to him, and catching hold of his inexpressibles in his bill, gave the unfortunate man three or four severe buffets on his legs with his (the gander's) wings, Mr. Mills and Turnus being unable to interfere from very laughter. Mr. Wiggins, when he escaped from the enraged bird, rubbed his legs and laughed as much as they—which showed that he possessed a disposition which we conceive to be very excellent.

Urged by that spirit which we mentioned before, that of desiring to be "up to everything," Mr. Wiggins would see the whole of the farm, and in threading the mazes of the pig-sties the tobacconist slipped—we need not describe his figure. This last misfortune made the party return homewards, Mr. Mills and Mr. Turnus by turns pitying and laughing at Mr. Wiggins's woful figure, all of which he took in good humour. Then the farm-servants laughed as he went home, and the maid-servants laughed as he underwent a lustration; and after that Miss Carry, and Davy, and Mr. Strutter laughed when he appeared in clean habiliments, so that altogether he was the cause of as "much laughter" as a new member in the House of Commons.

After passing a pleasant evening, all the guests were provided with comfortable sleeping apartments, for the residence at Duck Lane farm was a large, old-fashioned building, with plenty of rooms, and whilst Mr. Mills had it was always open to his friends.

Another morning passed away, and Davy had become a firmer admirer of Miss Carry, and Mr. Strutter looked blacker and blacker—metaphorically speaking; for in reality Mr. Strutter never had a spot of dirt upon his countenance, and he used Windsor soap so diligently that his face was nearly as colourless, and shone as much as polished white marble. After an early dinner, the whole party proceeded to Windsor, Mr. Strutter, sorely against the inclination of Mr. Dreamy, driving Miss Carry in his gig, the rest of the party walking.

Crossing the short bridge over the Thames into Eton, they engaged a roomy boat, and started up the river. Davy was excused from pulling, because he knew nothing about it; and Mr. Strutter and Mr. Wiggins took the first pull, the latter gentleman observing that the river was wery narrow here to what it was in London, and

Intellectual amusement of learned youths.

precious full of weeds, and his fellow-sculler turning up his nose at his mate's bad pronunciation.

The boat had not proceeded far under the able propulsion and guidance of Messrs. Strutter and Wiggins, before the occupants observed at a short distance a-head two cutters, containing a number of young gentlemen in striped shirts, straw hats, white trowsers, and broad black leather bands round their middles. Now these interesting young gentlemen, as the boat containing Mr. Mills's party was propelled and guided in a direction to pass between them, began a fierce contest to see who could dash the most water over the other, lashing the Thames with their sculls—their wooden sculls, reader—and making as much spray and noise as a couple of whales spouting at one another. Before Messrs. Strutter and Wiggins could "back water" their boat received a considerable quantity of the "playful spray," and the whole party was put into a state of confusion. Mr. Wiggins let go his hold of the scull to wipe the water off his clothes; Mr. Strutter threatened the aquatic combatants; Mr. Dreamy assisted Miss Mills to dash the water from her dress and silk bonnet, on which it shone like pearls; Messrs. Mills and Turnus roaring with laughter.

"Now, stow that nonsense, 'Dolphus," exclaimed one of the young gentlemen who had been most active, to those in the opposite boat; "don't you see Mr. Strutter?"

"Why, yes, *now* I do," looking at the hinder boat; "and there's Mr. Mills, too."

The rowers of Mr. Mills's boat having recovered, they soon placed their vessel between those of the Eton scholars; and then the latter protested that they did not mean to throw any water on the lady or on Mr. Strutter; that neither party was in the wrong, and both were, and that the best thing which could be done was to let the matter "drop." The prudence and excellence of this course being admitted, and unity reigning among the occupiers of the three boats, they slowly proceeded up the stream, merrily conversing.

"Well, Mr. Fitzrumpus," said Mr. Mills, addressing one of the made-up seamen, "have you been to town lately?"

"No, I hav'n't, but I should like; that's the place for happiness, an't it 'Dolphus?" calling to his friend in the other boat.

"Yes," answered the individual addressed, "I only wish my guardian would send me to Westminster instead of Eton."

"Is that considered a superior academy?" enquired Davy.

"Decidedly, Sir; Eton is not to be compared with it. There *is* some chance of having a lark now and then, if you're educated at Westminster, but here everything is so dull—if we were to turn-to, Sir, the whole of us, we should get through all the knockers and bells in Eton and Windsor in a week!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Davy, rather surprised by 'Dolphus's notions of academical superiority.

"It is the truth, Sir," said the scholar, gravely; "besides, there would be such a noise made about it in such a paltry place as this."

"So there would," said Fitzrumpus.

"What do you do with the knockers when you get them in London?" enquired Turnus.

"Why that's the bother—we're puzzled with that," answered Fitzrumpus; "they are only of use in knocking down the watchmen; and after that we don't know what to do with them, but to throw them in the kennel; but still it's a lark to get them."

"Talking of larks," said another check-shirted youth, "I have a good lark when I go to London. I visit some friends of mine near the Temple—rare chaps for studying and stopping out all night—and if I find their chamber doors open, or if they're not open, I open them; I just call out 'hearth sto-ones!' or 'good mats!' or 'fine fat rabbits!' and I always do it so naturally, that they call out, 'I don't want any, my good man;' then I tell them 'they're the cheapest and best ever made or killed,' and they begin to get savage, and call out, 'Why can't you take an answer, my good man?' and I begin again, until, at last, up jumps my gentleman to turn me out, and when he comes to the door I sing out, and he laughs monstrously—that's what I call a good lark!" and the worthy youth laughed very much.

"Very intellectual," whispered Mr. Mills to Davy.

"Extraordinary!" said that gentleman, elevating his eye-brows.

"That's all nothing," said a short, stout scholar, with a not very handsome red face, "that's all nothing to what I've done with some of my friends in town. I recollect when I was there the last time, I had what you may call a real good spree; there were six of us, and we dined one evening at a tavern at Kennington, and afterwards engaged a cab, made cabby quite 'elevated,' and then we all got into the cab."

"What, all six?" said Mr. Mills.

"Oh, yes, six are nothing particular, eight are a tidy load."

"So I should think," remarked Turnus, drily.

"Well, us six got in—that is, three sat inside, and three on the apron; well, we went along in fine style! Cabby drove us up against two or three posts, once or twice went on the footpath, ran against a lamp-post, and concluded by upsetting us!"

"Were you hurt?" said Davy, with marks of concern.

"Oh, no! you know what a London ditch is, I dare say, Sir?" Mr. Dreamy said he knew something of suburban ditches. "Well, Sir, I speak of a kind of suburban ditch, for you don't find open ditches in the centre of London; it's a nice sort of place. One of these ditches, very muddy, very green, and very black, with little water, and plenty of everything else. Well, cabby was driving by the side of one of these ditches, the right wheel slipped off the road, the cab went over, and into the ditch went cabby and the three 'outsides,' but they all fell *very* soft; but us three 'insides' scrambled out of the cab, not much hurt. We pulled the poor devils out of the mud—talk of clay! this ditch-mud is much more adhesive—they stuck so tight we could hardly get them out; and when we did, they

were in *such* a condition! Oh! oh! oh! that *was* a spree!" and the scholar held his sides, and his fellow-boatmen roared with delight.

"After all," said a scholar who seldom visited London, "there's a good deal of fun down here—how we enjoy ourselves at the theatre! there's something like amusement there!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Davy, always desirous of gaining information; "have you a good comic company?"

"Yes, that we have," said the other, laughing.

"The performances are worth seeing, then?"

"Yes, you'd burst with laughter if you saw them. You'd see one chap climbing from the pit to the gallery, another ——"

"What, do the performers act thus?" exclaimed Davy, in great surprise.

"The performers! no! *we* do this, *we* make all the fun. There's Fitz., he stands on his nob on the gallery rail, and I can bolt down the proscenium, run across the stage, and jump into a stage-box before you can say 'Jack Robinson!'"

"You are a good performer," observed Turnus.

"So-so, Sir, so-so," replied the scholar. "We have one chap, Jack Cross, who can run over all the house—from gallery to boxes, boxes to pit, from pit into stage-box, from stage-box to private-box, from this to public-box, up to the gallery again in five minutes! that's something like genius!"

"You ought to be proud of him."

"We are, Sir, we are."

"But what sort of actors have you on the stage?"

"Devilish good ones, Sir—they stand fire admirably!"

"Stand fire!" said Davy, "what sort of fire?"

"Windsor pears, Sir, and nuts, and now and then an orange."

"But do you pelt the ladies?" enquired Mr. Turnus.

"Oh, no!" replied the ingenuous scholar, with a cunning look; "we throw flowers at them, in imitation of our elders."

"Gusty, why don't you look out?" exclaimed Fitzrumpus, addressing the steersman of his cutter, and then all eyes were turned a-head; a small wherry with two men in it was coming down the river. Upon observing this, the crews of both cutters pulled with great energy, shooting forward rapidly, the steersmen directing them so as to meet over the stem of the wherry, as nearly as possible swamping it, without quite doing so: having accomplished this, the scholars laughed heartily, resting on their sculls.

The two townsmen in the wherry, for such they were, were much enraged by this assault, called the scholars condemned animals of the simia race, and, like citizens, talked of "stocks." These remarks being made, Fitzrumpus gave a replication, saying, that the townsmen were a couple of domestic utensils, not fit to baste a goose with; upon which the townsmen said they would see whether they could perform that operation upon goslings; the check-shirted youths rejoining that they must go home first before they could do that. After this intellectual sparring, a sculling match would have

taken place, had not Mr. Mills's party arrived, and succeeded in mollifying the anger of those whom 'Dolphus called "a sour Windsor pair." This having been done, the townsmen rowed in one direction, vowing that the Eton puppies were the most mischievous dogs in existence; and those animals proceeding in another, laughing so loud and long, that Davy averred that he never knew what laughter was before that hour.

The scholars now bid Miss Mills and the others good evening, and shot forward, after Fitzrumpus and 'Dolphus had received an invitation to Duck Lane farm for the following afternoon. Messrs. Strutter and Wiggins soon afterwards pulled back in most scientific style to the starting point, the first gentleman declaring, with a patronising air, that the latter was "a tolerably good sculler," which, seeing that Wiggins was much superior to Strutter in that line, we have no doubt was the truth. The party, minus Mr. Strutter, who, however, sent Miss Mills home in his gig, the rest returning in a fly, then moved homewards.

CHAPTER XXII.

RELATES HOW A SPARTAN GAME WAS REVIVED; IN WHAT MANNER MR. WIGGINS WENT FORTH TO GATHER WATER-CRESSES; AND HOW DAVY BEHAVED HIMSELF IN DUCK LANE FARM.

THE following afternoon brought Messrs. Fitzrumpus and Adolphus Wriggle to Mr. Mills's residence, whither they often repaired to refresh themselves after their scholastic labours, which consisted not only in learning dead languages but also in using living ones, and knocking about breathing carcasses, kissing pretty girls, running into debt—if they could—upsetting boats on the "sedgey Thames," and various other intellectual performances. These young gentlemen, however, were really young gentlemen when they chose to be so, and that they always chose to be when in the presence of Mr. Mills and his daughter; but when they got among the domestic or farm-servants they were not long in laying aside all troublesome etiquette and restraint.

After dinner, the weather being delightful, the whole party, including Mr. Strutter, who came to dinner, went forth for a stroll in the meadows. Messrs. Fitzrumpus and Adolphus were now free. Accordingly, under pretence of showing him various curious matters, those gentlemen enticed Mr. Wiggins from the main party, and led him to that part of the farm where the horse-pond was situated.

"I should like to have some amusement," said Fitzrumpus, winking to his friend.

"So should I," said the mercurial Adolphus.

"I say, Wiggins, you've heard of the ancient Spartans, I suppose?"

"No; I can't say I have."

"They were the chaps for games—and game chaps they were too. Why, there was one young fellow that stole a fox and let him tear out his (the Spartan's) entrails sooner than be discovered."

"What did he do that for?" asked Wiggins.

"Honour—honour bright," answered Fitzrumpus, with a strut.

"What good would that do him when his ——— were pulled out?"

The scholars laughed, and then swore that the question was unanswerable.

"But the game," said 'Dolphus, impatiently.

"Oh, yes; just hoist that plank up;" and the two scholars placed a long plank across a fence that surrounded the deepest part of the pond, and having nearly balanced it, Fitzrumpus stepped upon one end, that resting on the ground.

"Now," said he, "this is the game; and it's a game the Spartans used to play to make themselves strong and hardy. You, Wiggins, will walk out to the other end of the plank until you balance me, and the plank becomes parallel with the horizon; then we shall walk towards each other until we meet over the balancing point—that is the rail; we shall then pass, I shall walk to the end of the plank over the water and you to this end, and when we meet again over the rail, we shall have accomplished our task, and may rank amongst the most expert and bold of Englishmen—at least so it was with the Spartans."

"And suppose I falls in when I gets to that end?" said Wiggins, pointing to the water, dubiously.

"We have placed the plank, and balanced it," affirmed Adolphus, "on true and infallible mechanical principles—see Gammonus, vol. vii. section 3, page 79."

"We have often calculated the chances," said Fitzrumpus; "and there are 494,000 chances to one against your falling-in—if you walk firmly."

Mr. Wiggins doubted still; and it was only when both of the Etonians expatiated on the honour which would accompany the successful termination of the game, that, fired by a noble spirit, Wiggins mounted the plank, and began to ascend to the end which stood perked up over the water.

As the tobacconist gravely and slowly mounted the plank, moving his arms about like the sails of a windmill, Davy and Miss Caroline, and the rest of the party came in sight, and beheld Mr. Wiggins near the end of the plank. As he approached the termination, the plank began to descend towards the water, on which Mr. Fitzrumpus in great alarm bellowed out, "Oh! oh!" and leaped off the plank, which caused Mr. Wiggins to fly off the other end, dashing into the water with a mighty splash and confusion, the scholars meanwhile digging their fists into their sides, and doubling and undoubling their bodies in an extraordinary manner. Davy stood amazed, with Miss Mills hanging on his arm quite astonished; Mr. Strutter looked

about him; and Messrs. Mills and Turnus, as soon as their cachinnatory fit would permit them, ran to help out of his bath the object of all this wonder, amazement, and mirth.

"Welcome! welcome!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzrumpus, as he assisted in pulling Mr. Wiggins out of the pond; "thou hast passed through the watery ordeal——"

"I've passed through the horse-pond, d—n yer!" said Mr. Wiggins, watering the earth like a wet Newfoundland dog.

"Try again," suggested Adolphus, "you will reap immortal honours!"

Mr. Wiggins very deliberately pulled off his coat; and whilst those around him were wondering at this action, doubled up his fingers in a peculiar way, so that each hand resembled a hard ball, and then, in the most uncourteous manner, and without asking leave, placed both in the countenance of Mr. Fitzrumpus, by which operation one of that gentleman's eyes was changed from blue to black, his nose sent forth a "sanguine flood," and his body, crossing a hillock, fell to mother earth: Mr. Adolphus felt something like a blow on his sternum, *vulgo* breast-bone, and lay down on the ground to recover himself. All this occurred in a moment, before Mr. Mills could interfere; and it took some time to pacify the enraged individuals, both Mr. Fitzrumpus and Mr. Wriggle declaring their desire for a "bit of a tussle" with Mr. Wiggins, and Mr. Wiggins politely informing them that he was perfectly ready to give 'em a bellyfull. These natural longings, however, being at length overcome, the whole party adjourned to the house, where Mr. Wiggins soon got rid of all signs of his ducking; and the scholars begging his pardon, he swore they were droll fellows, and shook them heartily by the hand as a token of forgiveness.

"Come, and get something warm," said Mr. Fitzrumpus, dragging Wiggins into the kitchen, Adolphus following. "Now, Jenny," continued he, familiarly addressing the dame who controlled household affairs, "give Mr. Wiggins a wee drop of brandy."

A bottle being produced, not only Mr. Wiggins, but also Mr. Fitzrumpus, Adolphus, and the old lady had a "wee drop" each.

"I think you said you should like some water-cresses fresh-gathered?" said Fitzrumpus to Wiggins; for he had soon discovered the love of the latter for those aquatic plants.

"Yes," said Wiggins, smacking his lips after the brandy.

"You should gather them yourself, and in rural style," said Fitzrumpus; "you would oblige Miss Mills, and all of them, by getting some."

"And you could enjoy yourself in picking them rurally," remarked Adolphus, winking to his fellow-scholar; "we know where they grow."

"Do you? come along, then, let's get 'em," said Mr. Wiggins, all alacrity.

"Stop, stop," said Fitzrumpus, "you're not prepared—you're not dressed for your business."

"Dressed!" ejaculated Mr. Wiggins, looking at his clothes.

"Yes; all water-cress gatherers are rigged out in a peculiar style. Here," continued he, taking up a white cotton clothes'-bag from a corner, "this you must hang round your neck to put the cresses in which you gather."

"And here," said Adolphus, or 'Dolphus, as he was styled, "you must take this jug to bring home some water from the stream, to wash the cresses with, for they are not eaten in perfection except when washed in the same water as they grow in."

"Is that the fact?" enquired Mr. Wiggins, hanging the white bag round his neck and taking the jug in his hand; "you know I'm guided by you."

"Oh, yes, that is the fact," replied Mr. Fitzrumpus.

Mr. Wiggins began to move towards the door, but was stopped by 'Dolphus bawling out, "Where are you going to?—you hav'n't got your clogs."

"Got what?" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins, in great astonishment.

"Your clogs—who ever heard of a water-cress gatherer going without his clogs? he'd get his feet wet through!"

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Wiggins, with a knowing wink.

"Here they are," said Mr. Fitzrumpus, routing out an old pair of the cook's—the proprietor of them looking on in a state of great admiration.

"Now, then, have you got your stick, Mr. Wiggins, to help you over the stream?" asked 'Dolphus. He had not; 'Dolphus ran and fetched it for him.

"Anything else wanted?" enquired 'Dolphus of Fitzrumpus, both nearly choking.

"Ye—es—Mr. Wiggins's gloves—kid gloves, you know."

"Gloves!"

"Yes; do you think ladies and gentlemen will eat cresses picked by the naked hand?" said Fitzrumpus, with great severity.

"Oh, I see—very well—I've got a pair in my hat," and Wiggins took them out of his hat and drew them on his hands.

"You've got some cigars, Mr. Wiggins, hav'n't you?"

Yes, he had, they would find a box-full in his bed-room. Mr. 'Dolphus ran up stairs, and soon returned with six.

"Two a-piece," said Mr. Wiggins, gaily.

"What!" said Fitzrumpus, "smoke cigars when you are about to pluck water-cresses for a lady!—monstrous!"

"Well, I didn't know, I'm sure," said Wiggins, humbly.

"Well, well," said Fitzrumpus, mildly, as he lighted a cigar, "you'll know for the future. Are you ready, 'Dolphy?"

"Yes," replied that interesting young man as he lit his cigar. They now marched forth. The kitchen was at the back of the house, and in going to the water-cress stream they passed through the yards and over the fields beyond. This was the "order of the procession" when it fully emerged from the kitchen into the yard.

Mr. Wiggins, habited in a mulberry-coloured coat, with gilt

buttons, and summer trowsers and waistcoat, with a white hat on his head, had a large linen bag hung round his neck, in his right hand (both hands being incased in black kid gloves) he held a brown pitcher of considerable dimensions, and in his left a yellow stick and a woman's pair of clogs: on one side of this individual walked Mr. Fitzrumpus smoking a cigar, and on the other Mr. Adolphus, also smoking, both stifling their mirth as much as possible, and discoursing learnedly on ancient and modern methods of plucking cresses, to which conversation Mr. Wiggins "did incline his ear." In this trim they passed through the yards rapidly; but Mr. Turnus getting a glance of them from a window of the house, hurried after them.

"Whoy, dom it, Jack, there be Measter Fitzroompus at his tricks agen, I doo declare," said one of the farm lads to a man working near.

"Soo there be—he be a reg'lar devil for a lark!"

On they proceeded, the water-cress gatherer and his escort; they passed through a number of fields, some of grain, some of grass; crossed several ditches, scrambled through hedges, mounted stiles, and at length reached a field of beautiful green grass, through which, shaded by several trees, ran a brook, having high rushes growing at its sides, and various plants in its centre.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzrumpus, lighting another cigar.

Mr. Turnus had followed with such good speed that at that moment he beheld from the covert of a hedge the proceedings of the trio.

"Put down your jug, Wiggins—no, fill it with water."

Mr. Wiggins did this, nearly tumbling into the stream in effecting it, and stirring up the sand and mud.

"Now, then, put on your clogs," said 'Dolphus. Mr. Wiggins put on his clogs. "Come this way," continued 'Dolphus, moving up the stream. Mr. Wiggins hobbled after his guide in his clogs, but in such a peculiar way, that Mr. Fitzrumpus behind his back, and Mr. Turnus behind the hedge, laughed heartily.

"There! there!" screamed 'Dolphus, thus stifling his disposition to laugh, "there! there are the water-cresses," pointing to a small green patch near the bank. These Mr. Wiggins, having his gloves on, picked very carefully and put into the great clothes'-bag, with many exclamations of wonder and delight.

Adolphus now dropped behind to laugh, and Fitzrumpus took his turn to guide the "raw cockney;" as he called him.

"This is the best place," said he, pointing to a spot farther up, where the rivulet took a bend, was deeper than ordinary, and rushed between a number of large stones, gurgling and splashing along. In this place, on the opposite side where the stream was least violent, a great many water-cress plants swayed about in the current and eddies, and to these Mr. Fitzrumpus called the attention of Mr. Wiggins. The latter gentleman, with great care and circumspection, stepped upon the stones, and bending down began to pluck the

cresses; but in doing so the bag which hung round his neck dipped into the water, and in endeavouring to pull it out again he overbalanced himself—he tried to recover his upright position by stepping to another stone rather below the level of the water, but being unused to wearing clogs, he slipped from this, and with stick, bag, clogs, and gloves, fell with a tremendous splash into the water! Dashing about in grand style, he emerged from the stream, which was eighteen inches deep, and ran after his hat and stick, which were floating merrily down the stream, and soon regained them.

During all this time Messrs. Fitzrumpus and Wriggle were laughing very much, and Mr. Turnus was performing the same operation behind the hedge.

"The clogs! the clogs!" gasped Fitzrumpus, squatting on the grass, quite exhausted.

"D—n the clogs!" roared Wiggins, shaking the water from his hat, and putting the latter on his head.

"But the cook, what'll the cook say?" said 'Dolphus.

This was quite another matter; and as Mr. Wiggins, on principle, never offended cooks, he soon rescued the clogs from the water.

Mr. Wiggins now, without being clogged by the assistance of the clogs, picked a large quantity of cresses, the water dripping from him the while, and stuffed them into the bag, his companions "shaking their mirth out of them," as Fitzrumpus said, by rolling on the grass. When the unlucky tobacconist had gathered a sufficient quantity of water-cresses, he took the pitcher of water in one hand, the stick and clogs in the other, his hands being still covered by his wet gloves, and accompanied by the scholars moved homewards. Mr. Turnus so soon as he saw this walked quickly off to the house to give notice who was coming.

"I shan't like to be seen in this here pickle," remarked Wiggins, as they neared the farm-yard.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Fitzrumpus, with a twinkling eye, "the ancients——".

"Don't give us any more of your Sparkin games," said Wiggins, rather angrily.

"Nay, my dear Sir, I was only going to tell you what the ancients did——"

"Well, cut along."

"The ancients used to represent gods just in your condition, all wet, only they had dirty rushes, canes, and worn-out bungs sticking about their hair and garments, lying down on one side, with just such a pitcher as that, and letting the water run out of it. They were river-gods, you know."

"Well, I wish I was, and people 'ud be frightened to laugh at me then."

"Pooh!" said 'Dolphus, "never mind their laughing: tell them," and he spoke lower, "that you're acting a river-god been to pluck water-cresses!"

"Yes, do!" entreated Fitzrumpus.

"Well, so I will."

After passing the ordeal of the farm-servants' stares and grins, Mr. Wiggins arrived in the yard immediately adjoining the kitchen. In this Mr. Turnus had marshalled all the company, with the domestic servants, to receive the triumphant Wiggins. As the latter gentleman approached with weeping clothes, a wet bag hanging round his neck, a pair of clogs and a yellow stick in one hand, and a pitcher of water in the other, the assembly could not refrain from a roar of laughter, which was renewed when Mr. Wiggins informed them, with a smile, that he was acting the part of a river-god.

"A river-god!" exclaimed Turnus, "thou art the very impersonation of old Father Thames himself! the beau-ideal of an aquatic deity,—the very husband of an Amphitrite,—thou art great Neptune himself! all hail the king of the waters!" and Messrs. Fitzrumpus, Adolphus, and Mills cheered, and every one else laughed immoderately.

Mr. Wiggins now produced his water-cresses, and handing them over to the cook, retired to make some change in his dress.

At tea, whilst the company ate the cresses, Mr. Wiggins pompously described the perils he had undergone in obtaining them, the precautions and means he had employed, and the bravery he had exhibited, concluding with observing that water-cress gatherers well earned their money considering the trouble there was to get 'em.

The Eton scholars passed the evening in great amity with Mr. Wiggins, smoking his cigars vigorously, and bade him "good-night" in the most friendly manner.

On the following morning, his leave of absence being expired, Mr. Wiggins, with many thanks to Mr. Mills and his daughter, took his leave.

Davy passed his time very pleasantly at Duck Lane farm. During the day he would sit and talk with Miss Mills, or read with her books both "grave and gay;" or he would walk with her in the garden, or assist her in tending her flowers, or stroll in the orchard plucking the fruit. At other times he, with his charming female companion, would converse with Turnus and Mills, spending hours thus. Often in the afternoon or evening he would wander with the lovely maid into the meadows, or through the fields of waving corn, plucking many a wild flower, as beautiful as any nurtured in garden or hot-house; and thus, Miss Carry holding a parasol over her head, and Davy gazing on her with looks of delight, the pair would proceed to the banks of the rivulet which pursued its "tortuous way" at no great distance from the farm, seated on a velvet bank shaded by a willow, the philosopher and the maid would placidly gaze on the little stream running along over pebbles and sand, and through many an aquatic plant, now listening to the delightful ripple of its crystal waters, now watching the trembling verdure as the waters rushed through it. Then Davy would read passages from the poets of nature, and burn with ecstacy at each applauding look and word of her who sat beside him. After a while they would walk along

the bank, stopping to watch the fish gliding along, or playing amid the weeds; or that Davy might pluck some delicate flower shewing its tiny blossom on the moist bank, or, perchance, to pull from the stream a gorgeous water-lily whose whiteness shamed the new-fallen snow, and whose broad green leaf, and large seed-pod, floating on the water and shaken by the current, it was a luxury to behold. Anon, the lady would be seated again, near some ancient tree, whilst the philosopher would run to a distant bank to pick the wild thyme whose fragrance loaded the breeze, or speed to a bush where the sweet honeysuckle clambered amongst the thorns and lifted up its pretty flower. In these pursuits and amusements the evening wore on, the glorious sun "gilded the western sky," descending below the horizon, leaving traces of his fire upon the clouds, and giving promise of a beauteous morrow, warning Caroline and Davy that it was time to turn homewards. The lady slightly clasping his arm, and he officiously carrying her now useless parasol, he would slowly proceed to the mansion, regretting that he could not drink of the sweet cup of enjoyment which he had tasted for a longer time. And as he thus returned, he admitted to himself that the happiness he felt then he had "never dreamt of in his philosophy."

After these evenings of rapture, an hour of social converse and a temperate refection closed a day of unalloyed pleasure.

Mr. Mills and Turnus soon perceived that these wanderings and conversations wrought a considerable change in Davy. Before, he had been scrupulously neat in his attire, too much so, indeed, for an orthodox philosopher, but now he seemed every day to "Adonise" himself more and more; he became more attentive to the graces of his person, arranged his hair with a greater regard to beauty of appearance, seemed to feel a stronger desire to please and be pleased, and, in fact, did all he could to make himself more acceptable to—the reader can guess who. Perhaps it may be supposed that Davy followed the course he pursued with Miss Adair in discoursing with Caroline—but such was not the case; for every day he became less of a philosopher and more of a—must we write the word? oh, miseries of authorship!—lover.

Though Miss Mills felt no particular objection to this, there was one who, from a desire that philosophy should not lose so bright an ornament as Davy, or some other worldlier motive, could not view the change without regret or suspicion. The longer Davy stayed at the farm, the more often Mr. Strutter visited it, and sometimes, when he found that Davy was out walking with Miss Mills, or saw him bending his face close to her lovely cheek whilst attending to the plants in the garden, he felt a mortal coldness come over him, and he distorted his countenance in a way which by no means increased its beauty. On one occasion, and only one, Mr. Strutter was left alone with the young lady, and the following conversation took place:—

"Well, Miss Mills," said Strutter, "do you find Mr. Dreamy pleasant company?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Strutter;" and then she blushed.

The blush annoyed Mr. Strutter, and so did the answer, and he continued sharply, "I wonder, Miss Mills, you can admire such a dull, philosophical book-worm, who can talk of nothing else but crucibles, furnaces, crystals, wonderful pigs, and old swords!" and then he checked himself.

"Mr. Strutter, you speak very freely," said Miss Mills, with dignity; "I have never heard of these old swords, furnaces, and the rest," and she smiled; "but I have heard, and so have you, Sir, much of his excellent disposition,—his kindness to the distressed, his relief of suffering, his opposition to injustice—I am sure, Sir, he has an excellent heart"—and she stopped short in her eloquent harangue, and blushed again.

"Drat him and his heart!" said Mr. Strutter to himself, "I think he has two."

"That is all very true," said he aloud, and with a smile, "but still you must admit, after all, that a philosopher is very dry company."

"I have not found him so," answered the lady, freely and without guile.

"The devil!" muttered Strutter; and before he could return to the charge Davy entered, and soon had the best of the conversation with Caroline, Mr. Strutter putting in a word where he could, but never receiving any encouragement to proceed. To his great joy he found that Davy left for town on the following afternoon, and departed in the evening fully resolved to supplant him as soon as he had gone to London.

On the morrow Davy and Turnus, after an early dinner, prepared to leave the hospitable mansion of Mr. Mills. When the hour of departure arrived, Mr. Turnus, with a great deal of cordiality, kissed the cheek of Miss Mills, and Davy fell into a reverie on the advantages of a man being of "a certain age," from the privileges he is entitled to, out of which he was awakened by Mr. Mills declaring that he would miss the coach, whereupon he shook hands with Miss Mills, and saying a few common-place words, though his heart was full of others, bid her adieu, and, following Mr. Mills and Turnus, he reached the lane."

"Bless me!" said he, "I have forgotten my gloves!"

"Run back for them, and be quick," said Mills, walking on.

Davy did run back, and entering the apartment he had just left, found Miss Mills looking very disconsolate.

"I have forgotten my gloves," said he, taking them from the table; "good b'ye, Miss Mills!"

The lady started up and placed her hand in his—he instantly kissed it, and then, looking in her face, and seeing no protest against the act, he exclaimed, "Good b'ye, good b'ye, dearest Caroline!" and then—make haste and skip the next few words, philosophers!—snatched a kiss from her lips! gave another look, and darted out of the room.

When Davy overtook his friends in the lane they upbraided him

for three things: firstly, for leaving his gloves behind him; secondly, for going back to fetch them; and thirdly, for being so long about the latter, laughing slyly at his protestations of having used the utmost speed.

We are somewhat surprised at Davy having kissed Miss Mills—for how could a philosopher know anything about kissing? It was extraordinary; but as it would be most unphilosophical to state an occurrence and not the cause of it, we must say that the only explanation we can give is, that a passion for kissing is inherent in mankind, and thus Davy had the failing of his brethren.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAVY ENCOUNTERS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, AND VISITS JULIA.

"AH! old fellow! how are ye?" exclaimed some person, clapping Davy on the back, one evening as he was passing down Bond-street. He turned round quite astonished, and very much offended by this proceeding, and instantly recognised the Rev. Mr. Swill, rather disguised in liquor—by the bye, what's the meaning of that? *In vino veritas*, some old gentleman has said; but if that be the truth, how can liquor disguise a man? To be sure it sometimes changes him from a human being to a beast: but to proceed. Mr. Swill had evidently just emerged from a tavern near at hand, and Mr. Dreamy seeing him in this state, and being addressed so freely, was very indignant.

"What do you mean, Sir, by——"

"Oh, step in, Mr. Dreamy, and we'll take another bottle or two; they've the right sort here!"

"Sir, I wish to have nothing to say to you."

"Well, you *are* a droll chap," said Mr. Swill, staring at Davy; "why, don't you remember me?"

"What do you wish with me, Sir?—answer me quickly, if you please."

"Humph! the fact is, you see, I have had a squabble with the Marquis. One morning—we had just left the Clarendon—I wished to perform the duties of my office, for I am remarkably conscientious in that sometimes, and so I persisted in reading prayers whilst his Lordship was lying with his head on the carpet and his heels on the sofa; now, my reading—I have a very fine voice—disturbed him, and he could not go to sleep comfortably, so he sprung up, seized the last new novel that was lying near him, and flung it at my head. Of course I could not suffer this—it would have been derogatory to my dignity as a clergyman, don't you see?"

"Ah! well?"

"Well, I upheld my own dignity by immediately returning the compliment. We had a scuffle—he kicked—no, he desired me to

leave, and accordingly I quitted his service. And here I am." And the reverend gentleman wandered into the kennel and back again.

"Hem! Mr. Swill, I wish you a good evening."

"Stop, stop, my dear friend! I wish to ask you a question."

"Be quick with it, then."

"Do you want a sober, industrious, hard-working, strictly religious and pious chaplain?"

"No; if I did, what then?"

"In that case," replied Mr. Swill, glancing sideways at the other, "I should be very much at your service."

"Oh, indeed! I am very much obliged to you—very much—I wish you a very good evening, Sir."

"Not so fast! not so fast!" exclaimed Mr. Swill, catching hold of a button, to make sure of Davy. "Do you know Julia wants to see you?"

"Who?"

"Julia—you know—the gal you saw at the Shades."

"Ah! well, what of her?"

"You're a deep 'un!" remarked the ex-chaplain, digging his fingers into the ribs of Davy. "You are very sly; d—d sly!"

"What of this woman, Mr. Swill—where is she?"

"Ho! ho! you're very warm after her!"

"Psha! where can I find her?"

After several additional laughs, pokes, and jocular remarks, the reverend gentleman gave the required information, consigning the woman by the way to eternal perdition, swearing she was a canting creature; that he was as moral and religious a man as could be expected; and telling Mr. Dreamy that he was a very lucky fellow.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Swill, and I wish you a good evening."

"But I want to ask you something—will you not take a glass of wine with me?"

"I thank you, no."

"Well, perhaps you'll lend me a sovereign, then?"

"Oh, yes," replied Davy, glad to be rid of his companion. Mr. Swill on his part vowed that Mr. Dreamy was an excellent man, a liberal philosopher, and staunch friend, and then re-entered the tavern which he had so lately quitted.

Davy hurried down Bond-street, through St. James's-street, and across the Park, quitting it by Storey's Gate, and proceeding towards the Abbey. Leaving the latter to the left he entered a narrow street, not over-cleanly or very remarkable for gentility of appearance. Women were standing at the open doors, talking aloud, and in no very delicate strain. Davy passed rapidly onwards, turned down another street more narrow and dirty than the first; the entrances to the cellars of the houses—being the residences of families—stood gaping ready to swallow the incautious passenger who made a false step! and on each side narrow and gloomy courts branched off, and now and then a being flitted through the shade, or a scream as a

howl broke the stillness, strongly reminding the imaginative beholder of midnight murders and old romances. The next street Davy passed through was of rather larger proportions, containing some very dirty and small public-houses; chandlers' shops with casement windows, a glance through which discovered a paltry room with a table, some articles of food displayed for sale, a small fire, and in one corner a turn-up bedstead—a whole family living and sleeping in the "shop;" and old houses, whose black, cracked, and deformed fronts were dimly lighted by a dull lamp here and there, and from the windows of which, at intervals, the light of some feeble candle struggled through the dirty panes or ragged curtains. The effluvia which rose from the kennel and the houses was anything but pleasant, and at times a whiff rushed from some court so powerful as almost to suffocate the uninured passenger. A drunken man, his rags flying in the wind, would suddenly plunge from a public-house—or a scuffle would be heard in a passage—a child screaming—or the sound of oaths, and ribaldry, and quarrels would proceed from the gloomy-looking houses. Davy glanced around and hurried forward. He stopped at a narrow court—seemed to observe its various bearings—paused, and at length entered it.

Groping by the aid of the wall he proceeded about a dozen yards, when he made a descent more rapidly than pleasantly, falling down some cellar stairs which stood invitingly open in the darkness. Rolling down the steps he came plump against a rotten door at the bottom; the door gave way, and our philosopher was pitched into the midst of a quiet and retired family, the head of which, a gentleman who had lost most of his teeth in supporting the honour of his country in sundry battles in the neighbourhood, and whose bushy hair seemed heavily laden with lime and dust, immediately rose from the graceful attitude in which he was seated on a chair with only three legs and minus a back, and advancing towards Davy greeted him in the fashion of his country, with "Blood and thunder! what the divil d'ye want?" and was on the point of still farther exhibiting his hospitality by providing his visitor with a "dacent pair of black eyes," when Davy explained how he came so suddenly into the presence of so large a family—the latter consisting of the toothless gentleman, his helpmate, a dozen strange looking animals called in this region children, two rough looking dogs, and several pups—and made the amende honorable for his intrusion. From Mr. Dermot, Davy learned where he would find Julia, having received particular directions—nay, one of the b'ys being provided to light him with a rush whose thickness was almost imperceptible—he paid for the damage done to the door, and emerged from the cellar.

At the end of the court in a gloomy angle was a house with an aged front, dirty casements, and broken panes. Davy's guide kicked vigorously at the door, there being nothing in the shape of a knocker, and presently an old woman in a smoke-coloured cap and tattered dress opened it; and after a great deal of bawling and trouble, for the dame was deaf, she ushered Davy, with a villanous smile on her

puckered countenance, to the upper part of the house, and bidding him wait on a crazy landing, she entered a room and announced to its occupant that such a tall, handsome, noble gentleman had come to see her. The woman seemed to demur to admitting this dashing blade, for the old beldame was heard abusing her for throwing opportunities away, reminding her that there was something considerable owing for the room, and concluding by telling her that she should pack immediately if she shewed any of her tantrums. The old woman hobbled out, and told Davy with a shrill voice to enter.

"For mercy's sake quit me, Sir!" exclaimed a feeble voice.

"Fear nothing, I am a friend—I have come to assist you."

There was a movement under a quantity of tattered blankets and coverlets, which were thrown on a low frame that was perhaps meant for a bedstead, and presently a pale, attenuated, unearthly countenance protruded from the clothes and fixed its gaze on the visitor. The eyes were sunk yet still brilliant, the cheeks thin and pallid, the lips quivering and of a blueish tint, and the hair escaped in disorder from a rumpled cap.

"Ha!" shrieked this spectral figure, and the woman fainted.

The old lady, however, bustled about and soon restored her, told her not to be so foolish, curtsied to Davy, and quitted the room.

The apartment was small, the plastered walls black with age and begrimed with dirt, the floor uneven and ricketty, the lead-bound casement shattered and plastered with paper; the furniture of the room was the bedstead, a wooden chair, and a small round table, half the top of which had been split off. On this table stood a miserable candle, some cups and phials, and a book—Davy opened it, it was a bible.

The faint light of the candle fell on the wasted countenance and thin hands of the once beautiful Julia, and when she fixed her glistening eyes, from which tears rolled down her cheeks, upon Davy, he involuntarily started at beholding the change sickness and sorrow had made.

"Ah, Sir!" said she, with a melancholy smile, "I am much changed! Would to God that with beauty, health, and strength, the remembrance of my former sins had departed! I have been a wicked creature, Sir, a very wicked creature—true, I was wronged; I was scorned—I—no, no; to endeavour to palliate my conduct is but adding crime to crime!"

"Pray compose yourself," said Davy, seating himself by the bedside; "you have renounced your evil life——"

"Oh, yes, Sir; if I must suffer it shall be virtuously; if society condemn me to crime or starvation, I will starve—though it is bitter to feel the pangs of hunger, to shiver in the cold, to have no home, no friends, no hope. Oh, Sir, the wretch driven by poverty to crime is more deserving of pity than punishment." The woman wept, and Davy gazed very intently on the candle.

"How came you hither?" said he, after a pause; "and why did you not let me know of your situation?"

"On the morrow of the night I met you, Sir, I was attacked by a fever: a wretch with whom I, from my mode of life, had dealings, robbed me of most of my apparel, and had me conveyed hither. It was only three days since that I completely recovered my senses. My removal brought me to death's door; and since I have been here I have fared but poorly, without medical aid, and almost destitute of food: the poor old woman who resides here has been my nurse and physician—poor creature! she was well to do in the world once. How she would have shuddered then, if she had thought for a moment that her mind could have ever become depraved as it is now!"

"Do not fatigue yourself; you must be better tended and provided——"

"Stay, Sir; I have resolved not to allow one more opportunity to pass without telling you my history. The accidents of life are sudden: I should be loth to quit the world without imparting my unhappy tale to one who feels so much interest in my welfare. I am weak, but I have strength enough to perform a duty to myself and you."

"Another time would have done—but I'll not oppose your desire; if you feel the least fatigue pray cease your narrative."

A SHORT HISTORY, IN WHICH THERE IS LITTLE NOVELTY.

"At an early age I lost my parents and was left quite destitute. A maiden aunt, however, took me into her house and brought me up, educating me at a school near at hand, and always most sedulously preventing me from mixing in society: residing in a village on the borders of Wilts she immured herself in her cottage and seemed to shun the society of her neighbours, and I shared her solitude—from this circumstance, I believe, sprang my ruin.

"It is now about three years since that an individual appeared in the neighbourhood, of whom nothing appeared to be known except that his manners and appearance were gentlemanly, and that he seemed to be in no want of money. By some means or other, but I never learned how, my aunt became acquainted with this man, and he often visited our residence. Before my relative he treated me merely with civility, and paid great attention to her, but when we were alone his manner was very different. I, who had been almost cut off from intercourse with the other sex, was greatly delighted with his company; each day my affection for him increased, and his protestations of eternal faith became more and more enthusiastic. All this time my aunt knew nothing of our—or I should say my—sentiments. Mr. Lovelace, as he called himself, though he told me his real title was Lord Allen, but that circumstances compelled him to change his name and shun the world for a time, circumstances, he said, springing from an affair of honour—alas! I believed him. Well, this Mr. Lovelace, or Lord Allen, was very attentive to Miss Neville, my aunt; and I half suspected then, and am now certain, that he in private pretended to pay his addresses to

her. She was a lady upwards of forty years of age, exceedingly vain of her person in reality, though but seldom exhibiting her failing; and the arrival of Mr. Lovelace, and his hypocritical passion, made her think that she was as youthful as myself, and much more attractive in appearance, so she little suspected the real intentions of this man. Weeks passed away; I was now fast enchained in love of this Lord Allen. I was a poor simple country girl, Sir, unused to the arts of the world, and almost unacquainted with its inhabitants, no wonder then that I yielded to this accomplished lover's oaths and protestations—that I believed his love was as ardent as mine. To shorten my sad narration, let it suffice to tell you, that he was a villain, and I a ruined creature. He abruptly departed—I have heard nothing of him since. My aunt soon discovered all. Her bitterness towards me can hardly be imagined—it was not so much from my having fallen, as from my seducer being the man whom she believed had loved her; she thought *I* had taken her admirer—that *I* had induced him to forsake her for me. Her pique was consequently most violent. She bid me begone—she had protected me from childhood, fondled me, educated, loved me—but all was forgotten in her anger; I had robbed her of a lover, and she banished me from her home with all the concentrated bitterness that springs from female rivalry. With some articles of dress and a small sum of money, which as a last exercise of her charity she bestowed on me, I quitted my native village.

"I proceeded to a distant part of the country, and endeavoured in a small town to obtain some means of livelihood. For a few weeks I earned a small sum at needlework; that resource failing, I obtained, by means of falsehood, a situation as a governess, for I had received a good education—in a week my lies were detected, and I was thrust from the house. I was compelled to quit the town. The next place I went to I tried in vain to obtain any kind of employment—if I told the truth, no one would listen to me; if I uttered falsehoods, I was suspected: with the females I was too handsome to be virtuous, and besides seemed proud, they said, and indeed they did not wish any such creatures near them—it might be true that I was distressed, and was willing to work, that I promised well, and so on, but still they could not possibly have anything to say to me—and so, I was left to starve or do worse. My money was gone, most of my superfluous clothing sold. I proceeded to another town—a county town—and here I had no better success. I began to despair, when one day a vulgar looking man visited me, and offered me an engagement in a theatrical company of which he was the head. I eagerly closed with his offer, and was installed prima donna in his establishment. My life was tiring and tedious enough, but still the employment was a god-send to me. Having received a good education, I was an acquisition to this Mr. Grub, and he was determined to make as much by my exertions as possible, and so my labour was incessant; for ever studying new characters, being compelled to provide half the words I was to utter myself, to make up my dresses, to

tear my lungs to pieces to please the patrons of the drama, and to travel from town to town, and village to village, with the ragged, careless, debauched crew with whom I was mixed. Of course my morals were little improved by the company of these men and women. I felt I was gradually descending from innocence and ignorance to knowledge and wickedness. One day Mr. Grub departed rather suddenly, omitting to pay us our arrears of salary and the bills of the tradespeople, and we were scattered.

"I now, being unable to obtain any further engagement in the country, started for London. Here I struggled on for some months, now obtaining a few days' work at one place, now at another; and at last I joined one of those poor theatrical companies which exist in many of the low localities of the metropolis. I had gradually been sinking in my own estimation; I had become careless, thoughtless, degraded—my new employment finished what had been begun. There was in this paltry company of actors a young man, whose love—or madness—for theatrical exhibition had induced him to quit an honest way of life to become a vagrant performer, poor in purse and low in character; he had many good qualities, was handsome, frank, and cheerful—with him I formed a *liaison*, for I was now quite reckless of what I did. In a few weeks he quitted me, and to this day I have never seen him. The company was soon after broken up, and I was thrown on the world to struggle anew. But I had taken the last step in infamy, and I now sought a livelihood by the most degrading of occupations. I soon began to detest myself. At first I had been careless and wanton, but soon a change ensued. I thought of what I was, all foulness—and what I had been, all purity. My companions were so degraded that they disgusted even me with their conversation and conduct; their hollow mirth removed not my sadness—good lack! 'twas but to hide their own. I passed my life in a continual round of debauchery. Night was turned into day; religion, honour, virtue, were the objects of every jeer and scoff; drink and dress were the only object of our lives. Oh! the remembrance even is sickening! Few can tell the misery of her whose outward appearance is all smiles and gaudiness, but in whose bosom is the bitter pang of a life of continual wrong and infamy—the object of the light pleasure and the heartless merriment of the selfish, unfeeling, and thoughtless!

"Sir," she continued, stretching her hands towards Davy, "you will aid me—you will assist me to escape from this miserable life? Oh, for mercy's sake, replace me in my former station! do not leave me to despair! Indeed, indeed, I am not wicked at heart—I will live virtuously if I can!—live! no, no, I shall die; I grow weaker and weaker each hour; strange phantoms flit before me, and I think of old times—and then to die so young, and so wicked! Oh, my God! it is dreadful!" She fell back fainting, and Davy, stamping on the floor and calling for assistance, ran to aid her. The old woman entered, and after some time the unhappy Julia was recovered from her swoon. Mr. Dreamy left her after asking a few

questions, and promising to aid her. It appeared that from her aunt she had heard nothing, and a pride which had often proved injurious to her had prevented her addressing her relative; Mr. Lovelace, or Lord Allen, she could never trace. Davy then resolved to communicate with the first, and endeavour to discover the second. In a few days he had Julia, or rather Amelia Neville, removed from her wretched abode to more commodious and decent apartments. He wrote to Miss Neville; but days and weeks passed and no answer arrived; he wrote again—the same result.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. CHEETHALL'S "SYSTEM" PROVES FALLACIOUS.

Mr. Mills and his daughter visited London rather unexpectedly, the cause of which will appear hereafter. Proceeding from the house of the friend with whom they lodged, Mr. Mills and Caroline on the morning subsequent to their arrival visited Davy.

"Is Mr. Dreamy within?" enquired Mr. Mills, of the comely footman who opened the door.

"He is particularly engaged, Sir, and told me not to disturb him; but," glancing at Miss Mills, "if you will walk in, Sir, I'll tell him."

Accepting this invitation the farmer and the lady entered, Mr. Mills asking if Davy had any one with him?

"No, Sir—no," answered the footman, rather embarrassed; "in fact, Sir, he's—in the laboratory."

"Oh, ho! indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Mills, with a chuckle; "don't disturb him then, but show us the way to the laboratory."

"But, Sir,—I—must n't," stammered the footman, grinning.

"Oh, he'll not be offended, William; come, shew us the way," he continued, taking his daughter's arm.

The footman with a broad grin, somewhat mixed with apprehension, led the way. Descending a few stairs, they entered a small closet, in which were various bottles, cases, tubes, &c. lying about. Before them appeared a small door.

"That's the door, Sir," said the conductor, in a whisper, and standing on one side; Mr. Mills smiled, and so did Caroline, and the footman grinned awfully.

Mr. Mills opened the little door, and William closed his mouth with his hand.

"Don't bother!" exclaimed Davy, quickly and sharply.

Obeying this mandate, the back of the philosopher being presented to them, Miss Mills and her parent had an opportunity of inspecting the apartment. It was a middle-sized room, having a furnace, sand-bath, and various other appurtenances in one corner, with a large chimney rising over it; under the chimney and on the

furnace stood several bottles and tubes, from which hissing sounds and coloured fumes arose, ascending the chimney. Around the walls were shelves loaded with different apparatus, retorts, alembics, gas-jars, and what not; three cupboards, the doors standing partially open, shewed a goodly assortment of bottles, clean and dirty, full and empty, squat and tall, labelled and unlabelled. Weights and scales, tube-stands and saucers, boxes and jars, tongs and hammers, lay upon the small tables and boards in various parts of the room.

But what attracted most attention, was the philosopher himself. Attired in an old dressing-gown full of holes, burnt by acids and other strong fluids, and stained and bleached alternately, he sat on a wooden kitchen-chair, before a strong deal table, covered with blots and apparatus. A lighted lamp, fixed upon a stand, was before him, and he directed through a glass tube, with a large bulb at one part and a small terminating orifice, a current of air upon the flame; to do which, he swelled out his cheeks and forced the air into the tube, drawing in a fresh supply to his lungs in a most scientific manner, making a noise like "tut! tut! tut!" The air thus forced on to the flame, or into it, caused a little jet of fire to play upon a piece of charcoal which the operator held in his left hand, and from which showers of sparks flew whenever he blew with extra force. Whilst Caroline and Mr. Mills were viewing this process, the critical moment arrived; the mineral on the charcoal, about the size of a pin's head, melted into a globule; but, alas! a sudden puff blew it, with a variety of scintillations, all over the table; and Davy, dashing down the charcoal, took a long breath, muttered something like an anathema upon the dispersed mineral, and exclaimed, "What the d—l do you want, William? you see what you've made me do!"

William not answering, Davy turned round and beheld the wondering countenances of his visitors, upon observing whom, he jumped up in great confusion, Mr. Mills roaring with laughter, and Miss Mills smiling.

"I beg you ten thousand pardons," said the philosopher, upsetting the lamp in drawing his dressing-gown around him; "but how came that booby, William, to let you in?"

"Oh, I begged him to let me come in, so don't blame him. But were you on the point of discovering the philosopher's stone when I interrupted you?" and the farmer doubled himself up again in laughter.

Davy looked grave, and talked about changing his dress; but Mr. Mills would not hear of it, vowing that he should shew Carry some of the wonders of the place. There being no means of escaping, Davy submitted, and exhibited, in his scientific robe, the contents of the laboratory, telling Miss Caroline the nature and properties of each liquid and solid.

"What's this," asked Mills, taking up a bottle containing a fluid, with no label.

"Put a little on your finger—just a drop," said Davy.

Mr. Mills did so, and in a short time found the skin become quite

black where he had placed the fluid; and then Davy told him it was nitrate of silver, and that it turned the hair, skin, nails, &c. black for a time, when applied to them. Mr. Mills obtained a quantity of it in a stopped phial, promising to make good use of it. After the visitors had seen all that was worth seeing, and William had been ordered to "put the things to rights," Davy was allowed to depart to beautify himself, and Mills and Caroline were ushered into the drawing-room.

On the next morning, Mr. Mills had an interview with Davy and Mr. Turnus, and informed them that he had come to town to look after his toy-manufactory; opening the whole case to them, which astonished Mr. Dreamy, and made Turnus whistle.

"Will you go with me and see what Cheethall is doing?" said Mr. Mills.

This they readily agreed to do, and in a back street in the borough of Southwark found a workshop, which had been turned into a toy-manufactory.

"Mr. Cheethall in?" asked Mr. Mills of a smartly dressed young man, who walked up to him as he entered.

"No, Sir, but he will be in a few minutes."

"We'll walk round," said Mills to his friends; and they perambulated the manufactory. It consisted of three large floors of one room each, and several counting-houses. They found a number of men and women and some children, hard at work, making dolls, asses, mules, cows, carts, nine-pins, and many other articles. Order, cleanliness, and industry reigned throughout the establishment.

"Strange, strange," muttered Davy.

"What is strange?" asked Mills.

"That things should be carried on so orderly, and in such an excellent manner, and yet the undertaking be unsuccessful."

"It's the system," said Turnus, drily.

"The system!" exclaimed Davy, "how can the doing anything in a systematic manner make it unprofitable? the effect ought to be the reverse."

"Would you manage an estate worth five hundred pounds a-year, by paying a man six hundred to collect the rents?"

"That's it!" said Mills, as if a new light had burst on him.

"Here's Mr. Cheethall," said the smart young gentleman.

Mr. Cheethall, in full feather, dandified, cheerful, and swaggering, rushed up to Mr. Mills, and seized him by the hand. "Step into the head-office," said he, leading the way to a comfortable room fitted up with desks, &c.

"I wish to know how the concern is going on?" said Mills, in a gruff voice.

"Certainly, Sir," said Mr. Cheethall; and he despatched a messenger for the clerks and superintendents of the various departments, ordering their books to be sent up. A huge load of these were soon placed on the table.

Mr. Cheethall exhibited his books: they were in beautiful order!

not a blot, erasure, or omission; and then, the system was so excellent (it was taken from that practised at government offices); for one thing was entered in seven or eight different books, and thus the matter was well checked, besides creating a great deal of work. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Cheethall said the concern was still a losing one.

"Why, haven't you reduced the price sufficiently by this time to drive the others out of the market?" said Mills.

"Not quite, Sir; as we reduce, they reduce; but they can't go on much longer—some of them will soon be ruined!"

"Very consoling, indeed," said Mr. Mills; and then he muttered something about he didn't know who'd be ruined first.

"This system of management must be altered," said Turnus.

"Then, Sir, the whole concern falls to pieces," said Cheethall, resolutely; "it is the management that keeps it going ——"

"With my friend's money," added Turnus.

"We shall soon ruin our opponents, Sir," persisted Cheethall; "and then we shall get cent. per cent. for the money expended—we'll ruin them, that we will!"

"Will you, by heaven!" exclaimed Mills; "I'm thinking you'll ruin me first!"

Mr. Cheethall bowed, and said he hoped not.

"Give it up at once," said Turnus; "don't throw good money after bad."

"It can't fail eventually—and you must look to the eventuality; I always look to the eventuality" (if Mr. Cheethall did always look to the eventuality of his schemes, he must have had a continual prospect of a debtor's prison): "the system," he continued, looking complacently at the account-books, "the system must eventually prevail. Where, now, will you find accounts kept in such a style as this?"

"Ay, where?" echoed Turnus.

"Such order, sobriety, and decency in the work-people; such attentive superintendents; and, I may ask without vanity, such a systematic manager?"

"I suppose the books and management cost twice as much as the materials and workmanship?" said Turnus.

"No, Sir, they do not," replied Cheethall indignantly; "here are the books, and you will find that the management—which is *the* feature of the concern—only costs three-sevenths of the whole, and what is that for such a system?"

"D—n the system, Sir," exclaimed Turnus, pettishly; "you had better give up the concern, Mills."

"If you object to provide more money, make it into a joint-stock toy-manufactory," suggested the indefatigable Cheethall.

"Give it up," advised both Turnus and Davy.

"I shall," said Mills; "in a week's time I shall sell the stock and let the premises—if I can; do you see to it, Mr. Cheethall."

With many bows, Mr. Cheethall said he would manage all that sort of thing, and showed the gentlemen out.

Before a week had passed, Mr. Cheethall had organised a joint-stock toy-company; and the company purchased the materials on the premises, Mr. Mills being heartily glad to be rid of the whole concern. Not so Mr. Cheethall. He continued manager; but somehow the concern, despite the system, never prospered; the goods being sold for fifteen per cent. less than they cost, never realised a profit; and at last the company, after lingering on for some time in a state of penury, died a natural death. Mr. Cheethall ever after spoke with enthusiasm of the system, and of the fine effects it would have produced had it succeeded.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RAPID SUCCESSION OF EVENTS, AND ABRUPT CONCLUSION.

Davy had just sat down to dinner with Caroline, her father, Turnus, and Fergusson, when a loud knock,—a knock, now, such as an enraged man would bestow upon a door; and there are many kinds of knocks—there is the complacent knock, the devil-of-a-hurry knock, the timid knock, the uncouth knock, the dunning knock, the hungry knock (which comes about dinner-time), and a vast variety of other knocks, all distinct and easily recognised by a student of knocking—by the bye, my lord's porter would be the best writer on the theory and practice of knocking,—but to return: there came a furious knocking at the moment the small party sat down to dinner, and everyone stopped short in mute expectation of something dreadful occurring; the door was presently flung open, and Mr. Strutter rushed in, holding a cambric handkerchief to his face, and desired Davy to inspect his countenance; Mr. Strutter removed the handkerchief, and Mr. Mills nearly fell upon the floor in a paroxysm of laughter.

There was something decidedly curious in the appearance of Mr. Strutter's countenance, which, if it did not command respect, compelled attention. Down one side of his face, extending over a great part of his cheek, was a jet black mark, somewhat in the figure of a bottle, the belly of it being on the cheek. On the other side of his face were three other black marks, resembling "tortuous streams," but not so beautifying as such things usually are to the surfaces they irrigate. It was to these sable figures that Mr. Strutter called the attention of Davy, and the latter, after looking steadfastly and curiously at them, said he didn't comprehend the matter.

"Not comprehend it?" exclaimed Mr. Strutter, looking as fierce and black as the jealous Moor; "not comprehend it?—you who contrived it all—you—you—" the choleric gentleman was nearly choking.

"Give Mr. Strutter a glass of water," said Turnus.

"Alas!" said Mills,

> 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this tint
> 'Clean from his face?' "

This was an excellent quotation, but very inappropriate; and so the utterer thought, for he laughed very much at it.

"I did not come here to be jeered!" said Mr. Strutter, peevishly.

"What on earth did you come for?" asked Davy, still in the dark as to Mr. Strutter's intentions or demands.

"What did you black my face for, Sir?" screamed Strutter.

"Good heavens! Mr. Strutter, are you mad?" said Davy.

"Yes, Sir, I am,—I am, Sir," replied Strutter; and the company began to be of the same opinion.

"Sir, you shall repent this," said Mr. Strutter, more calmly.

"Repent what, Sir?"

"This is all your doing, Sir," said Strutter, pointing to his face; "you incited Mr. Mills, or he would never have done it—I know he wouldn't."

"My doing, Sir," said the other walking up to him; "my doing? I am still unconscious of your meaning, Sir."

"Did you not give Mr. Mills the fluid which turns hair black? you hesitate, Sir—see here the damning proof!" and with a melodramatic air he pulled out a phial, and Davy, having examined its contents, said very coolly,

"It is nitrate of silver."

"You acknowledge it, Sir? you hear that, gentlemen."

"I acknowledge that it is nitrate of silver; I gave it to Mr. Mills."

"You hear that, Mr. Turnus and Mr. Fergusson, he acknowledges it—my lawyer shall address you, Sir," exclaimed Mr. Strutter pompously, and placing his handkerchief to his face, and the phial in his pocket, he left the room very unceremoniously.

As soon as Mr. Mills could control his laughter, he explained that Mr. Strutter was always endeavouring to make his hair blacker than it naturally was; and he had certainly given him the phial of fluid with the intention of curing him of his foppish tricks. The company looked rather grave at this declaration, but presently Turnus laughed at it as a good joke. Not so Mr. Strutter; he went to his lawyer and laid his case before him; that gentleman, nearly choking himself in his endeavours to restrain his risible impulses, told him that if he appeared in court with such a face, he would not fail to obtain a verdict, but otherwise it would be doubtful. Mr. Strutter was overjoyed at this; but, alas! before a fortnight had passed, and before a hundred folios of the case had been written, the black marks disappeared, a new skin took their place, and Mr. Strutter gave up his action.

Dinner was hardly concluded at Mr. Dreamy's, when another visitor was announced in the person of a foreigner, who, on being conducted to the drawing-room, introduced himself to our relative as Signor Neuchelli, and eagerly enquired, with many expressions of gratitude, after the lady whom Davy had saved from such misery. A messenger was immediately dispatched for Signora Neuchelli and her children, and they presently arrived. Who can describe the joy of these poor emigrants when once again united? who can picture the

breathless interest with which the wife heard of the perils of the husband, and the sorrow with which the husband listened to the sufferings of the wife and babes? Now they were for the moment happy. What were home, friends, country, and wealth to them in that delicious moment? Their story told, they sought to forget the past and think not of the future, but snatch the joy of the present. It was a sweet sight to see the parents embracing the children, and the fond companions of earlier years casting on each other looks of tenderness and love. There is nothing like bereavement to make known to us the true value of our possessions. The gratitude of the Italian family, especially of the father, so lately escaped from a Neapolitan dungeon, and now embracing his treasures once again, quite overpowered Davy, and made Miss Caroline admire him more and more.

Whilst in the midst of all this enjoyment, a loud knock at the door and the sound of heavy footsteps in the passage disturbed the the party, and in another moment two burly, coarse-looking men entered the room and enquired for Mr. Mills; and that gentleman having exchanged a few words with them in private, upbraided them aloud for want of courtesy in intruding so rudely, and ushered them out of the room, Davy following, leaving the company in great amazement.

"What is the matter, Mr. Mills?" enquired Davy

"I am arrested."

"Arrested!"

"Yes; these worthy gentlemen will now conduct me to a new lodging."

"Arrested! and by whom?"

"By Edmund Strutter."

"Pray explain yourself."

"I will, in a few words. Mr. Cheethall's unhappy scheme drained me of all my available means; I applied to Mr. Strutter; he readily advanced me money, until at length, I became considerably in his debt; well, I gave up the concern, and in a year or two I should be able to pay him all his demands if he would but wait. But that is not his plan. Presuming on the debt, he asks of me my daughter's hand—I refuse him."

"Why?" said Davy in a cold perspiration.

"For two or three reasons: I have no great opinion of his moral character; and I don't believe my girl admires him vastly."

"Ah!"

"Well, I have refused him; and my arrest, as you see, is the consequence."

"But—perhaps—maybe I can meet the demand."

Mr. Mills feared not; and on mentioning the amount, Mr. Dreamy at once admitted that at the moment he could not. What was to be done? Caroline was called out, and shortly made acquainted with the affair, at which, of course, she was much grieved; but Davy assuring her that in a few days her father should certainly be released,

she returned to the drawing-room, much comforted, and Mr. Mills departed in a coach to a sponging-house.

Davy was as good as his word; and in two days Mr. Mills was at liberty. On the third day he met Mr. Strutter at Mr. Dreamy's, to make final arrangements. Mr. Strutter said that his solicitor had exceeded his authority in arresting Mr. Mills; vowed that he was very sorry for it, and that he had a very great respect for Mr. Mills. He further remarked that the latter, by merely making him (Strutter) a happy man, would entirely cancel the debt, and produce one on the opposite side.

"How?" said Mills, looking him in his blackened face.

"You know—Miss Caroline ——"

"I will not hear of it, Sir; besides ——"

"I have something to object to it," interrupted Davy; and he quitted the room.

"What foolery is this?" said Mr. Strutter.

At this moment Davy led in Amelia Neville, whose health and strength, and with these her beauty, had now returned, who on observing Mr. Strutter, exclaimed, "Yes! it *is* Lord Allen!" and the gentleman turned rather pale.

"You know the lady?" said Davy.

Mr. Strutter could not deny it.

"Lord Allen!" exclaimed Mills, "you seem rather astonished."

Mr. Strutter soon recovered himself. He never gave way to very violent emotions; it would not have been good-breeding.

"I see your scheme," said he; "what are you trying to drag me into now?"

"The lady asks for justice," said Davy; "she demands marriage at your hands."

"Never!" exclaimed Strutter, glancing spitefully at Amelia; "*now* she is beneath me: I have heard of her if she never heard of me. I tell you she is too degraded ever to form my helpmate."

"What! you degrade her first, and then upbraid her with her degradation. If you marry her she will immediately consent to a separation, till such time as you may both feel kinder sentiments towards each other; if you refuse, the law must perform its work—you know the law, Mr. Strutter?"

"Hem! I am not to be thus easily overreached; it is preposterous to talk of marriage!"

"Two days shall be given you to make your final resolve. If you hold the same sentiments as you do now, we shall be reluctantly compelled to force justice from you—the poor justice the law allows—the poor justice which is the fruitful source of a bloodier reparation, if such it may be called."

"Humph! he's talking of duels now," muttered Mr. Strutter, whose courage was by no means proverbial.

Davy, without saying another word, led Miss Neville from the apartment.

Mr. Strutter presently departed in no enviable state of mind, having left his affairs with Mr. Mills as unsettled as ever.

The next day Miss Neville's aunt arrived; she had resisted the appeals made by Davy in his letters, but after much vacillating her former affection for her niece triumphed, and she instantly started for London: the meeting was one of tears and smiles. The aunt no sooner learned who Lord Allen really was, than her anger against him was doubled, and she vowed that he should do her "dear Amelia" justice, or pay dearly for his perfidy. This accession to the force of the enemy completely overpowered Mr. Strutter, and he consented on the following day to wed Amelia, but on condition that they separated immediately after the ceremony; there was, however, a proviso introduced by Davy, that the wife should be allowed a small income by her unprincipled husband, and the philosopher in return for this made arrangements, much to the discontent of Mr. Mills, for paying to Strutter in a short period all his demands upon the farmer, taking a note for the sum of a very long date from the latter.

Mr. Dreamy was married a month after to Miss Caroline Mills.

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Thus suddenly and briefly terminates the Memoirs of Davy Dreamy by Mr. Joshua Dreamy; but we have with a great deal of trouble discovered a few particulars of a later date which we shall now state.

After his marriage Mr. Dreamy grew less philosophical—don't all husbands?—every day, and was so much occupied and delighted with his partner, took so much pleasure in his offspring, and found so many things to engage his attention, that by degrees he quite forsook his old avocations, still, however, occasionally enjoying the society of some of his old learned friends.

Through the instrumentality of our relative Signor Neuchelli became comfortably settled in London; and it was always a pleasant day that Davy passed whenever he spent it in the company of the family that he had so materially aided. We are sorry to say that Mr. Flayall never made reparation to the Italians: the fact is, Davy read one morning of his sudden death by bursting a blood-vessel, in his rage at a poor woman who was not able to pay a small sum she owed to him; and Mr. Flayall leaving behind him some distant relatives, whom he had hardly known during his life, they immediately quarrelled respecting the old man's wealth, got everything into a complete entanglement, and managed to spend all their relative's money and some of their own on the lawyers, leaving the matter more intricate than ever.

FINIS.

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